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THE VILLAGE MUSE,

CONTAINING

THE COMPLETE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ELIJAH RIDINGS.

THIRD EDITION.

The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame:
—GRAY.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
—SHAKSPEARE.

MACCLESFIELD:
PRINTED BY THOMAS STUBBS, STANLEY STREET.
SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS, AND BY THE AUTHOR, FOUR LANE ENDS, WHITEFIELD.

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TO

THE LOVERS OF BOOKS,

AND

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IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THEIR

SYMPATHISING FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

841672

PREFACE.

This edition, professing to be the complete poetical works of the author, may contain many pieces, which, but for circumstances not neccessary to be explained, would never have been revived. The public, or the reading and enquiring portion of it, manifest an interest, however, in the complete collection of fugitive essays; and, it must be confessed, that the field of literature has been occasionally cultivated and enriched by the labours of the indefatigable collector, who invariably seeks to conserve, rather than destroy productions, which have been the fruit of much mental toil, or have been thrown off, into the current of the passing time, in some easy birth, as the tree yields its ripest fruitage without dilaceration of any of its roots and branches.

Should this volume meet the critical attention of some liberal and enlightened scholar, the author would feel himself obliged and honoured. Such an one, poring over the effusions of a self-taught Lancashire weaver, might understand, that, a love of reading and study, continuously carried forward, for a long series of years, may have forced upon the author a mode of abstract thought, occasionally, and a form of expression, too often imperfect, perhaps the result of severe thinking, and a species of *bibliomania*, not easily controlled, nor possibly regulated within the bounds of the practical and the worldly.

The poems, if they deserve this respectable name, have been written at all hours of the twenty-four—morning, noon, evening, and "in the dead of the night." The

principal number were written on sabbath-evenings, the quietness of the *sacred day*, producing that calmness and serenity of mind favourable to composition. That the critical reader may be rewarded, now and then, with a natural trait, or a brief flight of the fancy, or an effort at description, involuntarily bursting forth, from germ to bud, and from bud to flower, is not too much to desire, nor too little to be realised. However, such as the volume is, he is welcomed to the task of perusal, with a grace that need not be mistaken. That which is *over-done* may not make amends for that which is *under-done*, or "come tardy off;" that which is *crisped* and *dry* may not serve in lieu of that which is *fresh*, even to *rawness;* but, if the temper of the Aristarch have not been disturbed by presumption and arrogance, too recently forcing from him an admonitory reproval, or a severe castigation, he may perceive in this volume, meritorious efforts of a humanizing tendency, by an humble hand.

It may be observed, that, various sentiments, considerable freedom of ideas, and, at times, a little plain language,—not, it is hoped, approaching to rudeness, or audacity,—in simple verse, will be found in this collection; but, as far as the author is aware, there is not in it any feature approaching to grossness, nor one line, which needs the correcting hand of a fastidious and squeamish expurgator. A choice selection is occasionally to be preferred to a miscellaneous collection, of poems; but, while the general reader may be satisfied in the one case, the more curious and inquiring may wish to peruse all the productions of an author, in order, that a proper estimate may be formed of his claims to public patronage, and to his proper place in the republic of letters. This edition, has, therefore, been undertaken to supply the most complete collection of the author's writings, which has hitherto been printed.

E. R.

1854.

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1844.

The usual mode of printing poetry, is to spin out to a volume what might be compressed in a few pages, so that the purchaser might as well go to the paper-maker at once, and order a certain quantity of his ware, for the book-binder. Half blank (in somo instances three-fourths) and half letter-press, are the usual features of contemporary publications in verse. I have often amused myself by counting the lines, *i. e.* the length of many a shallow stream, meandering through an extensive meadow of margin.

A preface to a book is absolutely indispensable. Having been a greedy reader, from early life, I always read prefaces; and of many books, found this part the best.—I admire some portions of Scholes' "Bridal of Naworth," a poem in the Lara and Corsair school, and, with reference to the preface, I do not believe, that, any of Dodsley's *eminent hands*, could have written one more appropriate. The "Random Thoughts," prefixed to the "Hours with the Muses," of Mr. Prince, are an instance of singular impropriety, being deformed with reflections on the tendency of the immortal verse of Byron, partaking largely of the *cant* of the times, and reminding me of one, who, having obtained a *light* from a neighbour, endeavoured by way of exhibiting his gratitude, to blow out that, which had befriended him. The "Poet's Sabbath" is a beautiful poem, in which the spirit of Childe Harold, and a paraphrase of the language itself, appears *fused*, or melted down to a softer smile, and somewhat weaker sympathy with external naturo

This is certainly a prolific age of authorship. We bid fair to rival the French in the number, if not in the high qualities of our acknowledged and anonymous contributors to the literature of the day. I am afraid, however, that, in the order of *great minds*, since Byron, Canning, and others, are consigned to the tomb, we have, in our time, seen the "last of the Romans." Byron certainly was, as Gordon

properly described him, *an elevated, reflective genius;* and his writings will out-live the "pyramid of calumny," which his enemies and squeamish friends, have piled upon his name. He lived and died the Napoleon of our Literature, and, like Pope, in his own time, maintained his sovereign power to the last. What was most to be lamented, for his own sake only, was

"*His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice.*"

His dying words, according to Fletcher, his *valet*,—"Thy will, not mine, be done,"—remind me of some saint, or martyr, giving up the ghost,—resigning his spirit "unto God, who gave it."

"With whatever faculties a man may be born," says Rousseau, "the art of writing is not easily acquired." It is by an intercourse with books, considerable practice, a philosophic knowledge of the true relations of beings and things, and of all the subtleties of terms, that a person becomes calculated to write clearly: there are thousands of intelligent men, who have not a jot of literary talent.

There is an especial difference betwixt knowledge and talent: the one is a stock of ideas, the other a power acquired by experience, to communicate those ideas to mankind by the use of letters. An intelligent man is not necessarily a man of talent; knowledge is thought; talent is action: thought is certainly mental action; but it cannot be displayed, but by another kind of action or power, which the mind possesseth over itself of communicating its ideas to the world through some known medium: that power is talent—that medium signs, whether language, features, gestures, or any other representations of thought, or mental action. *Knowledge is power*, said Lord Bacon. When it assumes a formidable figure, and stands supported and honoured by the majority of a nation, it is power invincible. Then human right smiles, or frowns, on the "right divine of kings to govern wrong." Knowledge is a pleasure to the individual possessing it; if free, it would decrease the evils of society, and

thus be the cause of happiness to the ignorant and illiterate. Hazlitt very truly said, that knowledge was pleasure as well as power; and I sincerely think, that in the wide range of the world —in the thick throng of human beings, there is nothing so beautiful and enchanting as a solitary bower, in which its only inhabitant, with his serene lamp burning—an emblem of his own mind's serenity—sits, surrounded with his books, in the happiness of retirement: nothing can disturb him, except, indeed, the dark shade in the historical picture of past generations.

In the "Treasure Seeker," and in "Liberty and Humanity," I have feebly endeavoured to support the principles indicated by the old radical motto,—"No Corn Laws,"—the standard of which, I assisted in supporting, on the celebrated 16th of August, 1819; and, although, I am not in a condition now to give it pecuniary support, I can, however, sincerely wish, that, every friend of free trade had the eyes of Argus, and the hands of Briareus, to support a cause, which bids fair to extend innumerable blessings on our species, in every quarter of the globe.

It may not be amiss to remark, in consequence of the interest which the Poets of Lancashire have created, that their two first meetings were held at my house; and that I, by circular, invited them to spend a comfortable evening together, which they did, in a manner highly creditable to both host and his congenial company.

I may not, now, have any poetical fire remaining; but I believe I had in my youth, a few latent sparks; and if a misdirection of my faculties, in anti-poetical avocations, had not been my lot, after my return from the South of England, (I heartily wish myself once more out of this region of cotton-factories and coal-pits) I do believe, I should have struggled to carry out the spirit and feelings of the divine-minded "Alastor," as far as my dilatory disposition would have allowed. As it is, I am, amidst my poverty, comparatively happy, hoping to be considered, if not a poet, at least, a reader, and still a student, not unworthy the best days of our literature, nor in a cold, elocutionary sense, but in a spirit of sympathy and communion of soul. E. R.

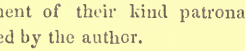
PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1850.

Many of the poems in this volume have appeared before; others now make their first appearance, along with those better known; the whole of them are presented to the public, in the hope, that they may be as favourably received, as have been the former publications of the author.

It may be noticed, that the works of Shakspeare, and the translation of the Scriptures, are more than once eulogised in this volume. Several pieces have been inserted for the amusement and instruction of the juveniles, and one or two polysyllables have been intermixed with the more simple words, in order to assist their progress through the difficulties of our language, towards those elevating and sacred sources, the "wells of English undefiled." This may be excused in one, who is chiefly indebted to the poetry of the age of Elizabeth, and the translation of the Scriptures, for almost the whole which the volume contains,—they having fostered the spirit in which it is produced, and enhanced any talent which may be discoverable in is pages.

It would not become the author to say more than to beseech the reader's considerations for many imperfections; to remind him that nothing is immaculate that is human; and that severe criticism has a tendency to superinduce a mood of the mind, which may make a person incapable of appreciating much that is deserving of a respectful attention.

To the Subscribers, who have kindly given their names, the worthy and distinguished patrons of the literature of Lancashire, this book may be considered as dedicated, though not in the terms of flattery and adulation; a highly respectable list might have graced its pages; and, no doubt, they will be pleased to accept this acknowledgement of their kind patronage, which is very sincerely appreciated by the author. E. R.



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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Perhaps, one of the most important parts of biography, is that which treats of those, who, from humble circumstances, and obscure positions, have arisen to intellectual eminence. "Chill penury could not repress their noble rage, nor freeze the genial current of the soul." Their minds have expanded under the most depressing influences; their desire and love of knowledge, and a laudable ambition, generally combined with a sense of duty, have led them to intense study, and to devote days and nights to the acquisition of learning. Their whole life has not unfrequently been a perpetual struggle; and, too often, when on the point of realizing their most sanguine hopes, they have seen them dissipated in a moment. Still, they have been firm to their purpose,—succeeding, more or less, eventually, in achieving some mental or moral triumph; and posterity has not failed to record and appreciate their merits.

Lancashire has abounded with characters like these; and has honourably distinguished itself in the race of improvement. Many are the sons of toil, mechanics, and artizans, to whom it has given birth, whose names shine conspicuously in the intellectual hemisphere. Such are some of the reflections which have arisen in the mind previous to preparing the following particulars respecting the author of this volume.

Elijah Ridings is one of a little band usually known as "The Lancashire poets." He was born on the 27th day of November, in the year 1802, in a cottage, in "The Hollow," in the township of Failsworth, in the parish of Manchester. His parents' names were James and Nancy Ridings, originally Rydings, who were

silk-weavers, and had a family of fifteen children, of whom Elijah was the tenth. Ten of them are still living, and eight of them have each a wife and numerous offspring. The subject of this memoir was three years old before he could walk, from debility of the lower part of the vertebral column. A wayfarer, who had been in the army, calling at the house of his parents, in his capacity of hawking toys and smallwares, after some conversation on the weakness of their child, suggested a simple, natural, and effectual remedy, notwithstanding the case had baffled the professional skill of the neighbourhood. He advised the father to collect the requisite number of common black snails out of the adjacent gardens and meadows, sprinkle a quantity of salt on them, and put them into a bag to liquify, under the powerful action of the meridian sun. This process, simple as it may seem, produced an oil peculiarly medicinal, which dropped from the bag into an earthen vessel, and with which the loins of the little patient were well rubbed every morning, during the period of cure, with the warm maternal hand. When the old wayfarer called again, in about three weeks, he found his patient tolerably agile, and able to walk about the house. Our author was removed from school, at a very early period, to wind bobbins for his brothers and sisters, employed at the silk-loom. His father being the most effective choral vocalist of his own time, was often visited by respectable individuals, of both sexes, connected with the musical world, and who frequently witnessed the boyish recitations of Elijah, he having committed to memory Milton's "Morning Hymn," Akenside's "Pleasures arising from a cultivated Imagination," and similar pieces. Such were his early mental tendencies. On the removal of the family to Newton, more commonly known as Newton Heath, Elijah stayed at the farm-house of Hardman Fold, a few weeks, assisting in the harvest; and although but a feeble lad, in comparison to agricultural labourers generally, he cut through, along with the workmen, headed by Richard, Benjamin, and John Worswick, his allotted *but* of a light kind of wheat, when one of the workmen carried him on his shoulders, out of the field, in pleasant triumph at his exertions

with the sickle, which he could handle with considerable dexterity; although on the occasion, he was, perhaps, assisted a little in binding the wheat into sheaves, by the venerable father of the Worswicks. This is merely mentioned as an instance of youthful capacity in its own way, as the Worswicks had won a match or two at the same kind of labour, being first-rate workmen, of great bodily strength, and athletic in limb and muscle, particularly the elder.

Elijah Ridings, now, became a teacher in the Sunday school attached to St. George's Church, Oldham Road, Manchester, at thirteen shillings per quarter; and from this school-library he first obtained acquaintance with Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress;" "Robinson Crusoe" being furnished him by the conductor of the school, Mr. Samuel Blomeley. His ardent and ever-active mind was thus directed to a course of reading, which has been continuously carried forward, and has proved in the end exceedingly conducive to the attainment of a considerable knowledge of native and translated literature; and the initiation of one, destitute of education, into the illimitable world of authors and their commentators. Some time after this period, he joined the school-library belonging to the Unitarian Chapel, Dob-lane, Failsworth, when history, travels, &c., became his chief reading. During the week that he read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," according to the data before us, he wrought at the silk loom six dozen bandanna handkerchiefs; but the price which was paid at that time (1817-18) is not stated. About this time, the plain, but energetic writings of Cobbett,—the very racy and amusing satires, attributed to Wooler, in the "Black Dwarf,"—the Letters of the "Yellow Bonze," &c.—"The Reformist Register" of Hone, and "The Political Register," of Sherwin, &c., were in the zenith of their fame, and attracted his attention. He became the political reader of the neighbourhood. When Sir Charles Wollesley and Mr. William Greatheed Lewis (the latter the author of an English Grammar, founded on Horne Tooke's 'Diversions of Purley') attended a political meeting at Stockport, in 1819, the subject of our memoir went over to that town, to hear the 'wisdom and the wit' of the orators; but was not particularly gratified with any of them, except Mr. Lewis, who was subsequently imprisoned in Oakham goal, whence he

transmitted to his publisher, the manuscript of his grammar, and where he edited an edition of the prose works of Milton. Of the grammar, our author procured a copy, and immediately transcribed all the large letter-press, and the substance of the notes; which, with the perusal of Lindley Murray and Cobbett, gave him his first lessons in grammatical rules and English composition. From this period, up to the year 1829, he was employed at the fancy silk loom, and frequently corresponded with some of the leading reformers and periodical writers then flourishing. Pamphlets, poems, essays, and letters issued from his pen, (the prose characterised by the 'warmest feelings and the most glowing and even eloquent language') and he was most industrious in collecting considerable sums of money to relieve the privations of those who were prosecuted or persecuted (for the legal proceedings of those years displayed in repulsive colours, the very spirit of persecution) in the struggle for parliamentary reform, free discussion, the repeal of the taxes on knowledge, &c.—His uncle Robert, we are sorry to state, fell a victim to the painful circumstances in which his political opinions had placed him. Having been one of those who were arrested as state prisoners, for what was called the Ardwick spy-plot, he was discharged on his own recognizances; but coming home from London, outside the coach, he caught a quinsey, of which he died.

In the year 1819, Elijah Ridings was appointed leader of the section of parliamentary reformers of Newton Heath and Miles Platting, being then not quite seventeen years of age; and their peaceable intentions may be gathered from their selecting a mere youth to be their leader—the word *leader* being used instead of that of clerk or secretary. He narrowly escaped being trampled upon by the hoofs of the yeomanry cavalry horses, at the famous meeting of the 16th of August, 1819, having been thrown down, along with a large mass of men and women, but extricating himself thence, he was befriended on the field by an officer of the 13th Lancers, who cried out to him, 'Be quick, young man, this way,' at the same time pointing with his sword, to a lane through the confused crowd of horsemen, and of which he precipitately availed himself. In the year 1826, he wrote the poem entitled "The Swan," and while writing, or rather composing it in his mind, he

wrought at the silk-loom three damask shawls, with six traddles, nine shuttles, and one draw-boy to assist him,—the Jacquard machine not having been introduced into the neighbourhood until a later period. Seven or eight shawls were generally the complement of his week's labour, at five shillings per shawl, his studious habits preventing him doing more. This poem he transmitted to a London correspondent, who introduced it into a literary coterie, who generally furnished the articles for "Arliss's Pocket Magazine," then highly popular, on account of the excellence of the engravings with which it was ornamented and illustrated. It appeared in the May number of 1826. The remunerating and gratifying result was a handsome present of books from gentlemen personally unknown to him, but who, in their convivial moments, often drank "The health of Elijah Ridings, the Lancashire weaver."

In conjunction with his friend, John Harper, Mr. Ridings originated "The Miles Platting Zetetic Society,"—the original Greek word implying "proceeding by inquiry." After this society, subsequently sprung the Miles Platting Mechanics' Institution, under the enlightened and liberal patronage of Sir Benjamin Heywood. In 1829, Elijah Ridings became an agent of Messrs. Pigot and Co., in the compilation of "The National Commercial Directory," and surveyed Windsor, Eton, and their neighbourhoods; assisted in the Liverpool and Birmingham directories, &c. On the work being completed, he commenced its delivery at Windsor; but his health failing, he consulted an eminent London surgeon, who advised his immediate return home, saying, "Exhausted; you want rest; you ail nothing; there is no disease; you want rest." He gave up his engagement, returned home; and on his recovery, published a small collection of poems, called, "The Village Muse," which was favourably received. Some of the "humorous specimens of the Lancashire dialect" became popular; and several of his songs were favourites in club-rooms, and on festive occasions.

The great petition from Manchester, praying that the Reform Bill might pass into a law, was ostensibly under the management of three individuals only, namely, the late Richard Potter, Esq., M.P.; the late Mr. George Gill, of High Street; and the surviving

subject of this memoir. On the recommendation of the late Rowland Detrosier, the eloquent scientific lecturer, he was employed to superintend the progress of the petition,—one of the largest and the most respectably signed of any that have emanated from Manchester. The inclusion of the township of Newton in the borough of Manchester, is mainly attributable to him, and his relatives and personal friends. The question had been proposed by the late Mr. William Barratt, of worthy memory, whose motion on the subject, before the court leet of the Warden and Fellows, lords of the manor of Newton, fell to the ground, without a seconder; when the Shakspeare Club, in that township, took up the matter, and with a little assistance and countenance of the Messrs. Barratt, and the efforts of Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart., then member of parliament for the County, Newton was ultimately placed within the pale of the borough constituency.

Mr. Ridings subsequently lectured on English literature, at Mechanics' Institutions, in Manchester and Stalybridge; and in favour of a repeal of the corn laws, in the Baptist Chapel, Clayton Heights, Yorkshire.

He had already commenced a day-school in Lamb Lane Collyhurst; but the cholera breaking out in the year 1832, he was left with but ten scholars. On the 19th of May, of the same year, he married, and at the end of it, entered on the Waterman public-house, Butler Street, Manchester, the sign of which he thought proper to change to the Falstaff and Bardolph, after a painting by the celebrated and lamented Liverseege. He recollects reading passages from Shakspeare, for the amusement of this celebrated artist and a few friends, at a house in New Islington; and on which occasion, the future artist appeared an extremely feeble but intelligent boy. He kept this house about three years, when, on the failure of a large chemical works, upon which the house mainly depended, the street being unpaved, and in wet seasons almost impassable, he was obliged to let it; and the proceeds of the letting, he disbursed to the last sovereign, in the settlement of certain claims upon him.

Mr. Ridings is now, and has been for some years, engaged in the book-trade, and we heartily wish him success in his calling for which he is considered peculiarly fitted, by those who know him

best. "You may have seen him" says a writer in the "Manchester Literary Times," "sitting patiently by his little stall of books, in Withy Grove, with his pale, intelligent face, crowned by grey hairs, though little beyond the midway of life,—a quiet and amiable expression, with just such a ray of humour playing about his lips, as you would anticipate after reading what he has written—waiting patiently the fortunes of the day, and thankful, by honest industry, to make all things meet. The same spirit is found throughout his writings,—a spirit of contentment and confidence, warmth of feeling, hopeful but not boisterous, and a bubbling over of humour which he feels no disposition to repress."

The poems of Elijah Ridings have been favourably noticed by several journalists and literary men in London, in the Provinces, and on the other side of the Atlantic. They have complimented the author in the warmest terms, and cheered him with the words of hope and encouragemet. "Among the votaries of the muse," observes J. C. Prince, in the Quarterly Magazine, "who have gained a permanent reputation in the history of Manchester literature, Mr. Elijah Ridings may be fairly classed."

We have thus endeavoured to give a fair and impartial sketch of the life and career of our author. It is an invidious task for a man to speak of himself, or even for a friend to attempt to pourtray the history, character, and writings of one with whom he has contracted an intimacy; but as it is surmised, that, many will be curious to know something of the history of the "Lancashire Weaver," and as that history, so far from detracting from the merits of the author, in fact, adds to his fame, and sheds a beam of promise and of hope over struggling and darkened minds, we are pleased to have been thus enabled to hold up that which elevates and ennobles human character. Imperfections and errors are incident to humanity; none wholly escape them. Let us, however, only take care to cultivate the intellects and hearts of the people, and we may then expect that much that is feeble and polluting will be destroyed. We cannot conclude better than by reminding the reader that it is by education that the mind is to be upraised, and that he is to be accounted the most worthy, who subjects the passions and powers of the soul to the dictates of truth and human kindness. T.

SONNET

TO THE MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

By Mr. G. Richardson.

I bring a votive verse to thy dear name,—
For, as a dream of youth, I see thee now,
With kindly welcome on thy placid brow,—
Which well my soul's pure gratitude may claim:
Oh! twenty years and more have passed away,
Since gather'd we, thy sons and kindred, round
Thy cheerful homely hearth, with joy profound;
When thy ag'd head was sprent with silver grey:
Time-honour'd sire, fond husband, generous friend!
Hush'd is that voice! I turn in vain
My once-charm'd ear to each melodious strain,
Which thou in sacred numbers loved to blend:
Ah! now I come, with mournful feelings prest,
To whisper gentle peace above thy hallow'd rest.

SONNET

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE VILLAGE MUSE."

By John Critchley Prince.

Successful suitor at the muses' feet,
Forgive the boldness of a wight whose name,
Ne'er found a place in registers of fame,
Nor gathered from her lips one sentence sweet;
Who never mingled with the crowds that meet
At learning's shrine, intent to catch the lore
Of soul-exalting science, and explore
Paths that betray philosophy's retreat:
Yet Hope hath taught, that ever-welcome cheat,
His intellectual feelings to aspire,
Tho' indigence would fain subdue the fire,
And fix despair on Hope's unsteady seat:
He who doth breathe this unassuming strain
Would gladly link with thee in friendship's honour'd chain.

1831.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOK.

Go, goodly book,
Unto the world, and say to those
Who on thee look,
And graciously thine humble leaves disclose,
That thou hast genial smiles for friends and foes.

Go to the young,
And tell them, that, 'tis now the time,—
Now they have sprung
In youthful bloom, in life's sweet, hopeful prime,—
They may find truth within thy simple rhyme.

Go to the fair,
Say, in Lancastria's bower,
The roses there
May, stainless, ope their petals to the power
Of love and virtue, through their short-liv'd hour.

Bow to the old,
In reverence for their grey hairs;
Say, "Not even gold,
Nor state, nor selfish pride, nor sordid cares,
Are worth as much as a poor minstrel's prayers."

Go to the priest,
And say, "Of all on earth or sea,
He is the least,
Who will not with his fellow-man agree,
To worship God in equal liberty."

Go to the world,
Ay, unto all the thoughtless throng,
When headlong hurl'd,
And borne by sensual desires along,
That they may heed the moral of my song.

Then, take thy place
In some choice cabinet, belov'd the same,
Without disgrace,
To nobler treasure, or to greater name:
Return to those who have inspir'd thy flame.

POEMS.

—o—

THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

Then friendship to their banquets bade the guests,
And poor men far'd the better for their feasts;
The lords of castles, manors, towns, and towers,
Rejoic'd when they beheld the farmers flourish,
And would come down unto the summer bowers,
To see the country gallants dance the morrice.

Vide PASQUIL'S PALINODIA.

* * * * *

Morris tune is a very pretty tune,
That I can dance in my new shoon.

—ANONYMOUS.

Let me not court Olympian Jove,
Nor Cytherea, Queen of Love;
Nor Saxon Woden, God of War,
Nor the great thunder-bearer, Thor,
Nor e'en the ancient muses nine,
Of the old sacred art divine;
Lest they, perchance, might all refuse
To grant a simple village muse,

One spark of those electric chains,
Which poets strike in forceful strains,
Charming the heart in sweetest skill,
With heavenly harmony at will,
Imprinting on their deathless pages,
Thoughts to endure for endless ages.

O let me hail the maid divine,*
Exalted and eternal sign,
Who bears of justice the true scales,
In rightful hand that never fails :
On earth she dwelt in olden days,
And found men prone to error's ways,
Repell'd by power, and pride, and lies,
She veil'd her face and sought the skies.
Eternal virgin ! purify
My clouded mind and darken'd eye ;
Thine equipoise keep in my sight,
And give my reason stronger light—
My heart more hope, more peace my life,
And free the savage world from strife ;
Disperse the clouds that o'er me lour,
Destroy the foul oppressor's power ;
Drag from the bench the judge unjust,
And lay his ermin'd robes in dust ;
Tear from false priest the sable cowl,
Who would deceive man's troubled soul ;
Cleanse each ecclesiastic gown,
Sweep the foul dust of ages down ;

* The scales, following the virgin in the zodiac, furnish reasonable grounds for converting her into ASTREA, the GODDESS OF JUSTICE.

And from thy throne of stars display
True revelation's boundless sway,
An endless scientific day;
Let each man live upon the land
That's cultur'd by his own strong hand;
The various realms of mind set free,
And I will kneel and worship thee.
Come, aid and strengthen my weak heart,
My burden'd memory may impart
A portion of unworldly treasure,
Not for a profit but a pleasure;
And if I please in these, our days,
The few who love the ancient ways,
And manners, and delightful books—
Exciting no ungentle looks,
Reciprocating all the while,
That most congenial, quiet smile,
Which pays my heart for envy's frown,
And puts the ugly malice down;—
I may keep calm my own fireside,
And rest supremely satisfied,
As Cato told the Gods and died.

In that sweet season of the year,
When August's golden crops appear;
When harvest cheers the hall and cot,
And poor men may not be forgot;
The rye and oats their skill require,
And heavy wheat-sheaves strong arms tire:
When fruit in plenteousness abound,
And the old gard'ner goes his round,

And nought his gathering hand escapes,
Pears, peaches, apricots, nor grapes;
When polyanthus, mignionette,
And some choice flowers are smiling yet;
When trees and shrubs put forth their blooms
In gardens and in pleasant rooms;
And the quick climbing virgin's bower,
And the all-beauteous passion-flower;
When wastes, and marshes, and wild heaths,
O'er which the scented zephyr breathes,
Display gorse-flowers and long fern-leaves,
Which the observant eye perceives,
In richest purple, green, and gold,
Its own light sparkling to behold
Their beauty to the orb of day,
"Pay gold for gold"* and ray for ray;
When birds resume their songs of spring,
Their lovely music lingering;
And wood and barn-owls loudly shout,
As if were near some rabble rout;
And beech-trees drop the yellow leaf,
A type of human hope and grief;
And tiny wild-flowers leave the sun,
Their pretty love-tasks being done;
And Nature, with exhaustless charms,
Lets summer die in autumn's arms:
There is a merry, happy time,
To grace withal this simple rhyme;
There is a jovial, joyous hour,
Of mirth and jollity in store;—

* Vide Leigh Hunt's MONTHS.

The wakes—the wakes—the jocund wakes!
My wand'ring memory now forsakes
The present busy scene of things,
Erratic, upon fancy's wings,
For olden times, with garlands crown'd,
And rush-carts green on many a mound,
In hamlets bearing a great name,*
The first in astronomic fame;
With buoyant youth, and modest maid,
All skipping o'er the green-sward glade,
With laughing eyes and ravish'd sight,
To view once more the old delight.
O! now there comes—and let's partake—
Brown nuts, spice bread, and Eccles-cake;
There's flying-boxes, whirligigs,
And sundry rustic pranks and rigs;
With old Chum † cracking nuts and jokes,
To entertain the country folks,
But more to sell and turn a penny,
And get an honest living any—
Aye, any humble, striving way,
Than do what shuns the light of day.
Behold the rush-cart, and the throng
Of lads and lasses pass along;
Now, view the nimble morris-dancers,
The blithe, fantastic, antic prancers,
Bedeck'd in gaudiest profusion,
With ribbons in a sweet confusion

* Alluding to Sir Isaac Newton, and to the various localities or hamlets within the boundaries of the chapelry of Newton.

† A well-known humorous character.

Of brilliant colours, richest dyes,
Like wings of moths and butterflies,—
Waving white kerchiefs in the air,
And crossing here, re-crossing there,
And up and down, and every where;
Springing, bounding, gaily skipping,
Deftly, briskly, no one tripping:
All young fellows, blithe and hearty,
Thirty couples in the party;
And on the foot-paths may be seen
Their sweethearts from each lane and green,
And cottage-home, all fain to see
This festival of rural glee;
The love betroth'd, the fond heart plighted,
And with the witching scene delighted;
In modest guise, in simple graces,
The roses blushing on their faces:
Ah! what denotes, or what bespeaks,
Love more than those sweet apple-cheeks?
Behold the strong-limb'd horses stand,
The pride and boast of English land;
Fitted to move in shafts or chains,
With plaited, glossy tails and manes;
Their proud heads each a garland bears
Of quaint devices—suns and stars,
And roses, ribbon-wrought abound,
The silver plate, one hundred pound,*
With green oak boughs the cart is crown'd,
The strong, gaunt horses shake the ground.

* The value of the silver plate usually displayed in front of the rush-cart.

Now, see the welcome host appears,
And thirsty mouths the ale-draught cheers;
Draught after draught is quickly gone—
Come, here's a health to every one;
Away with care, and doleful thinking,
The cup goes round—what hearty drinking!
While many a youth the lips is smacking,
And the two drivers' whips are cracking;
Now, strike up music, the old tune,
And louder, quicker, old Bassoon;
Come, bustle, lads, for one dance more,
And then *cross morris* three times o'er.
Another jug—see how it foams—
And next the brown October comes—
Full five years old, the host declares,
And if you doubt it, loudly swears
It is the best in any town,
And tenpenny ale, the old nut-brown.
And who was he, that jovial fellow,
With his strong ale a little mellow?
A huge, unwieldly man was he,
Like Falstaff fat and full of glee;
*His belly like a thirty-six,**
(Now, reader, your attention fix,)
In loose habiliments he stands,
Broad-shouldered, and with brawny hands;
Good humour beaming in his eye,
And the old, rude simplicity;
Ever alive for rough and smooth,
The rare, old fellow Bill-a-Booth,
Who, when brave Nelson's funeral train,

* A thirty-six gallon barrel.

Pass'd Temple-bar in George's reign,
While countless thousands mourn'd and wept,
The fat, old fellow, snoring, slept.*
Another day, another night,
Of mirthful, innocent delight;
Another scene of youth's romance—
Come, join once more the country-dance,
And see beneath the evening's shade,
Each village lad and village maid,
Skip hand in hand, and cheek by cheek,
Blushing much more than words may speak,
Striving to gain the ribbon-prize,
Attentive to the censor's eyes;
The nymph who wins this simple meed,
As it may fairly be decreed,
When round her brow the guerdon's tied,
Wears it the while with modest pride;
Perchance it binds her maiden waist,
Intrusive love beholds as chaste,
And fond eyes view the ribbon bound,
And reck not how the world goes round.

What is your graceless polka, now?
An ugly gallopade, I trow;
Worse than old Bruin's rigadoon,
Compar'd with one sweet dance and tune
In that sweet play, "The Honeymoon.†"

* It is related of him, on his visit to London, in order to witness the funeral honours of the immortal Nelson, that he fell asleep in the room for which he had liberally paid to be admitted, and did not awake until the funeral ceremonies had been some time concluded.

† Vide the dance in Tobin's play of "The Honeymoon."

When suffering from much thought and care,
Sitting beside the music-chair,
One single hour of dance and song—
Who would not happy time prolong?—
One single night of harmless glee,
A medicine ministers to me;
On balmy wings the moments fly,
Brightly as beams of western sky,
The shades of gold above the sun,
When his day's glorious work is done,
And he beseems to take his rest,
Yet spreads his splendours o'er the west,
Nor for one moment in a day,
Leaves thy vast realms, Victoria!
Ere he forsakes the western skies,
Where fam'd Quebec's proud spires arise,
Where Wolfe breath'd forth his dying sighs,
His morning beams for hours have shone,
Upon Port Jackson's goodly town;
And while from Lake Superior's breast,
He sinks at last in the far west,
His eye spreads wide its eastern beam,
Upon the Indian Ganges' stream.
O! scenes of passionate delight,
Sweet visions of a summer night,
To song, and dance, and joy resign'd,
That bind in willing chains the mind:
Who would not cheerful company keep
To gain a long refreshing sleep,
While Nature, with kind bounties rife,
Retrims the darkened lamp of life?

The bull-bait, bear-bait, cock-fight, rude,
And brutalizing, I intrude
Not on my stainless page, nor let
Such linger in the memory, yet,
Like dreams of horror in the night,
When monsters savagely affright
Even the innocent child in sleep,
That wakens but to shriek and weep;
So might I shed a shower of tears
O'er some few scenes of my young years;
But now they are for ever gone,
I drown them in oblivion:
And as the greatest shroud the least,
In court, and camp, and village-feast,
I take the great, and leave the less,
With a forgiving happiness;
Or as the good outshines the evil,
Like brightest angel more than devil;
And innocence outshineth guilt,
When blood hath wickedly been spilt;
So the sweet lights of this brief scene,
Redeem the darkness that hath been.
Ay, thus it was in my young days,
As thus I state in simple lays;
Ay, thus it was in my *nesh* youth,
Those days of happy love and truth;
For ever thus in that sweet prime,
This vestige of the olden time,

The annual festivity
Of the four-township chapelry.*
And one, for forty years and more,
The garland-maker, ever bore
The palm at rich devices, and
Most plenteous stores he could command.
Fond hearts of love! mild arts of peace!
When will tumultous passions cease?
Can the repulsive battle scene,
Which human pride can never screen,
From the all-seeing, searching eye
Of Nature's sovereign deity;
Though music, banners, feats of arms,
Death-dealing bolts, and fierce alarms,
Though queen and country's honour call
You forth to conquer or to fall;
The weak to struggle with the strong,
Regardless of the right or wrong,
Till cloven down at one fell blow,
In death unyielding, brave the foe:
The stirring words, "Free, willing, able,"
The courage strong, indomitable,
Never forsake the Briton brave,
But shed a halo o'er his grave.

Can this dread work a moment vie
With this old village mystery?

* The townships of Newton, Moston, Failsworth, and Droylsden, constitute the Chapelry of Newton, and respectively in a kind of quarternion, as above enumerated, take their annual turn in providing the rush-cart, &c. The wakes are principally held at Newton, better known as Newton Heath, in consequence of the township being the locality of the ancient as well as the present church or chapel. The old structure fell down on the morning of Monday, the second of May, 1808, and providentially about twelve hours after the pastor and his congregation had retired from their pious duties. The rushes of which the rush-cart was composed, were deposited in the chapel.

Can they, who forge the sword and gun,
And they who use them, pause upon
Their final destiny with calm
And patient quietude, the balm
Of guileless, recreative skill,
Ever attendant on the will
Of this poor garland-craftsman, who
Found love and peace, in these tasks, too;
And died at last, afar away
From torrid Titan's * scorching ray,
From scenes of blood on India's plains,
Those vast and arid sands, where reigns
His burning beams eternally,
Depriving one of memory;†
Another found an early grave,
No kith, nor kin, to sooth or save,
At Gaudaloupe gave up the ghost,
To me, alas, for ever lost: ‡
They choose to join the savage wars,
And seek proud honour's glorious scars:
But one preferr'd to yield his breath
Resignedly, in peaceful death,
And still to sleep-sealed eyes doth come,
The garland-craftsman, "Uncle Tum."

And now, the merry wakes are o'er,
The rushes on the chapel-floor

---

* A name of the sun, used by the old poets.

† My Uncle, William Collinson, Paymaster Serjeant of the 12th Regiment of Foot, in India.

‡ My Uncle, Charles Collinson, who died at Gaudaloupe, in the West Indies.

Are spread in time for winter's cold,
To warm the feet of young and old,
When simple hearts the sacred lays
Chaunt to our great Creator's praise.
Praise, praise, much more, much more than pray,
Ye children, on each sabbath-day;
Let voices sweet as woodland birds,
Pour forth a flood of grateful words,
In rapturous delight and love,
Unto the awful spheres above:
And let the solemn organ's voice,
Bid every ingrate heart rejoice,
That one great God, one Father reigns
O'er Nature's infinite domains;
And though, with human senses dim,
We may not penetrate to him,
Goodness and mercy may reveal,
What mortal hearts can never feel,
Till death has kindly set them free,
In spiritual liberty;
When thron'd in a supernal light,
They gain a purer, clearer sight;
Number'd among the heavenly blest,
There to enjoy eternal rest.

How have I vainly sought to find
My happiness among mankind;
Absorbed in aggrandizing schemes,
As selfish as the miser's dreams;
Monopolizing all for self,
And idolizing filthy pelf;
Without, within the church's pale,
Vain as a peacock of its tail;

Supporting heresies and creeds,
By statutes, fines, and cruel deeds,
Even in the Almighty's name,
Unto their own eternal shame.
I shun, I scorn religious tests,
Men of all creeds have been my guests,
And thou who differ'st most with me,
My crust of bread I share with thee.
Proud Catholic or stern Dissenter,
Afraid of Satan, the tormentor,
E'en Turk or Jew I tolerate,
And mingle with them sans debate;
Enough for me if they be civil,
If not, I leave them to their evil,
In silent mood, and think that one,
One only God exists, or none;
And of the Teacher, Christ, aver,
He was a heavenly messenger,
In spirit mercifully mild,
And humble as a little child;
But men, bewildered o'er the text,
Long, lonely nights, their natures vext
To fearful passions, dreams at length
Of death and hell, subdue their strength;
The brain in a disorder'd fire,
The reason glimmers to expire;
In its mysterious chamber lies,
Religion's dreadful sacrifice:
This is my creed; if wrong or right,
Thank heaven! I want no proselyte.

Adieu! I bid ye all adieu!
In Newton, Failsworth, Moston, too,

And Droylsden, ay, and Medlock Vale,
And that sweet spot, calm Alderdale.
How have I vainly striven to be
Afar from haunts of infancy;
Return I may, in part or whole,
Some future time; I give my soul
To Him by whom I had it given,
If not unstain'd, in hope of heaven;
And should these rhymes in memory live,
While these old pastimes pleasure give,
Then, will they be remember'd well,
When all the muse disdains to tell,
Of stubborn pride and wealth's forgotten,
And all their "acts and deeds" are rotten.

"MY UNCLE TUM."

And is Old Double dead?
—SHAKSPEARE.

And hath he finish'd life's brief sum,
And is he dead? poor "UNCLE TUM."

A little social man was he,
Remember'd in my infancy;
And often came to see my mother,
And soon I learn'd he was her brother:
How glad was I to see him come,
And always welcome "UNCLE TUM."

And when the silk-loom wanted *gaiting*;*
O, then, my anxious mother waiting,
And watching through the window-pane,
To see him coming down the lane,
The while I stood upon a chair,
Regardless of the want and care,
From empty loom and hanging thrum—†
O, then, I call'd for "Uncle Tum."

Many a smiling spring pass'd by,
Many a summer's laughing eye,
Many an autumn's golden corn
Was by the reaper's sickle shorn;
Many a winter's snow and frost
Over the Yorkshire moorlands cross'd;
Many a bitter, biting blast
By our snug cottage rudely pass'd,
Intervening times beside,
Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide,
Came as they might, whate'er might come,
O, ever welcome "Uncle Tum."

In gardening delight he took,
And read and studied many a book;
Arithmetic could understand,
And wrote a good old-fashion'd hand;
Oft would discourse of Mother Nature,
And praise her beauty, form, and feature:

* Gaiting—A term among weavers; i. e. fitting up a loom ready for the weaver.

† Thrum—The end of the last warp, and which is retained for the purpose of being twisted to the next.

And when the festive board was crown'd
And village ale went briskly round,
Loud would he talk of stoic Cato,
And of the transcendental Plato ;
Of other names of modern times,
Unsuited to my simple rhymes :
Of battles lost, and battles won,
By Ney, Soult, and Napoleon ;
And of the glorious Waterloo,
He'd say, what many count as true,
That Grouchey purposely kept back,
And until Blucher join'd th' attack,
Our greatest Captain cried, *Alack !*
But, if you said the Duke had won it,
He'd swear that British gold had done it.
And who in all the circle present,
More kindly, cheerful, witty, pleasant,
Laughing, joking, jesting, jibing,
And the home-brew'd ale imbibing,
And, yet, at none would bite his thumb ?*
The Muse re-echoes "Uncle Tum."

And of *free trade* he'd say "Egad!
"They must be either drunk or mad,
"Or stricken with *teetotal* blindness,
"Or destitute of human kindness ;
"The proudest lords of highest station,
"Starving every one i'th' nation,
"Plunging the country into want,
"Producing nought but dearth and scant,

* Bite his Thumb—An old mode of provoking a quarrel.—Vide the opening scene in Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet."

"Nor caring who was growing thinner,
"Provided they had got their dinner;"
Then, every one within the room,
Cried "*Well done, well done,* UNCLE TUM."

At learned botanic club, or meeting,
The humble sons of science greeting
Each one the other, in that spirit,
Which truest wisdom doth inherit;
Kind, frank, familiar, open, plain,
And never pompous, never vain;
From daily labour stealing hours,
Studying nature's varied powers;—
At this great picture language faileth,
And some carping critic raileth;—
Mark when a native plant was found,
Ne'er seen before on English ground,
Note the pure joy, the wond'rous pleasure.*
As if each one had found a treasure;
Though some, perchance, might him surpass,
Describing *genus, species, class,*
But, the last to go, and first to come,
Was true and constant "UNCLE TUM."

When, mid this life's surrounding shade,
The fondest hopes were doom'd to fade;

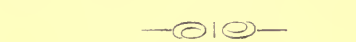
+ The subject of the poem was my uncle, Thomas Collinson, of Failsworth, near Manchester, described in the "Village Festival," as the garland-maker. He discovered the indigenous plant, AUR ANTIACUM, or great orange hawkweed, a native of the Scottish woodlands, and brought it to the botanical meetings, held in various towns and villages in Lancashire, about the beginning of the century. VIDE, "Galpin's Synoptical Compendium of British Botany." As a true and characteristic sketch of "an amiable and happy old man." as Hazlitt said of Izaac Walton, it is thought that this poem will not be unacceptable to the reader.

When, once, twice, thrice affliction came
And chill'd to clay a living frame;
When, mother's, brother's, sister's breath
Exhal'd in all absorbing death;—
They who had been the village pride,
In death's cold arms lay side by side;
Of three so well-belov'd bereav'd;
E'en Hope's delightful smile deceiv'd;
Our hearth became a scene of gloom,
The dreary darkness of the tomb,—
He was the counsellor and friend
Of each, unto the final end;
He was the comforter, who smil'd
In love, on each surviving child;
And rous'd each drooping heart at last,
To bear resignedly the past,
In decent cheerfulness and hope,
Unlike despairing misanthrope,
Who would let Hope all dormant lie
In heathenish obscurity;
And truth reject, condemn, repel
Unto the old, unfathom'd well;
For, still, this world, with all its gloom,
Had Heaven's own light for "Uncle Tum."

And when, in many after years,
With some of smiles, but more of tears;
When this great goodly frame the earth,
With all its scenes of woe and mirth
With all its pomp and vanity,
And all its sheer inanity,
To me were known; and the remote
And silent ages 'gan to float

Down the eternal stream of mind,
In epic, lyric page refin'd:
Old Shakspere, multiform and vast,
And destin'd through all time to last;
Of boundless depth, and many-sided,
By none but senseless fools derided;—
When I would vainly sigh for fame,
And struggle for a deathless name,
Betimes my board with plenty crown'd,
Betimes a scant meal only found;
Who would to me more kindly come,
Than thou, beloved "UNCLE TUM?"

Alas! tis finish'd: life's brief dreams
Are over; and to me beseems
More welcome than the first that pass'd
The last brief struggle of the last;
'Tis finish'd now; and of life's sum
Thou know'st the total, "UNCLE TUM."



COCK ROBIN.

A VILLAGE RHYME.

—o—

PART FIRST:

Have you got any thing lately made?
Any thing good for a decent trade?
O something good you need not fear,
A silk purse from an old sow's ear.—ANON.

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.—POPE.

Undying Muse! again I sing;
Bring me the harp with golden string;
With gentle hand I freely try
To touch the chords of melody.

Old Pindar on the Grecian plains,
'Mid races, games—breath'd ardent strains;
In lyric glory oft enjoy'd,
What Gothic darkness not destroy'd:
Now, I begin with willing mind,
To nought of evil aught inclin'd;
As thus I sing, the praises tell
Of one who "bore away the bell,"
Mine ancient friend, Cock Robin.

Who has not heard of Robin Hood,
And Little John, of old Sherwood?
The ever-living olden song,
The ballads of the peasant throng,
Their treasures rich, their pleasures free,
That flourish still in memory:
Ah! he who loves not olden bards,
May not deserve the kind regards
Of young and old Cock Robin.

O, deathless Muse! revive the airs
Of olden time! hence, silly cares!
Restore, for gentles, one and all,
The native music's cheerful call,
That flows from hills, and rocks, and caves,
And the wild melody of waves;
The deep mysterious sounds that swell
On shores—in emblematic shell;
The soothing voices, ever young,
Of ancient Albion's mountain-tongue—
Come, listen to Cock Robin.

Come, children, young and old, come, throng
Within the circle of old song;
Cock Robin will with you agree
To sing like busy humming bee:
He is, as summer evening, mild,
And harmless as a little child;
His breath is sweet as flowers of love,
Or dewy pearls, dropt from above.
Come, see him in his willow-chair,
Beside his little lady fair;
He sings like southern nightingale,
And tells an old triumphant tale—
My dear, old friend, Cock Robin.

When good men die, and leave their heirs
Unto their faithless brothers' cares;
And sacred ties no longer hold,
But quickly snap for sordid gold;
And little children, led astray
Into a woodland's mazy way,
Are left to die, in solitude,
For lack of human care and food,
Cock Robin mourns, Cock Robin grieves,
And makes their shrouds of wither'd leaves:
"Poor babes!" thus mourn'd Cock Robin.

Once on my garden-wall there came
A Robin Redbreast, young and tame,
Across the garden beds it flew,
Upon my threshold full in view;
A Saxon youth soon caught the bird,
(You may believe me, on my word)

And with it he was quickly gone,
Both youth and bird were quickly flown.
A Norman maiden claimed the prize,
Because it had such pretty eyes,
And such a beauteous bosom bloom'd,
She sigh'd it was a prisoner doom'd,
For that within her father's bower,
In many a leisure, happy, hour,
She'd heard it sing, and seen it oft,
Within her father's garden-croft,
Along with little Jenny Wren,
Come nearer to the haunts of men;
And as approach'd the winter's cold,
The little stranger, grown more bold,
With natural sagacity,
Would then to cot or mansion fly—
O, this was young Cock Robin!

In after-time, not over-long,
A mother sat beside her young,
And to the youth, now grown a man,
A simple story she began,
A tender song to soothe the time,
In evening hour, like evening chime;
A winter carol old and free,
And full of sweet simplicity,—
O, thus she sung poor Robin.

THE MOTHER'S SONG.

Ah! well-a-day! ah! well-a-day!
I will sing thee a sweet lullaby;
My poor little redbreast has flown far away.
But another is come unto me;

The winter is come, I would give it a crumb,
For the ice-chains the waters have bound;
The snow-flakes are spread o'er the young that are dead,
And their food is all hid in the ground.

Another sweet redbreast is warm in its home,
The thoughts of my bosom to cheer;
With kindness and care, I will never despair
To preserve it the rest of the year:
Now, I sit by his side, who has won me his bride,
And I sing with delight for my dear,
Who has brought me a redbreast with prettier eyes,
For all the sweet days of the year.

Ah! what shall I call thee, my brightest of birds?
May I give thee a beautiful name,
As sweet to the ear, as the music of words,
Or the true sounds of virtue and fame?
Away with all pride, thou art come to my side,
A fond mother's bosom to cheer;
And by day and by night, thou shalt be my delight,
And I'll call thee sweet Mary, my dear.

For forty years in Lancashire,
The county of my heart's desire,
A mystic vision ay hath bound
My head and bosom to the sound,
That whispers melody awhile,
And makes the heart like the greenwood smile,
Amid the flowers of cheerfulness,
Which every human circle bless,
With old and young Cock Robin.

Where are my native fields and flowers?
Where are my native birds and bowers?
The sweet surburban greens and lanes,
The ancient foot-paths, trod by swains
And farmer's daughters? Cheerful vales
Of Medlock! Moston! There prevails
Nought but the Engine on the Rails!
Hear what an idiot-man did say:—
"O, what a day! O, what a day!
"They've frighten'd all my birds away;
"I cannot catch one for my mother,—
"I cannot catch one for my brother,—
"And to keep still my sister's tongue,
"I cannot find one old or young:
"No yeautick, wren, or linnet see,
"The birds are flown from every tree,
"And Robin Redbreast 's gone from me,
"My bonny bird, Cock Robin."

The Rails! the Rails! move on with speed!
Come, stoker, now, thine engine feed;
And all officials, "mind your eye,"
That thousands may in safety fly:
Yes, fly: not ride: 'tis just as true:
The rural scenes fly from my view:
Each rugged moor, and barren moss,
On sleeping timber I may cross;
Dive under hills, through open vales—
A rapid glance—on with the rails!
Now I am left alone to muse,
In railway-carriage, as I chuse:
A musing still—my heart's desire—
I fly through Eastern Lancashire;

But, ah! there's left alone with me,
A maiden young I may not see;
A rural beauty, somewhat shy,
Yet lingers near me as I fly;
Unknown to her I may not speak
To call the blush on modest cheek;
I look to passive nature more,
And leave her silent as before.
Quick, quick; e'en as we all are flying,
And Stoker sixty miles is trying,
Yes! sixty miles in one brief hour,
He's done it many a time before.
The engine-driver now appears,
A sweet salute the maiden cheers;
He'd left another in his place,
While *tete-a-tete*, or face to face;
And lovingly, and whispering low,
On serious trifles, *such* and *so;*
A kiss I heard, and all was still.
The stoker tried his wonted skill,
The sun beam'd forth his sweetest smile;
I turn'd to look—O, lover's wile!
Young Romeo gone and at his post:
And this is what young love may boast.
He'd quickly step'd around the train,—
All limits are to lovers vain,—
And on the rails at such a rate,
He had enjoy'd his *tete-a-tete.*
And face to face, the lover's bliss:
I envied not the railway kiss,
But thought of young Cock Robin.*

* An incident, which I witnessed on the East Lancashire Line.

PART SECOND:

Cock Robin young, Cock Robin old,
Cock Robin, oft it has been told,
Is fond of music, fond of rhymes,
And loves the old Cathedral chimes,
Is always true to Mother Church,
Yet leaves the sexton in the lurch,
Both wintry age and time defies,
Cock Robin lives and never dies:
Nor young nor old Cock Robin.

O, whence got he his famous name?
'Twas when the blue-eyed Saxons came,
When mead, metheglin, nut-brown ale,
And sweet draughts from the milking-pail,
Made cheerful man, and wise, and merry;
When cheek of youth was brown as berry;
Oh! then, as nature had her way,
And vice nor held an impious sway,
Then he was called Cock Robin.

Cock Robin was a smart young man,
And through the village lanes he ran,
In shining clothes, and stockings white,
To country girls a true delight;
For he could dance their hearts content,
Take well their part where'er they went:
If any fellow rudely strove,
Not bent on honourable love,
Whose was the hand that knocked him down,
Saying, "Lie, thou, there, thou ugly clown?"
Thy dapper hand, Cock Robin.

The foot-race would engage his art,
And there he took a manly part,
Unlike some modern racers now,
Who leave the loom, the bench, the plough,
With which our Shire too much abounds,
Who run with hare and hold with hounds;
Starting the last, he first came in,
Their golden guineas he would win.
O, this was young Cock Robin.

A jumping match, one *spring*, or three,
He soon would undertake with glee;
In meadow, or on village green,
Cock Robin young or old was seen;
I saw him, when at Whitsuntide,
He'd take some young one for his bride,
And then would bloom as *nice* a pair,
Or loving couple e'er seen there.
O, then I saw Cock Robin.

I saw him once at Failsworth Fair,
Beside the Royal Standard * there,
Vernacularly Failsworth *Pow*,
Where "Tum Clegg" hit his yed a *jow*,
And swore before he'd break his *creawn*,
He'd *fotch* an axe and *heaw* it *deawn:*
And he would be the cock o'th'clod,
Before a Tory wooden god,
With a *brid* at top, (and letters four),
That could *na* see a bit, he swore:

* The old STANDARD, or POW, has been lately taken down, and a new one erected, at the direction, if not at the expense, of Henry Walmsley, Esq.

East, west, north, south, blind as a bat;
He'd bet *oitch mon* a *spon* new hat,
It could *na koe eawt toime*, nor crow,
A single *cock-a-doodle-do;*
It *wur na* fit for British *greawnd*,
It could *na box the kumpus reawnd*:
And he was lusty, hale and young,
And he was hearty, sharp and strong,
Just measuring fairly five-feet-nine,
And cheek, the hue of ale or wine,
Like my old friend, Cock Robin.

A mountebank, hight Saltimbanco,
Came there to play his trick or prank-o;
A tumbler he, from spring-board sprang,
And many a gipsy-song he sang;
Cock Robin on the spring-board trod,
And lifted Saltim off the sod;
Then, with a rapid bound, or spring,
He threw the gipsy o'er the ring—
"Well done! well done! Cock Robin."

What did the country maiden say,
When Love had stolen her heart away,
When some one hinted their dispraise,
To put the maiden in a *maze?*
"O, those may take the rogues that will;
They are above my simple skill;
Give me the youth that takes my part,
And comes to me with honest heart—
O, give me young Cock Robin."

With auburn hair, and violet-eyes,
And cheeks, the tinct of cherry dyes;

His beaver with a ribbon bound,
His waistcoat *plush*, worth just a pound;
His jacket blue, neat to behold,
The buttons yellow, if not gold;
His hamsters were of *kerseymere*,
His stockings white, and silken were,
Ay, white as is the driven snow,
On garden-scene, or mountain-brow;
With dancing *shoon*, elastic, tight,
He skip'd and bounded left and right;
On his young breast bloom'd garden rose,
As he twirl'd round a-tip-a-toes.
O this was young Cock Robin.

Ah! Liversege; thou wouldst have found
A crown or two, perchance a pound,
To get him seated in thy chair,
And one square yard of canvass there,
Plac'd on thine easel firm and tight,
Just in the focus true of light:
Thy seeing eye, and practis'd hand,
Thy genius at thine own command:
A living likeness, curious work,
Like "Ostrich," "Saracen," or Turk;*
A living likeness, fine and bold,
Would soon have made e'en glittering gold
Seem dull and pale, when plac'd beside
Cock Robin in his blooming pride,
A portrait by thy hand supplied,
Of young or old Cock Robin.

* Ostrich and Saracen—I. E. two signs in Manchester, painted by Liversege.

Then, when the feats were o'er and done,
And hours of night were coming on,
In village-circle there I found,
When song and dance, and glee went round,
And all forgot the cares of life,
Each youth and maiden, man and wife,
Who, altogether banished gloom,
And bright eyes sparkled round the room,
All thick and throng, and bright were they,
Like heavenly gems of the milky way,
With young and old Cock Robin.

Of all the goodly circle there,
That I once saw at Failsworth Fair,
Whose was the lightest step i'th' dance,
Whose eye could give the brightest glance?
Whose song was best, although 'twas old?
Whose tale most humorous, and best told?
And in the village circle there,
Who were the favourites of the fair?
Why, young and old Cock Robin.

Who is Cock Robin? you may cry,
And I will tell you by and bye:
Cock Robin's yonng, Cock Robin's old,
Through summer's heat, and winter's cold:
Where does he dwell? perchance you say,
And I will show you by the way:
O, he lives here, and he lives there,
And cometh, goeth, everywhere.
O, such is our Cock Robin.

I found him on the village-green,
And in Mancunium I have seen
Cock Robin old, Cock Robin young,
Cock Robin with a silver tongue :
I went to Rochdale, there I found
Cock Robin in a burial ground,
Alive and hearty, fresh and prim,
Reading the epitaph of Tim.
O, there I found Cock Robin.

As I was rambling on the road,
Unto a quiet snug abode,
Where liveth an old, bookish friend,
Who me would many a quarto lend,—
I saw a-begging on the way,
A woman old, and blind, and grey,
Bedizen'd curious to the view,
In patch and pattern old and new,
A-courteseying to Cock Robin.

An object sore of sad distress,
"Variety of wretchedness,"*
Like mere tatter-de-malion,
With rag on rag, stitch, stitch upon,
Seen in each nation, in all time,
Suspended between death and crime ;
But ah ! perchance, not free from guilt,
Though yet unstain'd with blood that's spilt.
Who should I see relieve distress,
And make her exclamation bless ?
My kind, old friend Cock Robin.

* Vide Otway's description of a witch, in the "Orphan."

I chanc'd to make a friendly call
On old Cordwainer, at his stall,
Who once went round about the town,
With shoes untied and stockings down;
He's sober grown the whole year round,
And now is worth five-hundred-pound:
Characteristical was he,
Of him the artist joy'd to see,
Of him the artist would prefer,
To paint the famous "Register:"
But what do you think old Last did say,
When he saw me the better way?
"Heigh! Old Cock Robin.

"Cock Robin with his silver hair,
Cock Robin now will make you stare,
Cock Robin with his silver tongue,
Cock Robin now will sing a song;
Cock Robin now will make a speech;
Cock Robin young and old will teach;
Cock Robin comes with cheerful rhymes,
And prophesies of better times.
Heigh! Old Cock Robin."

Then, old Cordwainer said, he saw
A wondrous change for peace and law;
Of those who would not do what's right,
More fond of darkness than of light,
He lapstone would, or hammer throw,
At any one, who aim'd a blow
At right and justice here below,
And down with him and every foe.
"Heigh! ho! Old Cock Robin."

He blam'd me many a time and oft,
For hours misspent, and moments lost,
And golden treasures thrown away,
In vulgar jests of every day,
In reckless mockeries of soul,
And revels o'er the witching bowl;
And his true tears he vainly strove
To hide within his heart of love,
Which on his lapstone quickly fell,
Shining like beads in hermit's cell;
But would forgive himself and me,
For one sweet song of liberty.
"Come, sing my old Cock Robin."

COCK ROBIN'S SONG.

For fifty long years in the world I've been wandering,
And ten more than these may be mine;
With many escapes from its envious slandering,
And many sweet hours with the Nine:*
Ever, for ever, delighted with freedom,
Determin'd that chains shall not bind;
I will send for the tyrant and priest, when I need 'em,
To trammel and trouble my mind.

Many have barter'd their birthright for treasure,
Yet ours are our own to this day;
Freely and kindly we tread ye a measure,
And show ye the old, rightful way:
That freedom's our own, our true lives may have shown,
On many a scaffold and plain;
Victoria, alone, a free queen on her throne,
Over freemen continues to reign.

* The Nine Muses.

The peer may enjoy all his acres of land,
And the merchant his goodliest store,
The bishop and priest may ordain and command,
Or denounce all the ills we deplore:
Still, Commerce and Liberty move hand in hand,
Over highland, and lowland, and main;
Hence, hence! every man to earth's ultimate strand,
Who'd restore old Protection again.

Cheerily, cheerily, life is declining;
The spring and the summer are o'er;
Old Autumn cometh; O, then, cease repining;
He'll leave us a part of his store:
The last earthly scene, cold and wintry, may pass,
And the gloom of December may come,
Yet, soon time shall flee, as life's sands leave the glass,
And the freehold of Heaven be our home.

—o—o—o—

PART THIRD:

Cock Robin on a rhymer's page,
Or painter's canvass, may engage
A modest mind to muse awhile,
And make e'en sullenness to smile,
And drive the gloom away from those,
Who fill the world with needless woes,
And meet old Sorrow half way up
The hill of life, and fill life's cup
With bitterness, or dregs, or lees;
Whom smiles and dances may not please;

But a good dinner and some pelf,
Wraps each one warm within himself,
A narrow circle, too confined,
For any graceful, genial mind,
Like young and old Cock Robin.

What gave the poet-prisoner hope,*
When in despair he 'gan to mope,
And warm his bed's old iron sides,
And call back life's receding tides?
A Robin Redbreast came to him,
At prison-window, tiny, dim,
(While wintry winds beat loud and chill,
A blooming rose beneath its bill,
While icicles hung from the eaves,
Cold as the heart that disbelieves,)
One happy morning came to see,
And sing the poet-prisoner free;
Free from despair and her black train,
The horrid family of pain;
She sang no strain of gloomy glory,
No purgatorial winter-story,
Fit for thy clouds and fogs, November,
And for thy cheerless ice, December,
But sang 'twixt mirth and melancholy,
To warn fond man of all his folly:
So sang the sweet Cock Robin.

I would throw spangles unto swine,
But keep the pearls of truth divine,

* Vide Cooper's "Purgatory of Suicides," c. 4, stanzas 1 to 18, for a charming apostrophe to the Robin Redbreast.

And let the sow with farrow nine,
Grub round them with each dirty snout,
Not worth her own rough *stir-a-bout* :*
The pearls are fit for gentle minds,
And such as providence designs,
To scatter broad-cast on the earth,
And give to man a second birth,
Like young, from old, Cock Robin.

My early friends, one, two, three, four,
Ay, many a one, and many more,
Are gone to happier, better land :
I mope, or muse, or sullen stand,
Left still behind them, with my task
Unfinish'd, and yet loth to ask
Or fate, or fortune, for a friend
To help me onward to the end ;
Pourtraying true and gentle things,
Found in the old and lucid springs
Of knowledge, with a chaste delight,
As they have beam'd to mental sight.
Well ! well, the world may have its errors,
And tyrants mean may spread their terrors ;
But, while the present may displease,
A heart of hope may never cease
To revel in the future scene,
Returning thence to what hath been ;
And clinging fondly to the past,
In hope the last be not the last,

* STIR-A-BOUT is a coarse kind of food.

But merely a beginning be,
Of one long, bright eternity,
Like young and old Cock Robin.

The humble author, he was born
When Europe's bowels had been torn
With revolutions and with factions,
Disturbed by Chatham's son's exactions;
When great Napoleon made a peace,
At Amiens, that war might cease;
When conquerors stain'd with blood and crime,
Sate down to rest a little time,
A time of peace,—I came to life,
And thus I hate all war and strife;
But should you want to know the *where*,
We'll take a rural journey there,
As it by name you would not know,
(A little cottage in a row
Of four, beside a little green,
I dare say they may yet be seen.)
Nor find it spelt in dictionary,
Nor Carey's old Itinerary.
And now in eighteen-fifty-two,
Cock Robin, still from ear of sow,
Makes purse of silk from this new rhyme,
Yet many think he's past his prime,
His fire gone out, his wit decay'd,
His senses dull, his muse a jade;*
He even sings of queens and princes,
And smacks the marmalade of quinces:
Heigh! my young Cock Robin.

* Vide Swift's poem on his own death.

Give me no mad-cap who would kill,
If he must have his wicked will,
Who would dismantle church and tower,
And play the de'il in any hour;
Who would bring on the worst of times,
An age of blood, an age of crimes;
Each mantle take, and turn to rags,
More worthless make than empty bags,
And stitch and patch, and patch and stitch,
Urge on the poor against the rich,—
Then, turn the bauble upside down,
And wear it for a motley crown,
Unlike my friend, Cock Robin.

Ay, down with him, and keep him down,
Or foe to law, or foe to crown,
Or foe to self, or foe to all,
Or fit for nothing but a brawl:*
Incarnate discord, raging wild,
Debate put down, and counsel mild
Regarded not, sieze not the land
We all should love; and understand,
And feel, within our native soul,
A wise and temperate control;
And seek the ancient ways, the old
Inheritances more than gold,
Of that ancestral right and power,
That keeps us all in this calm hour,
Free from the evils that befal
Unhappy nations held in thrall:

* The previous passage, and the first four lines of this, are descriptive of a well known character.

Ah! you may seek, or you may shun,
The ebon shade of Washington,*
And number dollars with the free,
Great nation far athwart the sea,
That owes its charter, bold and plain,
To Franklin, and to "Owd Tum Paine,"
And to our young Cock Robins.

O wander where you will, my friend,
From Berwick town to old Land's end;
But if your journey you confine
Within our own dear Palatine;†
From Con'ston Mere to Oldham town,
Or from old Liver's port to Colne;
In town or country you may hear,
Cock Robin's welcome voice is there:
Your old friend, young Cock Robin.

Go over township, moor and moss,
Go over parish, hundred cross,
And take your biographic pen
To sketch the lineaments of men,
In vital beauty, light and shade
Commix'd like those Old Shakspeare made;
Or those that Meadows‡ brought to light,
When searching Avon's fountains bright.
Come, paint me young Cock Robin.

---

* Alluding, by the phrase EBON SHADE, to the slaves of the Washington family estate.

† SIC PRO Palatine.

‡ Kenny Meadows, the Artist. Vide his illustrations of the works of Shakspeare. I never saw anything more characteristic of the "high phantasy" of the great bard.

Take Queen's highway, or byeway take,
Or dash through underwood or brake,
(At cross-roads meditation make,)
Athwart the stream, or turn aside,
And as the setting sun may smile,
Go, visit lone church-yard the while;
Perchance, you may Cock Robin see,
Along with Sexton two or three,
A-digging graves for young and old,
While Robin's cheerful tale is told;
But mark the burden of my song,
That is most true, yet over-long,—
Who leaves Cock Robin hale and strong?
Your young friend, old Cock Robin.

Ah! when your days of youthful prime,
To long past ages of old time
Are gone, and sweet remembrances
Of early youth your fancy please,—
Come, with the muse and me agree
To reverence hoar antiquity;
And listen to the sounding voice,
That makes humanity rejoice,
Of young and old Cock Robin.

A welcome sound strikes tower and hall,—
Belike the hunter's upland call,
Belike the echo loud and shrill,
That wakens in a rocky hill,
And wider, louder, spreads afar,
In one progressive bloodless war;

Th' advancing guards of human right,
Already beam within the sight:
Then, heigh! for old Cock Robin.

Perchance, I am but dreaming yet,
And till the sun of memory's set,
Sweet sounds shall fill my listening ears;
My charm'd heart ever free from fears,
In spring of life, now, summer o'er,
Old autumn comes with golden store:
Yes! hopeful sounds are soothing still,
Attending me where'er I will,
Like young and old Cock Robin.

O! light me through the coming night,
And make life's winter still more bright,
Not unreflecting of the end,
And may I never lose my friend;
And till this mortal scene may close,
The dreadful secret to disclose,
In one long, undisturbed repose,
While young and old true joy prolong,
Still, may I hear the cheerful song
Of my old friend, Cock Robin.

———o—o———

POSTSCRIPT.

That my friend, "Cock Robin," may not altogether disappear, and that some remains of his simplicity and amiable nature, may be preserved, I have, with the assistance of a kind and genial muse, which never wholly forsakes the loving and cheerful,—striven to keep him alive, even for a short period, in the very simple minstrelsy, which I fancy will not displease him, if a misdirection of his faculties in uncongenial pursuits, have not broken his spirit, and reduced him to downright melancholy.

The Rhyme of Cock Robin proceeds upon the idea, that the bye-name has arisen from the bird itself; and from the well-known attachment of the people to the Redbreast, it is not probable that any very repulsive feeling would bo involved or associated with its origin.

"Cock Robin," as a bye-name, I have known from a very early period of my life; and many men, who, in their sphere, were considered very peculiar characters, have been distinguished by the *soubriquet* of "Cock Robin," in various parts of Lancashire. These were invariably characterised by the most genial qualities, to which the people are uniformly attached; and were either humorous, or athletic, eccentric, or otherwise remarkable for anything but a miserable or selfish hypocrisy, and always had the cheerful and the hilarious on their side.

The bye-name of "Cock Robin," is not, I believe confined to the County of Lancaster; and, as a Lancashire Rhymer, I have described nothing in the poem that is not warranted by the facts and circumstances of my own knowledge and experience. It may take its humble place, along with "Uncle Tum," the "Village Festival," &c., as characteristic of the County Palatine, and which have been generally well received in the North of England, amongst an intelligent class of readers in famous "Edinbro' Town," amongst the Englishmen in Russia, and indeed, some of them have travelled over the "ocean-stream" of the Atlantic, and have found favour with the admirers of Shakspeare and Burns, who have emigrated to America and Australasia.

That their tendency may be in the progressive course of those legitimate influences, necessarily resulting from mental improvement and a degree of literary cultivation, was originally the aim, and is now most sincerely the desired end of the author.

THE ISLES OF BRITIAN.

Hail! muse of my Lancastria fair;
No more may lie the bleeding flowers;
Born but to breathe one native air,
They intertwine in their own bowers.
Red rose and white, commingling well,
Another beauty shall be born,
And all shall praise and love to tell
They have escaped the wounding thorn.
No more in England's genial vales
Vex'd feud or civil broil prevails;

Then all unite, as if in one—
Let all be free beneath the sun!
In by-gone years the tyrants reigned,
  And with a cruel hand held sway;
With blood of innocence were stained
  The savage lictors of the day.
On the three isles—the world-renowned—
  The triune home of famous men,
The visage of the statesman frowned,
  And none durst use the tongue or pen.
Unnumber'd pris'ners of the state—
Unnumbered martyrs met their fate;
The victims of suspended laws,
Their lives devote to virtue's cause.

Then our Sardanapalus loved,*
  And drank his wine and ate his fill,
While Sidmouth, placid and unmoved,
  Sent forth his myrmidons of ill.†
Now bloom the vallies of the free,
  And clouds of darkness flee the land;
Britannia smiles o'er land and sea,
  To exercise a mild command.
There beams around another sun,
Dread times are numbered with the gone;
The moaning voice of Castlereagh,
In his blood welt'ring at North Cray,
Sounds in mine ears his myriad crimes—
A tragic tale of other times.

* George IV.
† The system of espionage is alluded to.

In city Metropolitan
Behold a Crystal Palace rise,
That beggars every ancient fane,
In high commercial mysteries :
Now, realised is Chaucer's dream*
Upon this moral battlefield :
From Baltic and from Ganges' stream,
The universal nations yield :
Freedom and Commerce here shake hands,
And nation, nation understands ;
No more confounded are the tongues,
For love and friendship righteth wrongs ;
Disorder, order soon appears ;
The human face an aspect wears,
As if *were not* the lictor's rod,
And men deserved the smiles of God.

The fairy palace of old times†
Had taught my heart the better way ;
Yet other themes provoke my rhymes,
And rouse me from the lethargy,
That peaceful meditations brought,
To lull me in the outward sense ;—
Hence, diabolic evils, wrought
Within the halls of indolence !

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* Alluding to a description of the PALACE OF GLASS in Chaucer. Glass was first used in private houses in the year 1177, in the reign of Henry II, but was imported, according to Anderson.

† An allusion to the Palace of the Faëry Queen, where all the knights were to meet at the conclusion of the poem. VIDE Spenser's Argument or Plan prefixed to this rich fountain of allegory, and poetic painting.

Ah! may I speak from wounded pride,
With feelings unto rage allied—
When nature cries to all around,
In the expressive bleeding wound?

Peace would extend her realms afar,
  Mid mild ameliorated laws,
The stains incarnadine of war,
  To cleanse in Christian mercy's cause;
A princely word of love to man
  Had called each nation and each clime—
Each creed and colour, dark and wan,
  To grace his own Victoria's time.
They met—not on Marengo's plain,
Where, erst lay thousands madly slain—
But near his own adopted home:
Oh! noble words—"Come, hither, come—
Come, to the kingdom of my bride;
See, Queen and Subject, side by side.

"Lo! view the arts of peace awhile—
  The products of the loom and mine;
Lo! view the arts triumphant smile
  In this emporium crystalline.
Mechanic, or artificer,
  Ploughman, or poet, may behold—
Clerk, merchant, auditor, or peer,
  May view much more than mines of gold,—
What dexterous hand, or cultured mind,
Our natural gifts by heaven designed,

Can work, or mould, or form at will,
By efforts of superior skill:
Here are the treasures of the earth,
What mother Nature brings to birth.

"Come, to this land of chaste delight,
And in her consecrated halls
Behold what charms the human sight,
Yet ne'er the human heart appals;
The civil bond in each degree,
Reciprocating *mine* and *thine*,
In welfare liberal and free—
Oh what a glorious work divine!
Oh may the arts of love and peace
Make every savage warfare cease!
Come, to the kingdom of my bride—
See, Queen and Subject, side by side."

There was of old a loving pair,
Ere man fell from his primal state;
And they were innocent and fair,
Yet doomed to meet the shaft of fate.
And shall our own fair garden fade?
Shall those who wish to live in joy
And happy peace, find yet arrayed
The powers of darkness to destroy?
Oh man! where is thy boasted good?—
Beyond the grave, or Time's vast flood?
Unmixed with evil, is thy bowl
Free from all poison to the soul?
Once more, behold! beneath the skies
The serpent finds thy paradise.

What hissing voice mine ear doth fill?—*
  Methinks I hear a warning given
From ocean-stream, or Alpine hill,
  Unlike the sounds of earth or heaven:
Brooding 'mid ruins of old Rome,
  A monstrous serpent coils his form
Around my seagirt island-home;—
  Yet, firmly guiding passion's storm,
I grasp the brute with nervous hand,
And strangle him at my command;
Let reptiles creep in native mire,
Nor come to thwart my just desire
To keep my home and altar free
From reptiles of a base degree;
Their poisonous and insidious breath,
Perchance, may sting me to the death.

Another loathsome thing doth crawl†
  About, around my island-home:
Yet love of one, or love of all—
  Without, within, beyond the tomb—
Should but invigorate the sight,
  To welcome the eternal ray
Of Freedom's intellectual light,
  That gives to man a glorious day,
And brings glad tidings to his heart—
His independent, nobler part.
If vampire, Thug, or Jesuit-priest,
Insidiously intrude, to feast
His wicked soul, where man may dwell,
Send back the demon to his hell!

* Alluding to the late Bull of the Pope of Rome.
† Alluding to the activity of the Jesuits, here and elsewhere.

Anear my threshold cloisters stand,
A blot upon the English name,*
That cunning priestcraft doth command,
Gloating the while in open shame:
Should we regret that we were born
To live within the wholesome air,
And love to view a field of corn
Before these vaults of gloomy prayer?
Or a dull, wretched pit of clay,
For muddy waters, night and day;
And sigh o'er woman's form divine—
A sacrifice at such a shrine?

Cloister'd in stony, dismal rooms,
The unrecorded sisters lie;†
Bleeding in unenlighten'd glooms,
They crucify maternity:
Yes! near the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Love lies a-bleeding o'er the scene;
And Nature's law, proclaimed divine,
Finds Virgin changed to Magdalene:
Come, sisters, unto love and worth;
No more be cloister'd; come, ye, forth;
Fulfil your duties ere ye die,
Nor like love's flowers a-bleeding lie.

Blame not this out-burst of the muse,
Accordant with incensed mankind;
When pope and cardinals refuse
The rights of man, by Heaven design'd:

* This, I should think, is sufficiently obvious.

+ They are obliged to renounce even their names, and adopt one of some famous, or rather infamous, legendary canonization.

Let every human voice resound
In one unanimous acclaim;
And make the papal curse rebound,
And shroud them in eternal shame:
They seek not light; then, crush to-day,
What shames the light; and never stay
Until the serpents tramontane,
Which take the name of God in vain,
Meet a reluctant death, to feed
The viler worms, which death may breed;
While Liberty's avenging car—
Triumphant in a glorious war,
Pass its eternal wheel o'er ground,
Where'er the hideous brood is found.

Say you, "Be calm—on reason call"?
The rogues will sneer at all you teach:
You must ignore—denude them all;
Prevent, or they will mount the breach.
Triumphant England! ancient power,
Descending with the ages down,
That hallows every church and tower,
The peasant's brow, the monarch's crown,
Fills all our English veins with blood,
Ready to spill on land or flood;
Before we bow to papal gloom,
We fight until the day of doom.

Ah! if ye will not heed the muse—
If ye forsake the wiser way,
The sovereign people's right refuse,
And seek to triumph by delay,

May heaven avert the rebel's blow,
Aimed at a virtuous monarch's crown,
And let it fall upon the foe,
That drags the constitution down,
No Cromwell fierce and fell we need,
To make the inward country bleed,
Change ills for greater ills by far,
The agonies of civil war!
For wrath to those we ought to love,
May bring down vengeance from above.

Land of the hero and the bard,
Whose fame smiles at the scythe of time,
Shall superstition foul retard
Thine onward movement, grand, sublime?
Loos'd be the shackles of the press;
Remov'd the imposts on the mind;
Man's native worth shall rise and bless
The sovereign policy refined.
Then, hasten to your darkest den,
Ye gloomy enemies of men;
When from the toil-bound shop and home,
A genial love and light may come;
And men shall prove to high and low
That Superstition is their foe.

Shades of the learn'd! come to mine aid!
Ambitious cardinals, arise!
Priests, sages, scholars, of each grade,—
Who see no more with mortal eyes,—

Surround the magic friar's grave,
And bow before the brazen head.
An awful voice the world shall save,
Once more doth speak the sleeping dead:
"*Time is—Time was—Time's past*"—'tis done,—
Thus soundeth the oracular stone,—
"*Your days are number'd with the gone.*"*
The dread decree forth from his tomb,
Doth ratifiy the sacred doom;
While Science on electric wings,
Reveals more high mysterious things,
Than artful legends and old lies,
That live on Reason's sacrifice.

Oh! why had we our Runnemede?
Who fought and bled at Agincourt?
When patriots fight and martyrs bleed,
'Tis more than gladiators' sport.
Who won the glorious Waterloo?
Come, fight the battle once again,
And try who can this land subdue,—
This land of valiant-hearted men;
Of men who swear they will maintain
Their own upon the land or main,
And never let a foreign foe
Retire without a mortal blow.
Then foot to foot, and hand to hand,
On the firm earth, come, take your stand;
Who dies, or who out-lives the day,
Shall bask in Freedom's heavenly ray.

* A paraphrase of the previous words, which are said to have been uttered by the BRAZEN HEAD, made by Roger Bacon.

O, Hampden! Russell! glorious names!
Ye died not for mankind in vain;
Your ashes live in sacred flames,
And rouse the poet's ardent strain.
Thou, Russell, of Victoria's realm,
Though last, not least, of thy proud line,
With manly firmness seize the helm,
And with ancestral wisdom shine.
O cherish Heaven-born liberty,
In the old islands of the free;
Triumphant keep the civil law;
Each rampant faction over-awe;
Guard well the altar and the throne;
Put all aggressive Cæsars down;
Then, while the sea surrounds each isle,
Shall Britain in her Freedom smile.

POSTSCRIPT.

The present is a humble effort in the same cause of genuine liberty, in which several other pieces of the Author have been dedicated. The English Reformers will find themselves, I apprehend, completely undeceived by the present aspect of political affairs, and many of them have felt a virtuous indignation on the highly important theme. The perusal of the Pope's Bull, previous to the appearance of Lord John Russell's Letter, revived in my mind immediately the spirit shown in this effusion, (or rather speech, in verse,) which is now offered to the attention of the friends and admirers of Lancashire Literature; and which, I believe, will find an echo in the bosoms of the majority of my countrymen.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

Muses of old and hallow'd times!
  Kind sisters! mothers of the arts!
Known, ere were known our Runic rhymes,
  In Greece, as ancient lore imparts,—
Descend, or one, or more, with all
  The love, if not the cunning skill
To wreathe a bardic coronal,
  With gracious hand and free good will:
Behold Victoria descend
Her ancient throne, and lowly bend,
With sweetest influence, awhile,
With natural and gracious smile:
Her woman's heart may now inspire
The humble bard with pure desire
To weave a wreath of simple song,
Which faithful hearts may well prolong,
In triumph over all her foes,
To welcome our Lancastrian Rose.

Victoria, monarch of the Isles!
  Imperial mother of the free!
Thy wide-stretched empire round thee smiles,
  Within the land—beyond the sea;
Where'er the sun directs the time,
  He, sending his enlivening light,
To temperate, torrid, frigid climes,
  Leaves not thine empire to dull night;
Still brightening with his glowing ray,
Or here, or there, the glorious day;
Unsleeping, watching all around
Thine empire's vast extensive bound;

And for thy true maternal love,
And royal care, may God above
Guard over thee, beneath the sky,
With ever-watchful, sleepless eye;
Nor leave thee, night nor day, the while
Thou liv'st the Queen of Britian's Isle:
And when thy reign shall cease to be,
Prepare a heavenly crown for thee.

In dream of love reveal'd to me,
I saw fair Venus rise enthron'd,
The mighty mother of the free,
In an eternal circle zon'd:
Her empire is infiinity:
Eternal mother of the world!
And in that vision fair to see,
A radiant blazon was unfurl'd,
In mild maternal majesty,
Above the islands of the free:
Cheering acclaims were heard afar,
And near, to hail the passing star:
The human throng, the multitude,
Appear'd disarm'd of passions rude;
And labour's children fairer shone
Than courtiers around a throne:
All hail, Victoria! monarch, hail!
The people's love shall never fail,
And thy true subjects shall be free,
While Albion's hills rear 'bove the sea.

Ah! not within one city bound,
Our Queen proceeds from south to north,
And hears the loud, tremendous sound
Of million voices gushing forth,
Yes: in her own Lancastria fair,
A noble kingdom rude and strong
As John O'Gaunt's old castle there,
Her mother-face inspires my song:
Anear the Irwell's winding way,
That meets the Irk's, that both may stray,
United to the boundless sea,
Like life to meet eternity;
The royal mother, face to face,
Received her children's fond embrace,
Beheld the toiling millions smile,
And Love was crown'd in Britian's isle.

The Queen became the royal guest
Of the noble Egerton Ellesmere,
Somewhat her kinsman, of the best,
A learned man and goodly peer;
Worthy of the old golden age,
Bards keep from deep oblivion,
When men were led by counsel sage,
And the pure sun of goodness shone:
Millenium past! Millenium, come:
Come, from the darkness of the tomb:
Give all the universe thy light—
Thy countenance of goodness bright.

Then were the civic lines array'd,
No sabres glistening in the sun,
No military power display'd,
But bands of brothers, one by one,
Link'd arm in arm, or intertwin'd,
Like sweet briars in my native bowers,
Without confusion, interlined
With little children—lovely flowers :
Away all implements of war :
And all impediments to mar
The peaceful glory of the scene :
God save Mancunium and the Queen.

The bard, above all meaner things,
On earth's vast breast, perceiving all,
Should sympathize with Queens and Kings,
And many peoples held in thrall !
He stood the Portico beside,
Between Ionic pillars there ;
Incipient knighthood smil'd with pride,
And subject love would guard the fair,
The lovely Queen—the Prince—and those,
The rosebuds of the Royal Rose ;
With Ellesmere, Norfolk, too, were seen ;
The Duke, in age and glory green ;
And " ladies bright," and Earl Carlisle,
And sundry guards in rank and file,
The millions all around the while.

And some were mild as morning's light,
And fresh as dew in pearl-drops hung,
And some were rude unto the sight,
Yet from their hearts a sweetness sprung:

A myriad children's joyful song,
Soon mingled with strong manhood's cheers;
Out-bursting hearts could not prolong
Their silence more—while some shed tears:
The tears of joy, when grateful breasts,
Submit to Heaven's most high behests,
And man and woman seems more fair
And strong from that old weakness there.

She came not like despotic queen,
But like a village-lady fair;
In mourning sables she was seen,
And with a simple, quiet air;
Her husband near her person sate;
Her children twain smil'd at the crowd;
Some wonder'd at her humble state,
And, 'midst the acclamations loud,
The simultaneous and electric chords
Rous'd every person with the words—
"God bless"—"how sweet!" We all must own,
Humility deserves a crown.

Like great Elizabeth of old,
In England's glorious maiden-reign,
Her loving subjects to behold
Victoria needs no martial train;
Her guards reposing on their arms,
Go not with her, where'er she go;
Her subjects keep her from alarms,
Her safe defence from every foe:
The glories of a female reign,
Have often warmed the poet's strain;

Elizabeth and Anne benign
On history's page illustrious shine;
Victoria makes her goodness known
On cottage hearth—on royal throne,
And should some ill intrude between,
The people never blame the Queen:
Then, let good order sacred be
In the old island of the free.

Blood never cried to heaven in vain:
O! shed no more on battle-field,
Nor drown death's-groans with martial strain:
Let milder laws their influence yield,
Give blessings to the human mind,
The fruits of knowledge wider spread:
The light of heaven descends refined
By mercy at the fountain-head:
Let not the robe, which justice wears,
Be stain'd too long with crimson tears:
Crime will be less the subject's lot,
If ye will cleanse "the damnèd spot,"
And break, for aye, the lictor's rod,
And justify the love of God:
In human kindness, come, proceed;
Procrastinate no gracious deed;
Establish and consolidate,—
And wisely, truly, educate,
For the true safety of the state,—
The living right of every man,
Conservative republican;
Man yet deserves much more than may
Be deem'd his deserts in my day:

Then keep each holy robe from stain,
Above all Jew or Gentile reign,
And bring the golden age again.

O ! Rose of my Lancastria fair!
Plantagenet no more may bloom,
The wild, rude plant, erst growing here:
The rose out-vies the vernal broom:
The flowers of love from many a land,
In our fair garden intertwine,
And all that read may understand,
That peace and love are both divine.
Make not the world a vale of tears;
Increase no more our mortal fears;
The darkest night flees from the morn;
A milder beauty has been born;*
Give us more light, and stand away,
Screen from our eyes no heavenly ray;
Then human hearts, grown warmer still,
At each receding human ill,
All grosser forms may quit the sight,
As we behold the living light,
That is for all most freely given,
To feel the love of God in Heaven.

* VIDE the first verse of the "ISLES OF BRITIAN."

POSTCRIPT.

This effort on the visit of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, to Manchester, October 10, 1851, who is so well-beloved by every body of decent, manly or honourable feelings, is committed to the custody,—with all its merits, if any, and all its faults, which are too numerous to mention, —of those who know, that had it not been for literature, we might have been now sitting on three-legged stools, to be frightened away, even from them, perchance, by any superstition of our own, or the least possible extraneous influence of others.

Having been a little encouraged in humble effusions of the muse, I have considered it a portion of my duty to shew my loyalty, if not my talent, on this occasion; and this consideration may possibly induce generous readers,—such as those who take a laudable pride in supporting, as far as they can afford, that which has a tendency in the right direction —to look with an unsuspicious eye on the productions of one, who is comparatively happy in the "cultivation of literature on a little oat-meal," as old Publius Syrus said about two thousand years ago.

—o—o—o—

THE NOBLEMAN'S FEAST.

Alas! what could his Lordship do
Without our labour and the plough?

—ANONYMOUS.

A tuneful song, a soothing strain,
Sounds in my listening ears,
A simple, ancient melody,
My quiet bosom cheers:
A golden string vibrates awhile,
Awhile, at my command,
Like some old harper's music wild
From distant mountain land.
Enwrapt in cheerful solitude,
The poet may beseem
The last remaining spirit left
In visionary dream;
In happy meditation bound,
Yet free from earth's control,
A wild, undying melody
Delights his inmost soul.

In olden time, a nobleman
A thousand pounds had stored,
To give unto a chosen few,
Invited to his board;
There was a hunter with his horn,
A labourer with his spade,
A mason, with his rule and square,
And a striving man of trade.
There was a weaver from his loom,

His web, and woof, and draught,*
Who bore his shuttle in his hand,
An emblem of his craft:
There was a son of Tubal Cain,
Who at the stithy toil'd,
With arms and hands like iron bands,
Yet humble as a child.

There was a son of Crispin came,
A moody man was he;
And though he did not come the first,
The last he would not be:
There was an aged fisherman,
Who left his boat on shore,
And journey'd inland to the hall
Of this great man of yore.
An ancient shepherd join'd the throng,
Of venerable race,
And his obedient dog soon found
A comfortable place,
All underneath the groaning board,
Close by his master's feet,
Where many a savoury morsel fell,
For him a dainty treat.

Behind him rear'd the friendly crook,
That help'd his upward way,
An emblem true of peace and hope,
That knew no savage fray:

* The SKETCH, or TIE-UP, which delineates the principle on which a fabric is to be woven.

The sceptre of a goodly king,
The sword of conqueror bold,
The legion-standard of old Rome,
With the bird of Jove in Gold,

Was not more worthy human eye,
To view with joyous look,
Than was that life-supporting staff,
The ancient shepherd's crook:
And every eye for him was mild,
And every look was free,
And kindest words were said to him,
For his simplicity.

A wise physician came that way,
To soothe some sick man's care;
He'd been a-foot from early day,
To breathe the morning air:
And every hand a welcome gave,
The venerable sage,
Whose shining, silver locks hung o'er
His shoulders bent with age.

He look'd around him with a smile,
His mild eye brighter shone,
As if he would embrace them all,
And bless them as his own:
Then came a sculptor, with his forms
Of beauty and of light;
A painter, with his rainbow-hues,
All gloriously bright.

The last who came unto the feast,
Wore laurel on his brow,
With ivory harp and golden strings,
He made his humble bow.—
The feast was o'er, and wine in store,
Soon circled round the board,
And every soul was lifted high,
And grateful to this lord.

Then, up the nobleman arose,
All dignified and bold,
He took a glass of generous wine,
And op'd the bag of gold:
He said: "You see me lord of all
These waters and these lands;
I seem some independent power
Above your humble hands;

But I would plainly indicate,
What you perchance may know,
That I'm dependent on you all,
The lowest of the low:
The birds that fly in upper air,
The wild beasts every one,
The fish that in the waters breathe
Have clothing of their own;

But here is one, without whose craft,
This poor, this mortal frame,
Would be as naked and expos'd,
As when to life it came:

There are of ye, who me supply
With what my parks abound,
And others, too, without whose help,
My bed would be the ground;

And others who can ornament
Each chamber of my hall,
And from the gloom of ages past,
The kindest spirits call:
The sculptor's form of heavenly grace,
The painter's light and shade,
The vast unfathomable world,
A power divine hath made,

Bestow rich treasures at my feet,
Before my ravish'd sight;
I thank the God of all for this—
This wonderful delight.
Yet, there is one, the gifted bard,
Most welcome to the feast,
And though he was the last to come,
Believe me, not the least.

His lyre of ivory and gold,
The seraph-strain he sings,
My inmost bosom can unfold,
And give me angel-wings
To bear me far above this world,
Unto the blest abode
Of Him, who rules the Universe,
The Beautiful, the God!

The common Father of us all,
Who pours life's honey-dew,
That we may live and life enjoy,
And love each other too.
Then, quarrel not, my worthy friends,
Life's full of winding ways,
But soon our earthly journey ends,
And from its devious maze,

A brighter prospect opens wide,
A vast ethereal plain,
A heavenly world of love and light,
Where purer spirits reign
In one eternal round of bliss,
Above all human scan :—
Words are too feeble to express
What God hath done for man.

Come, labourer, here, and count the gold,
In portions just and true,
Divide it, share and share alike,
And then I'll drink to you :
The gift is free as mountain air,
Or wave of wildest sea,
And with it you my thanks may share,
For what you've done for me."

When this was done, the nobleman
The wine-cup took in hand,
Beseeching every one around,
Although he might command,

To be industrious and just,
And kind unto each other,
And with mild words discoursing long,
Like brother unto brother:

Then to the poet he did say,
"My poor poetic child!
Thy song shall harmonize us all,
The wildest of the wild:
And should our passions rage away,
And blood bedye our fields,
And men become remorseless o'er
The blessing nature yields,—

Thy song shall charm the vital air,
And take the savage mind
A prisoner in its golden chains,
In ecstacy refined:
Above the mean of earth thy harp
Shall vibrate loud and long;
While viewless winds and waters flow,
Shall live thy soothing song;

And while the morning suns arise,
And evening zephyrs sigh,
Poor priest of Nature's Mysteries!
Thou—thou shalt never die."
Then all the company arose
To gratefully rejoice,
As if one soul, one heart, one mind,
Gave them a single voice;

And cheerful songs of thankful praise
  Resounded through the hall,
And words of gladness unrestrain'd
  Until the curfew's call
For each unto his homeward way;
  The pallid moon look'd down,
A sweet, benignant, blessed smile,
  Upon them every one.

The poet sang a sweet "Good night;"
  And play'd with gentle hand,
A heart-inspiring melody,
  Delighting all the band;
And many an aged man can tell
  The legend strange and true,
Of this old English Nobleman,
  And all his chosen few.

—o———o—

THE SONG OF PEACE.

When the sun, at glorious morning,
  Spread around his rising beams;
And, at eve, the sky adorning,
  Still display'd his crimson gleams:

Then awoke the Theban Marble,*
Cheerful as his coming ray,
Sad as Philomela's warble,
Mourning at departing day:

Harps of eastern lands were breathing,
Round each sacred mount and grove;
Lyres of Grecia, laurels wreathing,
For the bards of war and love:
Silver lutes and golden lyres,
Vital with Apollo's breath,
Glowing with celestial fires,
Sooth'd the cold embrace of death.

Macedonian Alexander,
Conqueror of the olden world,
Sigh'd thro' other spheres to wander,
Wept to see his banners furl'd;
To Ammonian Jove aspiring,
Claiming even the rights divine;
Yet, in gloomy night retiring,
Mad with glory—drunk with wine.

Changing to luxurious Persian,
Sank the Macedonian name,
His own countrymen's aversion,
First, their glory, then, their shame:
Honest Cleitus, rudely speaking
Truth unto a tyrant King,
In his blood he soon was reeking,
Feasting chang'd to murdering.

* The Statue of Memnon, supposed to have breathed musically at sun-rise.

Egypt, Persia, India, swaying,
He return'd to Babylon;
Where he stopt his cruel slaying—
Stay—O stay—yet, still, there's ONE—
One more mad and foolish murther,
As the MAGI had foretold,
Ere he march'd one footstep further,
Shall it be the conqueror bold?

The Cup of Hercules was found him:
Now, Ammonian Jove, he's thine—
Courtiers, warriors, all surround him,
Dies the conqueror—kill'd with wine.
Build the shrine, erect the temple,
Raise the monument of time;
Lo! the glorious example
Of heroic war and crime.

Babylon, of ancient story,
His untimely tomb became,
Raging with ambition's glory,
Cruel murther stain'd his name:
Keen remorse like vulture tearing,
Bound him prostrate on his bed;
Cruel tyrants die despairing—
Thus, young Ammon bow'd his head.

Roman trumpets loudly sounding
Glorious Cæsar's onward march,
Eagles soaring—war-steeds bounding,
Pass the high triumphal arch:

Citizens, with acclamation,
Hail the conqueror, in his car;
Priests perform the dread libation,
Praise the Gods for glorious war.

Roman legions are advancing,
Conquering Cæsar marcheth on—
Helmets in the sun-light glancing,
As he pass'd the Rubicon:
Plebeians shout—the senate tremble—
Lo! the legions enter Rome:
Conscience sleeps, and men dissemble;
Lo! imperial Cæser's come.

Tully spoke his grand oration—
Cæsar sought Britannia's Isle;
And return'd from his invasion,
Still, her sea-girt mountains smile:
Scenes of rampant war were changing—
Unto Brutus Cassius flies—
Dark conspiracy arranging—
Thus, imperial Cæsar dies.

Clarions, bugles, pibrochs, playing,
Close the death-ranks, one by one;
Thus, the war-fiend smiles in slaying,
Thus, the death-march moveth on:
Comes a darker king of terror—
Comes another warrior-clan:
Like the dreaded serpent, Error,
Twin'd around the frame of man.

Ancient heroes all exceeding,
Lo! behold the modern Mars!
Thousands—millions—soon were bleeding,
Chief imperial of the wars:
Great Napoleon, Gallia's hero,
Triumph'd over Alpine heights;
Often-times, a cruel Nero,
Blood-stain'd honour crown'd his fights.

Who can count the *Conscripts* dying
On each blighted field of corn;
Number all the widows sighing,
And the children left forlorn:
Millions slain in horrid battle,
City-walls raz'd to the ground,
Cannons, like the thunder, rattle,
Stunning nations with the sound.

Liberty, or revolution—
Struggles—conquests—madness—death—
Royal pomp and Destitution—
Thus, the peoples waste their breath:
Shudder'd universal nations—
War was made a royal game—
Russia blaz'd with conflagrations,
Moscow shrunk beneath the flame.

Armies rise in dread commotion,
From his throne the Emperor flies;
Pass'd athwart the dreary ocean,
On a barren rock he dies:

Sad ambition! shallow glory!
Thirst of wild, heroic fame!
Man, to fill a page in story,
Glories in an empty name.

Power Eternal! spirit of kindness!
Breathing peace and pure good-will;
Dissipating human blindness,
With thy love-subduing ill;
Shower thy grace upon the legions,
Prone to shed their fellows' blood;
Cast thy light to darkest regions,
Pour on all thy sovereign good.

Dogs of war may cease their howling,
Havoc hold his murderous din;
Wolves of carnage stay their prowling,
Truth shall triumph over sin:
Shrines and temples are arising,
Where the beams of Heaven may glow;
And, inglorious fanes despising,
Love and light on man bestow.

Men, exalted unto freedom,
Now enlighten'd, lead the van;
Falsehoods vanish—shall we need 'em?
Have they not deluded man?
Now, reclaim'd from degradation,
He assumes a noble mien,
Temperance and Education,
Love and mercy bless the scene.

Bandage not the human reason,
Hoodwink not the human eye,
For all things there is a season,
And a time for liberty :
Thrones may crumble, altars perish,
Crowns and mitres sink in night,
But the God of Truth will cherish
Men determined for the right.

Sacred temples of our Father,
Old Cathedrals of renown,
May no superstition gather*
Strength to drag your glory down :
Within—without the pale be humble,
Many wandering souls to save ;
Pride and selfishness shall crumble,
As the ashes of the grave.

Harps of genius ! 'rouse the people,
Teach mankind in age and youth ;
Sound the peal in every steeple,
For the glorious work of Truth :
Who is conqueror, pure and glorious,
In the time of selfish strife ?
He, who, o'er himself victorious,
Leads a peaceful holy life.

* This QUATRAIN alludes to the present division in the Protestant Church.

THE TREASURE SEEKER.

And to end at once my sorrow,
A treasure-digging I did go.

—GOETHE.

I was poor and full of sorrow
But I did not court despair;
Heart bespoke a better morrow
Than that day of gloom and care.

Wrapt in visions, quite bewild'ring,
Glowing fancies cheer'd my heart;
"Come," said I, to wife and children,
"Hope from me shall ne'er depart.

"I will go and seek for treasure,
Other labour I have none;
Trade is bound by rule and measure,
Tyrants reign beneath the sun."

When the better morn was beaming,
Sol smil'd on my native glade:
Visions, hence! give me no dreaming—
Seek I where the treasure's laid.

Over heath and moor I ramble,
Over rock and through the dell,
Over bush of brier and bramble,
Stopping at the crystal well.

Man was never made for slaughter,
Never to be bought or sold:
This drank I in limpid water,
Hasten'd then to search for gold.

Fertile plains appear'd around me,
Rife with blades of yellow corn;
Golden gifts, which God had found me,
Shower'd from Plenty's bounteous horn.

Yellow corn-fields! blessed treasure!
And the sower, he would reap:
Came a lord of power and pleasure,
When there was a glorious heap.

CORN-LAW PATRICAN.

"Hence! ye reapers, and ye sowers,
I must have my tax and tithe;
Hence! ye gatherers and mowers,
Pay, or I will stay each scythe."

PLEBEIAN REAPER.

"Thou art one of gloomy terror,
Spirit bold in earthly might;
Friend of slavery and error,
Enemy of good and right.

"Elements of nature! listen—
Lend your aid to me once more;"
Quickly did the light'ning glisten,
Loudly did the thunder roar.

Spoke a spirit mild and pleasant,
Every thing around was still:
"Shed not blood for prince nor peasant—
Thwart not thou the Sovereign Will:

"Let your laws remember mercy,
Or his wrath falls on your head;
Feed the poor, or he may curse ye—
Give to man his daily bread.

"He must earn it by his labour,
And exchange his handiwork;
He's dependent on his neighbour,
Be he Christian, be he Turk.

"Nations, ay reciprocating,
Hearts and minds in amity;
There are wares and draperies waiting
For the corn beyond the sea.

"Let the lesson I have given,
Grave its moral on your heart;
Bread is the free-gift of Heaven:
Corn-law tyrant, you depart,"

Then the treasure I was seeking,
There the treasure I had found,
In the glorious light that's breaking
Upon freedom's holy ground.

—o—o—o—

SONNET TO JULIA.

Sweetheart of mine ; early and constant love ;
Companion ; mother of my boys and girls,—
Sent me awhile by the great Spirit above,—
More valuable than a thousand pearls ;—
Books often are my toys, with which I play,
From morn till night, throughout the live-long day ;
But ye are precious gifts of Heaven's grace,
Sweet hearts of love, companions true alway,
The while the sempi-century I trace,
From past to present hour is streaked with grey :
Ah ! may we always love the law divine !
Years roll away, and all my fond sensations,
Sacred to home, apart from mean temptations,
Crowd in their kindling warmth to thee and thine.

POETICAL PASSAGES.

(INSCRIBED TO A POETICAL FRIEND.)

Written after reading the book of Job, and Leigh Hunt's Translations from the Greek.

> Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
> That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian muse.
>
> MILTON.

Oh! let me live, and pass my future days,
Far from the town, and all its sordid ways,
In some remote and quiet rural spot,
With much that's in my brain to be forgot,—
Like happy "Sylvan," wall'd around with books;*
My wife and children, with their sweetest looks,
Should then be with me, to delight me ever;
Gladly would I make every fair endeavour
To satisfy domestic claims; at eve
I'd read, what many now will not believe,
The Scriptures, dwelling on the book of Job,
The grandest drama on this earthly globe:
I read it once, with interest that thrills
All bosoms, which the sacred spirit fills,
At a sweet fireside, beyond the Yorkshire hills.

Not Lear, declaiming in his awful mood,
At cruel daughter's base ingratitude;
Not Hamlet's lesson, to his dearest mother,
Who *kill'd a king to marry with his brother;*

* SYLVAN is the poetical name of an occasional contributor to the magazines and newspapers, of some pleasing verses in the simple pastoral style. He resides in Manchester, and keeps a circulating library.

Not black Othello's mourning o'er the bed
Of the fond Desdemona murdered,
Have such sublime magnificence of mien,
As the Almighty's thunder lowering o'er the scene.
Whether a Hebrew or a Persian wrote
The book, much learning and research to quote,
Is not my task; I cannot but admire,
What gives the mind the pleasures I desire.
I love the sun, the eternal source of light
And life; the moon, that beautifies the night;
The evening star, with her bright, glowing eye,
And her bland smiles enlivening the sky;
But almost more, I love our Shakspeare's fame,
The greatest glory of the British name.
Dear reader, if the Greek and Roman tongues be seal'd
Hermetically from you, and you wish reveal'd
The true simplicity and Attic grace,
Which brighten with eternal smiles the classic face,
In the choice moments of your leisure time,
Take the translations, free from fetter'd rhyme,
Of him, to warm the heart with love and pity,
Who wrote the "Legend" of fair Florence city.
Theocritus' and Bion's gentle page
Will from all worldly cares your mind engage:
Hear Moschus, more than Milton his lost Lycid, mourn
The death of Bion, with the tears that burn
The callous cheek of him, who will not feel,
Shielding his heart with armoury of steel;
But all in vain: e'en bars of steel give way:
The human heart must hold its master's sway,
And, true to nature, the poetic fire,
Flashing from every string of his immortal lyre,

Melts and dissolves till you almost expire :
These are the richest treasures of mankind,
They give the heart the sabbath of the mind.
The sabbath of the mind ! the sabbath of the soul !
A heaven on earth, no dæmon powers control ;
An ecstacy of thought, an Eden-dream of bliss,
The sweetest draught of earthly happiness,
The chaste, inaffable delights of truth,
As innocent as the unspotted youth,
Before the world corrupts with its foul stain,
When guileless hearts and minds may hold their golden reign
Painful as death appears, assume what shape he will,
Whatever weapon he may take to kill,
Whoe'er he snatches from this mortal sphere,
Unto his world of shades, the grief and fear
Are heaviest, and oppress the thinking mind,
When suddenly, in their young years we find,
Within his reckless grasp, the friends of human kind.
The young and gifted favourites of heaven !
Their light and love a few brief moments given :
Like torches gleaming in the distance far,
To the wan eyes of the lone traveller,
We look upon them to illume our way ;
And sigh to lose them, as, at close of day,
The wanderer mourn'd, his journey but begun,
While his full, streaming eyes beheld the setting sun.*

* This passage has reference to the early death of a poetical acquaintance, the author of a beautiful amatory poem, entitled "Cupid's Love Draught."

There was a time, in glorious Bess's days,
When there were poets it were vain to praise;
Shakspeare and Spenser grace my book-shelves still,
Dryden and Pope are ready at my will,
And many minor bards above my quill;
Milton's rich "Comus" woos me to his cave,
I drink his potion till I reel or rave;
"Il Penseroso" charms my soul from earth,
And "L'Allegro" inspires my heart with mirth.
When the patrican Byron rul'd the age,
Poets there were, whose still more brilliant page
Shone like the zodiac, set thick with stars;
Homer and Virgil, Ilion's famous wars,
Gave place to Lara, and the Corsair's scars;
Childe Harold and Don Juan, wild and bright,
Inspir'd mankind with exquisite delight;
Shelley's "Alastor," "Adonais" divine,
Warm and invigorate this heart of mine;
I feel immortal at young Keats' shrine.

Yet, there is one, whose spirit full of grace,
Breathes a pure love for all the human race—
A wit, a critic, and a poet, too,
True to himself and to his country true;
Author of many gentle, truthful books,
Taming the savage with the blandest looks,
Who would beat Captain Sword with Captain Pen,
Refine and liberalize his fellow men:
Were I to choose a piece, or have a voice
'Mongst authors, give me Leigh Hunt's "Choice:"

Give me those pleasures, those without alloy,
Those intellectual banquets I enjoy,
And in my youth enjoy'd, and often since—
Sweet as the "Sabbath" of the poet, Prince.

If you will not consent a common life
To lead, rush forward boldly in the strife
Of life's rude battle; but forget not this:
The purest fame leads to the purest bliss:
Preserve your conscience; 'tis too great a prize
To throw away before the world's keen eyes;
Blest with true genius the rare gift of God,
You better had remain'd a "kneaded clod,"
Or pass'd through life a happy, thoughtless clown,
Than barter this bright gem to deck an emperor's crown.
Is it a name you covet? Pray, then try
Life's brightest path—the path of honesty;
Vie, if you can, with Socrates' pure fame,
Let Marvel shield you from inglorious shame:—
I would not meanly grovel in the dust,
Nor stifle life with famish'd Otway's crust,
Nor die, like Richard Savage, in a gaol,
For Johnson's pearls to sparkle o'er the tale;
But let me quaff even the poison-bowl
Of Chatterton, rather than sell my soul
To power's dreadful Mephistophiles;
Or let the night-shade draught of Socrates,
Become my portion, on this side the grave,
Trusting for mercy to the God who gave
The incorruptible and fearless mind
A spirit to defend and bless mankind—
Leaving both fame and fortune to the wind.

Now, for awhile, I bid the muse adieu,
Adieu to poetry, but not to you ;—
You may I always meet, when labour's o'er,
And life's demands require our toil no more,
During the day allotted for our rest:
The poetry of friendship makes us blest.
To sigh at death is vain, indeed, my friend,
Life, once begun, awaits its promis'd end;
Tho' tears suffuse the strongest, brightest eye,
Yet yours, and mine, and both of us must die;
But if we struggle through this "mortal coil,"
And do what good we can, for our dear native soil,
We may, despite what laureate minstrels sing,
Approach the throne of God as near as priest or king.

———o———

THE PREACHER AND THE CHILD.

Once, a sweet little girl,
About eight years of age,
Who, with eyes bright as pearl,
Read the Christian's page,—
Was ask'd by a preacher,
A kind Christian teacher,
If she had not seen,
Pass her own village-green,
A fair, gentle lady, of venerable mien:
Who lives in the hall,
Where the poplars tall,
And the willow's cool shade,
And the hawthorns and elms a sweet bower have made.

"Oh! yes," she replied, "for she gave me a kiss,
And she told me of God, and of heavenly bliss;
The fair, gentle lady, I have often seen."
The preacher, who visited the old village green,
Then lovingly tried,—
As the tender child replied
So aptly, and sweetly,—a few questions more,
For the sake of the truth and the God we adore.

"Come, my dear, little girl, pray, what is a kiss?"
"It means, *love*, does it not?" then, the preacher said "yes;"
And to puzzle her more, peradventure, to teach,
As we know to what depths a good question may reach,
He presently asked, "What is love?—can you tell?"
When the little girl smiled, and replied "very well;"
And she curtsied, and spoke: "'Tis a virtue, that's given:"
"A virtue—what's virtue?" "The sweet gift of Heaven."

The preacher then paused, and perceived in all this,
That the lady had given something more than a kiss;
She had taught her the gospel, and given her the book;
And he thank'd God that day, that his journey had been
By homesteads, and farm-yards, and babbling brook,
Through the old winding lanes, to the dear village-green.

He said, "Thou hast found,—in this dark world of ours,
And already hast gather'd,—two beautiful flowers,
Yet, still, there's another, O, yes, there's a *third*,
And he took from his vesture the book of the Word;
"The *love*, and the *virtue*, in heavenly grace,
Are budding to bloom on thine innocent face,
And to keep both supreme, above malice, or libel,
I give thee *truth's* flower, embalm'd in the Bible."

———o———

THE SWAN.

The swan, although possessed of the power to rule, yet molests none of the other water-birds, and is singularly social and attentive to those of his own family, which he protects from every insult.

BEWICK'S "BRITISH BIRDS."

I sat upon the mountain's brow,
And all was calmness there;
I look'd upon the lake below,
And all was passing fair;
A lovely snow-white swan did swim
Beside the calm lake's sandy brim,
With bold, majestic air;
How I admir'd the noble swan,
And not that abject creature, man.

I mus'd awhile on human ills,
And all their hapless train;
How man his fellow-man oft kills,
Whose blood his hand doth stain;

I thought of wealth, power, tyranny,
Of millions sunk in slavery,
  Enduring poignant pain;
Then I admir'd the noble swan,
And not that wretched creature, man.

I could not view with common eye,
  The swan upon the lake;
But, fairy Fancy would descry,
  Its lovely form, and make
It larger to the mental sight;
She kiss'd its breast all silver-white,
  As if she'd ne'er forsake,
But always cling around the swan,
That made me blush for abject man.

I said, "Sweet lovely, snow-white bird,
  How beautiful thou art!
Few of the common human herd,
  Can such delight impart:
Thou giv'st me sweetest pleasure,
Dearer than richest treasure;
  But man doth grieve my heart:
I'd rather be like thee, sweet swan,
Than be the abject child of man.

"Thy white breast never bore a stain
  From thy dear young ones' blood;
Thou wouldst not give the slightest pain
  To thy soft, gentle brood:

But human parents have been found,
Who gave their offspring a death-wound,
In passion's maddening mood:
I'd rather be thy cygnet, swan,
Than be the wretched child of man.

"From the cradle to the grave he crawls,
A blind and wretched worm,
And ignorance his mind enthralls
And manacles his form
To dust and ashes; and he dies,
O'erwhelm'd with racking miseries:
Thou wilt not die mid storm
Of passion, like despairing man,
But, die in music, lovely swan.*

"I sit upon the mountain-heath,
And ponder on *the things*
Which are, and must be, while beneath
My feet a streamlet springs,
Whose waters gently speed away,
Adown the mountain, clear as day,
Bright as the swan's white wings,
They soon may kiss the silver swan,
That I would rather greet than man.

"Alone am I, once more alone,
Upon the mountain's brow;
I am not, never can be one
Of those, who drown their woe

* There is a LEGEND of the swan, and which represents the bird's dying aspiratious as being musical.

In noisy mirth and boisterous glee;
In solitude my moments flee,
  As calm as streamlets flow:
I would be gentle as the swan—
I mourn the savageness of man.

"My words come from my heart sincere
  As is the pilgrim's prayer;
This mountain is my shrine; and here,
  Amid the mountain air,
I raise my off'ring up to thee,
Sweet swan, whose calm felicity
  Was never broke by care;
Millions adore things meaner than
Thy silver form, enchanting swan.

The lake, the swan, the mountain's brow,
  The clouds around the sky,
The setting sun's all-beauteous glow,
  The Hesper-star on high,
And all the vast, material world,
Sweet as the flag of peace unfurl'd,
  Looking serenity,—
All, all are lovlier, better than
The mad and savage creature, man."

I bade the mountain's brow, the lake,
  The swan, and all farewell;
And journey'd home o'er brier and brake,
  Through many a winding dell;

I did not trample on the flowers,
That blush'd and wept through eve's soft hours;
My slow feet never fell
Upon their heads, more lovely than
That rude, ungentle being, man.

My home I gain'd, and took a seat
The cheerful hearth beside;
A simple, humble meal to eat
With thankfulness and pride;
And when I sank down on my bed,
To rest my weary, youthful head,
My fancy still descried
The silver image of the swan,
Which made me mourn for wretched man.

—o—o—o—

THE DRUNKARD'S DOOM:

OR DELIRIUM CUM TREMORE.

Death and disease my solemn muses be,
Throw o'er my soul a sick-bed's canopy.

—NICHOLSON.

Silence! awhile: list! silence, if ye can,
While Ariel sings to drunken Caliban;
Or Prospero doth pinch his bones with aches,
Until his soul within his body shakes,
And his whole being quiveringly quakes.

Alas! is this? *Is this the promis'd end?**
Or image of that horror, gifted friend?
Fall and *cease*, or fall to rise again,
When the pure spirit breaks its earthly chain.

The lamentable story must begin:
My gifted friend was dying at an inn;
Refreshment he'd declin'd for many days,
He was in trouble, too, in various ways:
And there he lay, at last, but not unknown,
To wrestle with his enemy, alone.
He had been drinking poison, I should think,
For surely e'en such pleasant-flavour'd drink,
As spirits cordialized must have some evil:
Perchance, ingredients mix'd by human devil.
"Pray, will you see him?" said the worthy host:
"I think your friend is likely to be lost—
He has not with him even vulgar pence;
But as to that I shall not send him hence."
I said, at first, that I would rather not,
And yet felt rivetted unto the spot:
I thought I might as well awhile remain,
My mind, like to the patient's, felt the pain.

Into the chamber of the sick we go,
The chamber-maid and I: a scene of woe—

* In the Lear of Shakspeare, that most extraordinary masterpiece of the tragic muse, to which no actors in the world can ever hope to do justice, or approximate to the plastic imagination of its author, there occurs a very remarkable passage, which has puzzled more than one of his commentators. After the death of Lear the following lines are uttered by the surviving part of the principal characters:

"Is this the promis'd end?
Or image of that horror?
Fall and cease."

The PROMIS'D END, the IMAGE OF THAT HORROR, and the FALL and CEASE, have supplied texts for much amusing criticisms, and for the display of considerable theological erudition.

No wife and children to console or save—
The chamber of the dead, awaiting for the grave,
It soon appear'd to many a mourner there,
Who, for the vanish'd spirit offer'd prayer.

"What do you think of him?" the maid enquir'd:
I candidly replied as she desired,
And as I really thought my friend would die,
Reader, excuse me, if I could not lie.
"Delirium tremens!" "So, the doctor said,
Who came last night when he was put to bed."
Delirium tremens! view it in his eyes,
The mind as prostrate as the body lies.
Ah! let me see if he but know my name;
The question whisper'd—countenance the same—
No change—the eye-lids quiver, and the lamps within
Burn, as if in the fire of death and sin.
He now articulates my Hebrew name—
Looks wildly round the room, and the strange flame
Whithin his awful eyes, more fiercely burns,
While not a glimpse of reason's spark returns.

Dreadful disease! our friend is nearly spent,
Still his sensations constantly torment;
To him the mountains tremble—farewell rest—
The clouds descending, fall upon his breast—
The vast rotundity of earth is split,
Sulphureous fires issue from the pit,
Or chasm, which his own morbid fancy forms;
The lightning's fury, and the dreadful storms
Of nature wrestling with superior power—
The yawning gulf—all ready to devour—

The dæmons stsuggle on their burning throne,
Contending for his sacrifice alone,
Body and soul, in his delirious dream,
So horrible doth everything beseem.
Loathsomest reptiles crawl around his bed—
The ghost of murd'rers from the world long fled,
In their pale cerements, stalk before his eyes;
His fancy shadows forth dire miseries,
Himself a trembling sinner cast away,
Praying for mercy at the judgment-day.

Ah! now he hears the rattling of feet,
With iron shoes, upon the stony street;
Two coal-black steeds to bear his soul away
Unto eternal night that never knows a day:
Tramp, tramp, they come, and quickly seem to fly,
Like wildest antelopes of Araby.
Now he is overwhelm'd with human fears;
The raven steeds are neighing in his ears;
Their dismal voices are for ever sounding,
Around him wildly they are ever bounding;
The ever-changing horrors rack his brain;
The fire is flashing from each dreadful mane,
And each dishevell'd lock of long black hair
Changes to serpent-forms in his despair.
Mercy, that's shower'd upon the hangman's soul,
Denied to him, his blood sweats in his dole;
He sighs, sobs, moans; but not a single word,
Save incoherent murmuring, his head.
Adieu to sleep! adieu to balmy rest!
Farewell, my friend, I wish thee with the blest!
Thy peace is gone, and wounded to the core,
Rest thou shalt never! never, never more,

On this side the insatiable grave;
But as there is a deathless soul to save
O! let us hope for our departing brother,
Mercy and peace have kindly kiss'd each other;
And, as to all the dispensation's given,
*May righteousness on him look down from heaven.**

He dies apace: exhausted of his life,
He vainly struggles amidst all this strife:
"This, gentle maid, is the lost drunkard's doom,"
I said, as we descended from the room.
While I but faintly pictur'd this complaint,
Which will attack the sinner and the saint,
The rose upon the maiden's cheek had gone,
And left the pallid lily there, alone:
The patient heard not—to him word or thought
Of others' joy or sorrow was as nought.
O God! I cannot look again, good host—
Is this my friend now giving up the ghost?
Many have I seen in this sorry plight,
But this sad case, my over-burden'd sight
Cannot sustain: he never can recover:
Child of the muse! thy pilgrimage is over.
Host! you are kind: take care unto the last:
In a few days, unto the grave he pass'd.

And is not this a lesson to the young?
Sages have taught, minstrels and bards have sung;
And here was one, to whom all history's pages
Had been explor'd, from the remotest ages:
The English language, varied, beautiful,
Lay at his feet like flowers for him to cull:

* These words, from the Sacred Volume, my lamented friend often delighted to dwell upon.

Perchance, some future chronicler may tell
How all that listend'd, felt as if a spell
Had bound them to the well remembered spot,
Where, what he uttered, was not soon forgot:
With all his genius by heaven supplied,
And by man's admiration dignified,
Avoiding the old Roman suicide,
He yet preferred a still more lingering death,
In favourite inn to breathe his latest breath.

Come, ye, who fain would shun his wretched fate,
And take good counsel ere it be too late:
If husbandry be yours, each rood of land
Cultur'd should be, and by the owner's hand:
Yes! you must humbly kiss your mother earth,
And find in health and peace a second birth.
Return to nature, at whatever cost—
Return to nature, or give up the ghost:
Return to virtue, or your mind will be
Plung'd in the depths of hopeless misery:
Return to virtue, or your soul may rue;
Return to virtue, and religion, too.
O! bid adieu the alcoholic bowl,
Call back the energies of self-controul;
Shun this vile curse, this meanest suicide,
Rally within your native strength and pride;
Kindly be just, and morally be brave,
And wait for Nature's hand to dig your grave:
Casting vain cares away, Hope re-appears,
Life's gloom disperses, and its prospects cheers;
A meditative pleasure fills the soul,
Philosophy resumes her bland control;
The prison'd eagle-spirit bursts the chain,
And soars to worlds beyond all Nature's vast domain.

POSTCRIPT.

During a period of some experience and observation, in this town, (city, I suppose, it will be, before I have many opportunities of vulgarizing it with the name of town,) I noted down the names of persons, "too numerous to mention," who died of the disease, which is the subordinate title of the poetical sketch, entitled the "Drunkard's Doom."

The statistics of drunkenness are horrible indeed. Not to dwell particularly on the more scientific knowledge possessed by the medical profession, a great part of which is very properly confidential, there are those, who, from the nature of their duties, have great practical knowledge of the consequences arising from this destructive vice. The grand juries, the coroners, the local magistrates, the more humble, but not the less useful functionaries of police, to which may be added a class of persons, whose duties are exceedingly arduous and responsible, *i. e.* the keepers of County and Borough goals, with their assistants, are peculiarly capable of perceiving the extensive and serious evils resulting from this mind-and-body-destroying abomination.

Having been "about town" a good deal, I have observed many missing from their usual avocations, and on minute and attentive inquiry found, that the apparent mock-tragedy of the drunkard's life, had suddenly arrived to a most melancholy catastrophe; and almost all of them were the kindest and best men I have known: lawyers—auctioneers—surgeons—tradesmen—publicans, a list too painful to enumerate —many of the operative classes—and amongst men of literary pretention and pursuit, the unfortunate subject of this poem, who was, I have reason to believe, "a man more sinned against than sinning."*

* His wife's patrimony had been lent to his father to pay for the VALUATION of a public-house; when poor H. wanted it repaid, the father said, "John, I have tricked thee lad." At this audacious acknowledgment, the indignant eloquence of the son burst forth against his parent, when a mutual friend, who was present, persuaded the

I do not allow the poem to be published for the purpose of wounding any body's feelings, or injuring any one's interest. As we are all, in some measure, linked indissolubly to those circumstances, which our *wise* men at the head of affairs, are determined shall continue, it seems to be the object of men in general, to look to themselves only, while the true interests of man, present and future, and beyond the grave, are placed in the balance of pounds, shillings, and pence, and must always kick the beam against money, which along with its specific gravity and intrinsic value, is invested with a talismanic charm in all trading countries.

I harbour no resentment against any class of persons, no prejudice, I hope against any human being, as far as I know, because the knowledge of prejudice is ever accompanied by its cure; and I beseech the attention of the reader to this effort against vice in its primary source, the very fountain-head of crime and immortality. The consideration of the subject has been of great service to me, and has principally assisted in strengthening my own resolution, amidst repeated trials and temptations, (having been attached to convivial company,) enabling the remaining mental energy, which, I perhaps vainly imagine I originally possessed, to keep alive a somewhat billious-nervous body, soothing it down to quietude without the aid of medicine, so that it may last a little longer, nor to be worn away by a too active intellect.

The narrative part of the "Drunkard's Doom," is true to the letter. In the imaginative or descriptive part, I have attempted to delineate the sensations of a patient labouring under the dreadful disease, *delirium tremens*, or *delirium cum*

father to take a walk in order to escape the furious tongue of his son, and to avoid the consequences of his own selfish and angry passions. I have often promised to make this truthful statement, and I thus simply place it before the eyes of those who knew and admired my unfortunate friend.

tremore, (delirium with trembling,) and I believe, that the picture is not over-charged, Rejecting the more minute I have seized the principal characteristics only, with as strong a hand as I possibly could. The subject is not unsuited to more highly developed poetical powers, and genius, it will be allowed, is never so well employed, as when it decorates the naked body of truth, with the attractive habiliments of fancy, to step forth into the world, assisting the cause of virtue against vice, temperance against intemperance, refining "man's worser part," and ornamenting his nature with the spiritual halo of an exalted mind, above the brute that perisheth.

The piece may be acceptable to those who love literature for its own sake,—the disinterested lovers and friends of books and authors, to whom we owe every thing, as Hazlitt said, "on this side barbarism,'* in every part of the world.

DEATH OF THE HARE.

(AN INCIDENT OF CHILDHOOD.)

Once, when a little child,
I rambled from my home,
Through mazy woodlands wild,
Delighted, I would roam,
Gathering wild berries all alone,
Until I heard a piercing moan,
Like helpless childhood's cry,
In danger and despair,
As it came from the heart
Of a poor, friendless hare.

* Vide Hazlitt's Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.

And then I heard loud sounds
  Of dogs, and cheerful men,
The deep-mouth'd cry of hounds,
  Like monsters from their den;
Horses, with scarlet riders came;
The colours bright as fiery flame:
  And then, beside my feet,
    The timid creature stopt;
  It had o'er-run its strength,
    And down beside me dropt.

The hounds, one, two, and three,
  Upon the sufferer bound;
My childish eyes did see
  Them tear it on the ground:
The horse, and men, with panting breath,
Soon rush'd to see the creature's death;
  They held it up and gave
    A loud and wild *hurray*,
  Like conquerors over-joyed
    With the battle of the day.

I counted of them, then,
  Before they went away.
About a hundred men,
  Engag'd in the affray;
And there were scarlet riders ten,
If you'll believe my simple pen,
  And, for the sake of truth,
    I vow, and I declare,
  There were three score of dogs,
    For one poor, little hare.

And to this very day,
When I hear a fearful cry,
Although my head is grey,
I think upon the sigh,
And the tenderest, child-like tone,
The painful, death-forboding moan,
Which would melt every heart,
But those unus'd to tears;
Alas! for cruel men,
And simple childhood's years.

Then I soon hasten'd back
To our cottage on the Green,
As I knew every track
Of my native woodland scene;
Through rural lanes, and pasture-fields,
By brooklets, where the hazel yields
Its pretty, tiny bloom,
'Mid alders rude and strong,
Where the thrush builds its nest,
And nourisheth its young.

With berries black and red,
Of one kind and another,
I then soon homeward sped,
To show them to my mother;
And when I told her, in my pride,
Of horses, men, and hounds beside,
And the poor, dying hare,
And all that I had seen,
She took me to her arms,
In our cottage on the Green.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it, alone
To read and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none.

—CHAS. COTTON.

O! teach me in thy dear and holy hour,
Thy bosom's quiet happiness to gain.

—CHAS. SWAIN.

O Solitude!
Sweet nymph, come, ope thine arms;
Shield me from rude
Society's alarms,
And let me feast upon thy lovely charms.

I am alone,
In my dear native dell;
The muse hath thrown
Around me the strong spell,
Which bids my fancy soar, my bosom swell.

I am from men,
From human things away;
In that dear glen,
Where nature holds her sway,
And heart and mind her awful power obey.

I stand beside
My native winding stream,
Whose waters glide
More near to me, and beseem
To kiss my feet, as I do fondly dream.

O Solitude!
To thee, for peace, I fly;
Far, far from rude
And joyless company,
With thee to live, with thee, sweet nymph, to die.

STANZAS.

On seeing the fragments of a marble tablet, in the south of England, with the following inscription; "Sacred to the Memory of————"; the rest was broken off.

Build, build again the cenotaphs,
The monuments and tombs—
Man's vainer records—still Time laughs,
And his vast frame consumes:
The sculptor's marble and the poet's rhyme
Shrink from the finger-touch of Time.

Sound, sound again the trump of fame;
Let man be flatter'd—let him raise,
Emblazoning but his empty name,
His mortal voice in his own praise:
Behold! this marble fragment lies,
An emblem of his vanities.

ON SHELLEY.

———Genius never dies—it lives beyond
Its owner, in this monument of thought,
More lasting than the broad-based pyramid,
And wilt not thou be heard in after-time,
Who pour'st the strength of mighty intellect
In the full tide of sweet and solemn sound?
Yes, Shelley, yes—while genius is admired
And Feeling loved—while freedom still retains
Amid the waters of Corruption's flood,
An Ararat whereon to rest her foot,—
Thy spirit will be revered on earth,
And commune with the minds of unborn men.*

He died in his prime,
In his green spring-time,
E'er life's May-flowers were faded;
Ere youth's rainbow
Had ceas'd to glow,
By the weakness of age undegraded:
Time will but consecrate his fame,
Oblivion's self will spare his name.

Sweet flowerets bloom
O'er his early tomb,†
And spread their sweets around it;
No evil weeds
There shed their seeds,
Young Flora's chains hath bound it;
Eternal fragrance smileth there,
And throws its sweetness in the air.

* This motto is selected from "Lines on the death of Shelley," which appeared a little subsequent to his lamented death, in the LONDON EXAMINER.

† His ashes were placed in a silver urn, on which was a suitable inscription, with the motto "CONCORDIUM," in the Protestant burial ground at Rome; a place of considerable historical interest.

The light of his fame
Will blazon his name,—
Enkindled by his pages;
His harp's bold note
Will swell and float
On the stream of endless ages:
The strains of his bold harp will last
Till earth, and time, and all are past.

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

Farewell, ye groves and valleys green,
Where I have lonely wander'd,
To speak unheard, to write unseen,
How Britain's sons are plunder'd;
The linnet's note, the blackbird's voice,
United both to charm me;
But all in vain; could I rejoice
When tyrants' frowns alarm me!

A Briton's born to care and toil,
If humble be his station;
If highly born, he shares the spoil,
Wrung from a suffering nation;
But I will leave this wretched land,
Where freedom is a stranger,
And seek Columbia's peaceful strand,
Or brave the direst danger.

Now farewell, friend, now farewell, foe,
Now farewell, kindred ever dear;
If billows roar and tempests blow,
Sweet freedom's sun my soul will cheer;
The beams from that bright orb will spread
A gleam of pleasure o'er my mind;
A Briton's rights are cold and dead,
A land of slaves I leave behind.

———o—o—o———

STANZES IRREGULIERS.

[Lamenting the departure of a friend from this country to America.]

———————————"amid
The busy, bustling crowds I meditate,
And send my thoughts a thousand leagues away,
Beyond the Atlantic, resting on my friend."

H. K. White.

God of my fathers! could I leave for ever
My native land, and turn my back
Upon my friends—my kindred, too, and sever
Every tie that binds the human heart
To this sweet birth place? No: I lack
The vigour of those reckless minds
That wander o'er the earth,
Buoyant with wassails mirth,
Heedless of the storms of waters and of winds—
Heedless of the charm that doth impart
To my weak spirit, hope and love,
That binds me to my friends and all I most enjoy,
And makes my heart in transport move,
Imbuing it with feelings that can never cloy.

And yet, amid a host of friends
And other gentle beings, all alike
Kind unto me, my vagrant fancy wends
O'er the Atlantic wave,
And revels with the friend,
The dear companion of my early years:
Even as I write, his form doth strike
Across my mind, and sighs and tears
Despite of me, will force their way:
May I not mourn that friendship finds a grave
Amongst the purest, that the destined end
Of life beseems, like life itself, without a ray
Of hope or joy, a thing of gloom,
Beginning in our birth, nor ending in the tomb.

It is a sad and lamentable thing
To find hope's flowers all withering—
To find a dearest and most cherish'd friend
Turn from me:—ah! that friendship e'er should end!
Mine eyes are dim with thronging tears,
My heart beats with tumultuous fears;
Alas! that friendship e'er should end!
I thought that, bound in its bland chain,
Our youthful hearts were one, not twain,
And nothing could them sever;
I thought that nought true friendship parts,
And that you might divide the dreadful main,
Sooner than linked hearts
Could be divided ever.

I was deceived: with heart all cold to me,
He passed o'er the great ocean-wave,
Without a tear—without a sigh—
And I remain in gloom and misery,
While tear on tear my pallid cheek doth lave.
This flood of tears I cannot all assuage:
Thou heartless dullard that look'st o'er this page,
And smiles, yea, laughs at sensibility,
And scorns the burning tears I shed
O'er broken hopes—o'er friendship dead.
Touch not my page with thy cold, selfish hand:
Thou know'st not heart-felt amity—
Thou know'st not what it is to mourn
O'er friendship's melancholy urn:
Begone! lay down the book,
Give me no more that worldling's look:
Weep, weep, I fear I must,
Until I turn to dust,
Until life's fragile glass hath trickled down its sand.

———o—o—o———

SONNET.

O Sacred Truth! man's hopes upon thee rest!
Whatever column tumble from its base—
Whatever temple, to the earth be raz'd—
Whatever record Time's rude hand deface,
Or render undecypherable, prais'd
Be him who cherisheth, within his breast,

A relic of thine altar, pure and bright,
A scintillation of the sacred light:
Ere death approacheth, it will gather strength,
Increase in heavenly glory, and, at length
Beam, with its hues of hopes, like rain-bow dyes,
And guide the spirit to its native skies:
Break from thy prison-gloom, my yearning spirit,
A never-ending sabbath to inherit.

———o———

ODE TO THE GLOW-WORM.

"Sweet child of stillness, 'midst the awful calm
Of pausing nature, thou art pleas'd to dwell
In happy silence, to enjoy thy balm,
And shed through life a lustre round thy cell."

DR. WOLCOTT.

Beneath night's ebon shroud,
Down on the dewy mead,
Under the gloomy cloud
Thou tak'st thy humble bed;
Strange insect, feasting the astonish'd sight
With bright beams like a pure and heavenly gem of light.

The sun is downward far
Into the happy west;
But there's a brilliant star
To light me to my rest;
Yet, not a brighter in the vaulted skies
Appears to me than thou, to glad my wond'ring eyes.

Had I a hand divine,
Thou should'st no longer be
A light serene to shine,
Here in obscurity,
Nor dwell a moment more on earth's dull face:
I'd fix thee in the skies, in the lost pleiad's place.

Sweet glow-worm! thou art ever
A mystery to man;
The human ken can never
Penetrate the plan
Of awful Nature, before whom I bow,
And question what with all our knowledge, we yet know?

With our immortal mind,
Enchain'd within our clay,
What clue can we e'er find
To the Eternal's sway?
It is a mystery sublime: e'en thou, alone,
Declar'st the sacred power unfathom'd and unknown.

But, in my dreams of night,
And fancies of the day,
May I not think thy light
Sheds its serenest ray
In this mild solitude, from thy moist cell,
Like the pure light of love, in the heart's mystic well?

And like the light of truth,
The bright gem of the mind;
Which shone above my youth,
Imparting the refined
Philosophy of the poetic page,
And never shall forsake me in declining age;

And virtue, man's sure friend,—
Profan'd in our hard sway
O'er woman, when in the end,
We ruin and betray,—
Thou art an emblem of, when some rude wight
Doth crush thee 'neath his feet, regardless of thy light:

And wisdom, that should shine
O'er all, and like the sun,
Blaze with a light divine,
In full meridian,
Yet, forc'd by power to keep its banner furl'd,
Still shines in shade, like thee, neglected by the world.

———o—o———

THE ANGLIAN BOYS.*

Sold by their parents, to a Roman merchant, in the sixth century.

The evening came, the daily task was done,
And twilight gleam'd serenity to me;
Beyond twelve hoary centuries of "*the gone*,"†
Invested with a strange ubiquity,
My body rested in my English home,
My spirit sought the ancient walls of Rome.

* For the story of the Anglian children, see Hume and other historians.

† My mind is like a churchyard lone,
Rich with the treasures of the gone.—GASPEY'S POEMS.

Within the market-place of Rome's fam'd city,
Some Saxon children were exposed for sale,
Whom mercenary parents, void of pity,
Had vended as mere merchandise; the tale
Is history's, and whether false or true,
It comes to me in prose, in verse to you.

These boys were fascinating to the view,
With golden hair, and quiet, radiant eyes,
And cheeks, where red assumes a crimson hue,
And white, that whitest vernal flower outvies;
And they were sold and bought, and bought and sold,
In Ælla's land, for thrice-accursed gold.

Were there no tears upon this bargain shed?
Did no paternal, nor maternal blood,
The life's warm river, rise up from its bed
Incarnate, like a wild and rushing flood,
Until convulsion came, the frame to quiver,
And Reason left her throne, perchance for ever?

Ah! tears are pity's precious pearls, rare gems,
More precious than the costly crysolite;
And these poor boys, transplanted far from Thames,
To classic Tiber's banks, then, look'd more bright,
In heavenly tears, thus mourning for their home,
Than all the glorious wonders of old Rome.

Beauty enslaves, and beauty maketh free,
And conquers more then Greek or Roman sword;
And these were boys, all-beautiful to see,
Destin'd to spread the mercy of our Lord;
Their lovely features struck beholders dumb,
Yet one enquireth—"Ah! whence do they come?"

And this was Gregory, surnamed "the Great,"
When he ascended the pontific chair;
A private man was he, of low estate:
The blooming countenances, complexions fair,
Of Anglo-Saxon children, lovely youths,
Reminded him of the most sacred truths.

"What are they?" Thus, the future Pope would know
From him who held in thrall these Anglian boys;
"*Angles*," the vile slave-merchant mutter'd low,—
He who had bought them like so many toys:
"*Angels*," the enraptur'd Gregory did say,
"'Tis pity Satan has so fair a prey."

"What is their province?" further questioned he;
"*Deiri*," was the answer quickly given;
"*Deiri!* that is goodly news to me:
Call'd to the mercy of the God of heaven,
De ira, from God's anger they are freed,
In all the glories of the Christian creed.

Who is their King? What is his gracious name?"
"*Ælla*, or *Alla*, is Deiri's king:"
"Then, *Allelujah*, sound the sweet acclaim,
And thanks and praises unto God we'll sing
Over the fatherland of these fair boys,
And teach barbarians pure Religion's joys.

'Twas in the reign of Ethelbert of old,
When Saxons worshipped Woden, God of War;
Hoping beyond the grave they should behold
Great Thor, the thunder-bearer, in his car;
And in the sacred Hall, above the skies,
Drink from the skulls of slaughtered enemies.

The sun and moon were deities array'd
In all the glorious majesty of light;
And idols wild within their temples sway'd,
Mid awful sacrifices to affright
The weak, or sooth, the thunder-bearer, Thor,
And Woden, the fierce deity of war.

Broil after broil, and battle after battle,
Blood following blood, and still no peaceful end;
Men led to slaughter, like so many cattle;
And chief with chief, and king with king contend;
Heptarchic England, mad with war's dread scenes,
Drench'd in the blood of her own kings and queens.

At length, on Thanet's isle,* Augustine came;
Then, Woden vanish'd, and the famous Thor,
The thunder-bearer, wrapt in awful flame,
And all the light'ning terrors of fierce war,
Dispers'd like thunder-storms of gloomy skies,
Before the WORD, which bade fall'n man arise.

Idols and images were soon displac'd,
Spells and enchantments vanish'd far away;
No more the altars were with blood disgraced:
A ray beam'd o'er the isles, like early day
Breaking above the distant mountain-scene,
As if that night of gloom had never been.

* When Gregory the Great, commissioned St. Augustine to visit Britian, for the purpose of introducing Christianity, the Isle of Thanet was the place where he was originally stationed; and Ethelbert's queen being a Christian, favoured his pious embassy. Some historians assign a much earlier period to this introduction, but the debatable points of remote history, and the lines of distinction between it and legendary fiction, are in many instances obliterated; and each historian, or chronicler receives as being within the range of the probable, what is barely possible, according to the bias of his party, and the prejudice of his school.

The planets and the zodiac's cluster'd stars,
The sun, the moon, orbs of remotest station,
No longer had their pious worshippers,
Yet claim through every age, man's admiration;
And while the myriad worlds around us move,
Proclaim the deity of truth and love.

—— o ——

THE REMEMBRANCE;

OR, THE ENGLISHMAN'S HOME.

Above and round it, various birds that haunt
The banks and streams of rivers, thro' the wood,
With pleasing plumes and voices, flew and sung.
—BRADY'S VIRGIL, b. 7.

Thoughts and remembrances.
—SHAKSPEARE.

Awhile I must be deaf to Runic sounds,*
And in the strain, which Akenside and Armstrong
Deem'd worthy of the muse, without a rhyme,
Yet full, I hope, of reason, may my lines
Glide onward, smoothly, to successful end:
Sometimes, in smiles; perchance, in frowns betimes;
And many a time, in sorrow and in tears:
These, at the last, to dissipate for ever,
Ne'er to bedim again the human eye,
When simple merit meets its just reward.

* RUNIC SOUNDS are RHYMES, as the first rhymes were of Runic origin. For particulars in this subject, VIDE Sir William Temple's Essays.

A gleam of light, sweet as the twilight shade,
Shines steadily upon me, now; and spreads
Around me its serenity, like Hope,
In a bright dream of happiness, that points
Her white hand to the bower, where Age is dwelling,
Casting mild eyes on Innocence and Youth.

Leaving the man of figures, with his bags
Of gold and silver in his city-mansion,
For, that, he bade me do repulsive work,
Homeward I sought my solitary way,
And to the haunts of childhood I repair'd,
Home of my Fathers, where I first beheld
The rising and the setting of the sun.

I view'd the chamber where I first drew breath,
And trembled, as if in some sacred presence,
When awe, and love, and reverence fill'd my soul.
These feelings quieten'd, yet, unsubdued,
I sought the dining-room, with forms all round,
Where oft full many a lonely hour I pass'd,
Seriously musing, feasting in rich dreams
Of glory and renown in after years,
Like many of good fame, the lov'd of human kind.
I found the buttery-hatch, from which I took,
As if all were my own, the bread and milk,
Parental hands supplied, and felt myself
Once more contented, like the unquiet child,
Lull'd to repose upon its mother's bosom.
The hams well-cured, flitches of bacon, too,
Hung pendant from the ceiling of the kitchen;
Beautiful pictures, though, without a frame,
More cheering to the eye and heart of man,

Than any done by old Italian master:
The flake of cords, laden with oaten cakes,
Dry, crisp, and brown, as Autumn's falling leaves,
Ready to drop into the reaching hand;
Then, the brown beer broach'd from an earthen bottle,
Pour'd till the brimful jug threw down a foam,
White as the linen bleach'd on the green sward,
White as the valuable kitchen dresser,
Crown'd with the cheese of Cestria's royal vale.*

Ah! this is my old home, my valued friend;
These, these are freemen's blessings, the rich fruits
Of patient industry, and social love,
And here I them enjoy, once more, once more.
Musing in silent, sylvan solitude,
Remote from strife, and wretched vice and pain,
Safely afar from the tumultuous waves
Of the "still-vexed Bermoothes"† of the town,—
The restless, unsubsiding, human sea,—
To live in quietude, and calmly die,
Is the fond hope of many a gentle mind.
Pray, come, and see me in my humble home,
With honeysuckle climbing up the door,
And window-frames, breathing their richest fragrance
To the passing zephyr; with thick hawthorn-hedges
Circling their green and interwoven branches,
Whose wholesome berries nourish tiny birds;
And all above this pretty, rural scene,
The cherry and the apple-tree beseem
To bow, and bend, and supplicate the hand

* VIDE History of the Vale Royal, in the Chetham Library.
† VIDE Shakespeare's Commentators on this passage, in the "Tempest."

To ease them of their bountiful excess;
Or, satisfied with out-of-door enjoyment,
Seeking the best, the choicest company,
Amid my books, the precious fruits of ages,
That speak to me in letters of pure gold,
Forth from the awful, venerable past,
And wake to vocal melody the song,
Descending down, like the pure light of Heaven,
With its beneficent and welcome glow.

Thy gentle "Voice,"* hath fitting audience here,
And thy pure verse will ever be esteem'd
By those who honour Akenside's rich song,
Who learn true wisdom from an Armstrong's strain;
Which, flowing gently, free from rhyming gyves,
Clear as the stream, in unimpeded course,
Seeketh the ocean of the human mind.
With my dear, native tongue thy name is link'd,
In this secluded bower, and with the song
Of autumn's lingering choristers, delights
The cultur'd taste, and fancy delicate:
No gorgeous assemblage of mere words,
Profusely in disorder glittering;
Mock gems, and spangles, valueless themselves,
With trope on trope, and simile on simile,
And sugar'd verbiage, like the Hybla bee,
When drown'd in its own, too delicious sweets.
This illegitimate exuberance,
The artificial fashion of the times,

* This poem was originally inscribed to the Author of "A Voice from the Town."

Admir'd by none but superficial minds,
Pure *taste* eschews, and *classic purity*
Shrinks from aghast, and shuns curruption there.

For, that, I have described sweet gifts of earth,
Or gifts of Heaven, for the mortal body,
Let me essay to touch a finer string,
A higher chord of harmony, the soul,
The spirit, as it breathes in goodly books;
Books in our glorious Albion's golden tongue;
Some native, others ours, too, by adoption.
Let me not slowly linger in my song,
Lest I should tire the most attentive patience.
Upon the old, familiar shelves they stand,
Never to be begrim'd by careless hands,
Nor open'd but with reverential love,
As I do now, on this sweet sabbath-eve.
Although the portals of the schools were closed
Against my adolescent footsteps, yet, to trace,
Though somewhat darkly, Learning's labyrinth,
Hath been the natural bias of my mind,
And my devoted soul hath ever been
My only Ariadne,—fountains bright,
And rivers inexhaustible have flowed,
To irrigate our intellectual realms;
And some few drops of all their limpid waters,
Have fallen on me, and thirstfully have been
Imbibed, like the refreshing, welcome draught
Of the lone traveller, on his destin'd way.

O, Hellas! Latium! ye may never be
Wholly unknown to those, who cannot count

Your ancient syllables, like learned Porson.
How often have I wandered, often wept,
And often been entranced amongst the ruins
Of philosophic Athens and old Rome,
When all the spirits that have made them famous
Would seem to start around me into life.

Hesiod, who sang of chaos and creation,
Precursor of blind Melesigenes,*
Whom seven cities vaunted as their own,
To honour his nativity, yet left
The bard to wander Greece reciting hymns
Worthy of Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine.
Behold the glories of the tragic muse!
Transfused into the nervous Saxon tongue,
In almost native fire, they live with me.
Sweet is thy pastoral pipe, Theocritus:
Thy pure idyllia are breathing still;
Thy verbal music mingling with the sense,
So exquisitely potent was thine art:
So rich in nature's treasures was thy muse.
Not Moschus' song can soothe the breast of woe,
In him, the sad, survivor, suffering more,
Ay, lingeringly dying, slow, away,
In irremediable agony,
And all the sad calamity of grief,
At his irreparable, fatal loss.
Ah! mourning muse, that wept immortal tears,
Like angels weeping over human sorrow,
And called on man, beast, bird, and tender flower,

* Homer.

To vent their plaints; ascending up to Heaven,
In simultaneous, universal woe,
That some felonious hand, with poison charged,
Had changed the bread of life into the death,
And robbed him of his friend, and Attica
The sweetest of her bards. Moschus and Bion,
Together linked, with chain endurable,
While Friendship hath an honourable name.

I turn to Rome's twin friends, who sate in state,
Beside the great and politic Augustus:—
Virgil and Horace, the high-polished pillars,
Supporting in its purity for ever,
The language of philosophy and learning—
The courtier-poets of imperial Rome:
And later Juvenal, amongst the crowd,
Cutting and satirizing *life* and *manners*.
Bold, honest, independent citizen!
Before the Cæsars incorruptible!
Egyptian bondage could not conquer him:
True to the last, a friend to virtue still,
Dying with honour, at a good, old age.
I pass not him of modulated voice,
The friend of gentle Brutus, Cicero;
The ever-living, silver tongue of Rome;
The ill-requited, martyr'd orator,
Still kindling all the smouldering fires that glow
Within the sacred ashes of her ruins.

Then, I behold philosophy and virtue
Closely allied, through ay-enduring time,
Firmly affianced, on the Cæsar's throne;

Adrian apostrophizing his own soul,
In words as deathless as its quenchless flame.
The spirits of the great had left old Rome;
The imperial eagle droop'd its iron wings;
The legions of the Cæsars were no more;
The eloquence had fled the senate's walls;
The poetry of life and love, was gone;
And over the base mass of human clay,
A superstition horrible as hell,
Forsaking primitive simplicity,
Veil'd all the ancient glories of the world,
And sank for ever the great Roman power.

Decline and fall, proud empires of the earth!
Tyrannic rule, by mad ambition blinded,
Rewards mankind for their allegiance,
With dungeons, chains, racks, tortures, poison, death.
The fated end of tyranny and power,
Although delayed, is sure to come, at last;
Nor golden policy, nor iron arms,
Can save ye from inevitable death.
The Goth, the Vandal, and the Saracen,
Barbarian hordes from mountain and from vale,
From woods remote, and forests wild, arose,
And join'd the dreadful conflict of the wars:
Remorseless conquerors in savage triumph,
Yelled in thy fanes and palaces, proud Rome,
Found thee unnerved in Cytherea's arms,
When Mars, ashamed of thee, forsook thy walls,
And left thee to thy fate. The cruel work,
The work of butchery, and desolation,

Blood-sweltering Slaughter,* then its havoc made;
Like tigers issuing from their jungles wild;—
The lion's magnanimity not theirs;—
Their drink was blood, their feast depopulation;
Destroying all the works of art and letters,
Until too late to stipulate for those,
Their ignorant malice had destroyed for ever.
Ages of sloth and ignorance elapsed,
Yet, when the old philosophy was gone,
And Bethlehem's star, was wrapt in gloomy clouds,
Some cloister'd scholars cherished a few gems,
And, dearest gem of all, the Book of Life.

At length, o'er southern skies a light beam'd forth,
Though late, most welcome to humanity:
Erasmus, of the universal mind;
Bound to no sect, except fast bound to all:
Mild, beaming light, above a gloomy age!
Scholar of scholars, in a dawning world.
O, charmful muse of poetry and love,
The friend of princes, and the Tribune's friend;†
Infatuated Petrarch! who in times,
When Learning's eye was dim, and the rich scrolls
Of eloquence were hid in thickest gloom,
Search'd into deep obscurity, and found
Treasures of lore, yet undestroy'd by time,

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* To what a pitch of fury must the bigots of the latter end and commencement of the present century, have been raised, when the otherwise amiable Wordsworth, could describe Carnage as the daughter of God, in which sentiment there was neither poetry nor truth.

† Petrarch was attached to Rienzi, the celebrated tribune of the fourteenth century.

Or by the Caliph Omar's reckless hand:*
Petrarch, the laurel-crown'd, the capitol
Acclaiming loudly, joyously for him,
While children strewed his path with wreaths of flowers,
Offerings most meet for poetry and love.
Oft have I smil'd with Italy's gay muse,
And frown'd with Dante, terrible as hell.

Now, comes the modern classic, famous France,
To emulate the spirit of old Greece,
In arts, in sciences, in gallant arms,
Upon the battle-field of distant lands,
But, most of all, within her city gates,
To fight for heaven-born liberty at home:†
For, without freedom mighty states decline;
And, as amid the columns of Persepolis,
The learned traveller mourn'd its sad decay,‡
So, on your verdant banks, ye famous rivers,
Continually flowing to the main,
To be absorbed within her boundless waters,—
The Thames, the Siene, all celebrated streams:
Where'er they take their rise, where'er they fall,—
A selfish policy, cupidity

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* The celebrated Alexandrian library was destroyed by the orders of the Caliph Omar, in the seventh century. It served the soldiers and the people of the city a considerable time as fuel for their fires. The first library had been destroyed in the wars of Julius Cæsar, having caught fire when that conqueror devoted the other parts of the city to the flames.

† This was written previous to the breaking out of the revolution, which hurled Louis Philippe from the throne.

‡ There is much plagiarism from certain philosophical writers, by the specious and plausible, and superficial writers of the present day. Macauley robs Volney of his eloquence to mix with his own; but does not say, even in a note, that he is indebted to the "Reflections" of this amiable writer on the revolutions of states, for anything.

As mean, and luxury as sensual,
May enervate your military strength;
Sap the stability of civil power;
Corrupting justice at the fountain-head;
Consuming the strong operative limbs,
And vital action of the inward state;
Draining the life-blood of the common-weal;
Shattering to ruin her most goodly towers:
Ah! then, some future muse in sable weeds,
Whose heart is fill'd with reverence for truth;
Whose genius, god-like, soars unto the heavens;
Seeking for history's, or the poet's crown,—
Oft sought by many, found but by a few,—
Mingling his tears with the fast-flowing waters,
May mourn above your tombs and empty names.*

Homeward I pass, like a returning child,
A truant from his native school, too long,
And bathe my limbs in Avon's richest stream,
Or gather choicest pearls upon its banks,
Worthy to grace the crowns of sovereign Jove,
Apollo, Mercury, and the elder gods.

O myriad-minded Shakspeare! Proteus
Of many shapes, and ever prone to change!
Thou of the hundred hands, our own Ægæon!
In gentle human form, and fair proportion,
Yet, with a hundred eyes, internally,
Each of more ken than Argus e'er could boast,
Of all the staring eyes his forehead bore.

* Vide "Ruins of Empires."

In infinite variety of shade, thou art
Ethereal—heavenly—natural—fantastic—
The immortal spirit of the sea-girt Isles;
Destin'd to fame as durable as Greece,
And all *her* sacred, celebrated Isles.
Old worlds, hard struggling with the hands of Time,
And new, emerging late from forests wild,
And seas, and mountains glorious, and vast,
Have placed thee the first of Nature's noblemen,
And first of princes in the Mind's great kingdom,
Whose sovereign arbiter is DEITY.

I can converse with kings, in studying thee;
With wits, physicians, and most famous scholars;
With counsellors more eloquent and wise
Than ever wore a gown, or touch'd a fee;
With rude mechanics, and gay citizens;—
Thoughtless the last, sagacious, yet, the former;—
With ladies, who are women in their hearts,
Acting accordant unto every pulse;
With gentlemen, of gentle minds and manners,
Whose souls of goodness warm their feeling hearts,
And shower around them, multitudes of blessings;
And should I long to sympathize with sorrow,
I may mourn o'er the broken human heart,
And that worst stroke of all, the human mind,
Beaming in beauty, amidst splendid ruins;
And should I yearn to search the gloomy depths
Of passion, and uplift the secret veil
Which hides from vulgar gaze, man's mortal frailties,
And dreadful abberrations manifold,—
The conqueror, the madman, and the lover,
The murderer, murdering Innocence asleep,

Destroying his own sleep and peace for ever,
A sad quaternion of living woe;
With *Hamlet*, Prince of Denmark in old time,
And now, the prince of the great English stage,
Of metaphysic skill and scholar'd art,—
Can open worlds to me before unknown.

Wondrous creation of the poet's soul—
That *Hamlet* I have read and seen so oft!
In youth a charm—in age a greater charm;
Of mind benevolent, and o'er-informed;
With this world's wicked subtlety disturb'd,
Harrassed, probed, wounded to the very quick;
And yet whose solemn harmony is like
The soothing music of the evening bells,
Albeit disturbed by the hoarse raven's voice.

Beloved sounds! those sweet old English chimes!
Oft have I heard them, far away from home,
When somewhat wearied with too tedious travel,
Upon the churchyard steps I have reclin'd,
And nought but simple tears could me relieve.
Oh! then I thought of home and charmful things;
Of music, sweet as that within mine ears;
And that soft truckle bed my mother made
For me, attentive through the live-long day;
And would not leave me till I'd said my prayers,
And fallen into a sweet, oblivious sleep.
Upon those hallow'd steps I thought of him,
Who wished his bones might never be disturbed,
As they now rest in Avon's sacred chancel:—
Ah! thus I thought of Shakspeare, in his youth,
Joyfully scattering his wild oaten seed,

Who, with his buoyant spirit, fondly thought,
That the free gifts of Nature were his own,—
The hare, the partridge, and the pheasant, too,
Of many-colour'd beauty, like his muse,
All-beauteous, as the bird of paradise,—
And in a wilful moment of the mind,
Seized the wild deer, or timid hart, or roe,
Making the wandering creatures all his own.
Ah! thus I thought of Shakspeare! In his youth
Compell'd to leave his loved Avonian haunts,
For a great city's greater solitude;
Deep as contiguous, never-ending shades,
Whose branches intermingle and entwine
In one vast foliage of embowering trees,
Entangled underwood, and branches wild:
Within that depth of solitude he wrought,
Like his own *Prospero*, the magic charm,
And threw his plastic genius o'er the world.

What *midnight dreams*, and *tempests* of the mind!
What battles, storms, wrecks, sad catastrophes!
Kings hush'd to death with crowns upon their heads,
Allowed no time for grace and penitence;
Usurpers quickly seated upon thrones,
And villains deck'd in rich embroidery
Of gold and ermine, stuffs of costly purchase,
Proud in their office, taunting modest merit.
Honesty a-hungered, roguery o'er-gorged;
While melancholy *Jacques* retires from court
To bear his burden of disquietude,
And play his wit, in melancholy mirth,
With pleasant fools, as witty in their kind;

Or mingle his salt tears with stricken deer,
Deserted by its fellows of the shade,
Like a sad bankrupt of the busy world.

Behold the man, once deck'd in ermin'd robes,
The great inductive Reasoner, who chang'd
The Stagyrite's old gold to crumbling leaves,
Like the enchanter, in the Arabian tale ;*
Yet, in unhappy worldly moments, cast
Cotemporaneous fame away for pelf,
Leaving his wisdom to posterity,
His native country and foreign nations.
Immortal man, of the immortal mind!
Delightful sage! how inexhaustible,
And how profound! Thy works are indices,
That point unerringly to the right path,
In Nature's awful, vast infinitude,
The boundles ocean of Eternity :†
Compared with such, how poor is India's wealth,
Or worldly honours, or the trophies shower'd
Upon some blood-stain'd warrior's famous name.

Come, sacred volume! first and last for man!
Alpha—Omega, too, for every tongue!
Old Hebrew prophets! poets of the soul!

* There is a Story in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, of an Enchanter, who converted gold into dry, crumbliing, leaves. It is, perhaps, too severe to apply this to Aristotle, and infer that the result of Lord Bacon's system of philosophy, 'or rather his way of proceeding in philosophic pursuits, has had this effect on the writings of the great ancient. I am acquainted slightly with Aristotle's Poetics; and consider, that, their rules apply to all kinds of literary efforts. Not even a letter can be written properly, except on some principle of natural reason, such as he assigns for the different species of dramatic writing.

† In the celebrated Essay on the Human Understanding, are many passages of surprising strength and beauty, notwithstanding its general poverty of style. This is VERBATIM from that work.

Profoundest searchers of the faculty
Divine and wonderful of living man!
Supremely gifted—eminently good!
Fraught with the secrets of the impenetrable
And all-dreaded grave, the birth-place strange
Of a more certain, and a better world!
Each word, each verse, each chapter is a lesson,
Above the critic's, or the casuist's art.
Sweet spring of love eternal! from thy depths,
Sacred and pure, and lucid to the brim;
Imag'd to every inmost eye, who sees
And fondly dwells beside thy hallow'd fount,
On bended knees imbibing limpid sweets,
As I have knelt by many a woodland well,
Feasting awhile at grateful banquet there.
Give me the sacred draught; my soul athirst,
Would drink the waters from the rock of Horeb,
That gush'd forth streams at the great prophet's stroke.

Waters of life and love! on ye I sink,
Or on ye swim, and bound with heavenward gales,
To find at last a port, a haven of rest,
Where my world-wearied soul may be revived
In spiritual vitality, and meet
The innocent loved-ones, I had vainly thought
Were wreck'd for ever, in the early time
Of life's tempestuous voyage; and sunk down
Into unfathomable depths, where mortal hands
Could never reach, with all their strength and cunning,
With all their grappling hooks and plummet-lines.
O mystery of mysteries profound!
Magnificent creation! deathless spark

Of immortality—the human soul!
Great microcosm of the *mind divine*,
That governs mildly for the *general good*;—
Or if in seeming, sad severity,
For some wise purpose, unto us unknown,—
Lord of all this, and of all other worlds!
Ah! I have trod the path Spinoza trod,
Yet far beyond the dull material gloom,
An immaterial, spiritual light,
Hath blazon'd heavenly glory, forth to me,
And call'd to life the ashes of the tomb:
Within, around, above the gloomy grave,
A light shall shine; the spirit shall ascend,—
Procrastinate not, for the time will come,—
Fit habitant of an unfading world.

When wounded sore by ignorance and pride,
Let not my passion rise above control,
Lest I commit some folly, perhaps crime,
And stain with sinfulness my trembling hand:
Forgive! forgive! I may—I must forgive;
It is commanded by a sovereign law,
That soon, or late, requires to be obey'd:
Submission to the fates was known of old,
By heathen wisdom in her stubborn cell:
Submission and obedience are held
As virtues by the wisest of mankind;
And may not I, who boast a Christian love,
Forgive a fellow creature for his deeds
Of ignorance, and folly, and the pride
A little wealth bestows on meaner minds:
Yet, prize superior worth, that may descend

To after-times, when such inferior
Frailties, passions, and mean memories,
In petty, party warfare are unknown.

The child of poverty, self-taught in youth,
By efforts persevering and untired,
While others were at empty, idle play,
Amused with gay, or serious indolence,
Remote from village-school, or learned hall,
I learned some lessons, unforgotten, still,
And to return to them is pleasure sweet,
And to enjoy them, now, is my reward.
O golden days! O happy, studious hours!
O intellectual kingdom of the soul!
None but the good should reign within thy realm;
None but the good should ever serve or wait;
Error and Vice should seek another sphere,
A darker region of sunless shade,
And curs'd Ambition be compell'd to reign
Within his own peculiar dominion,
A vaunting world of knowledge, without virtue.

What urges me to tune with trembling hands,
My simple lyre to elevated strains;
But that I know the children of simplicity,
Will with unalterable kindness, cast
A smiling eye upon the native muse?
Their natural sagacity will ken
The moral meaning of this artless strain:
Many of gentle, undishonoured blood,
Which wealth could never soil with selfishness;
Who, on the banks of Cam, or Isis, famed,
Have worn with modesty their college-gown,

Winning the highest academic honours,
In sundry tongues and many sciences,—
Gentlemen, ever worthy of the name,
May look with friendly, though with critical,
Or curious eye, on many words of mine:
They more endowed with lore, research,
And a profundity of erudition,
On themes I love much more than I may know.

Ah! that old folio I have cherish'd long!
How quiet on my table there it lies:
The mortal hand that trac'd the deathless lines,
Is just as still: three hundered years have fled
Since the warm living, fingers were at work
Upon these cherish'd pages, yet they lie
In this low dwelling, on my humble board.
And is not this true fame—immortal glory?
The royal palace, and the noble mansion,
The archives of the learned, can spare a place
For this poor, simple book; but is it more
Honour'd and idoliz'd in highest spheres,
Than in the poor man's cottage, who is blest
With inward love of all that's good and pure,
More than the miser, with his gold-fill'd coffers.

He, who toil'd ceaselessly to write that book;
To gain himself a name; to be belov'd,
After his farewell to earth's passing-scene;
With brain o'erwrought with mental servitude,
While searching the inexplorable well
Of secret nature, and the deep human heart,
Braving the envious malice of the world,

In love and pity for its weaknesses,—
Might vainly think that his mild eloquence
Would fascinate each future studious mind,
And rivet every feeling to his page.
Fond man! thine hair grew grey, thine eye grew dim;
Thy life devoted to the midnight lamp,
Expired within its perishable frame,
Yet this old folio remains to shew
The world its own mad folly and its shame.

Many a name, the names of those who own'd
The volume, in their time, on the fly-leaf
Are superscribed; and all their family arms,
Emblazonments heraldic, unerased,
Survive a century longer than their owners.
They, too, have pass'd away unto the grave,
After their favourite author: in a few
More fleeting years, my own presumptuous hand
Will be for ever still; nor may I hope
A single leaf of mine will e'er descend
To after ages; but if one escape
Grey Time, whose crushing hands spare not the glory
Of marble monuments, with sculpture grac'd,
Nor adamantine walls, that look as firm,
And as immovable, as if grim fate
Had given them a place on earth for ever,—
Let it bear witness to my love of books;
And the sole meed I ever craved may be
Vouchsafed indeed; and that reward, alone,
For which both king and conqueror contend,
A little breath, a little empty fame,
May be bestowed upon a village-minstrel.

And when the time betides that I must die,
Give me no couch of down, nor easy pillow;
But like the famous scholar* let me go,
While my poor, weary head is laid on thee;
Then, welcome the inevitable blow,
That gives a struggling or a swooning death,
And let the remnants of mortality
Repose at last, within some rural grave,
The spirit winging unto God, who gave it.

PART SECOND:

There are sweet things in every clime of earth;
There are sweet things in the invisible air;
There are sweet things within the boundless sea;
And sweeter, brighter in the vaulted skies:
All climes are rich with some delicious things;
All tongues are rich with some delicious words,
Yet, none so sweet as the good, old word, HOME.
Mine is no classic scene of ancient Rome,
But a sweet garden-spot, a cottage-bower
In native Albion's famous sea-girt isle:
I cannot shew to thee the Alban mount,
Nor Sabine hill, nor point, with Learning's pride,
Unto the glorious Coliseum's walls;
But, I can stand upon my native soil,
And say, "This is my home, indisputably mine,
"The cottage of a free-born Englishman,
"Where the oppressor dare not cross the threshold,
"Nor king, nor lord, nor priest may ever pass,

* Petrarch is the scholar alluded to; he is said to have been found dead, with his head resting on a book, which he had been reading.

"Except protected by the good old laws,
"Ancestral wisdom gave us as a dower,
"And guarantee of justice unto me,
"As well as to the highest in the land."

To this lov'd home, I lovingly returned;
With my fond friends, more fondly I resum'd
The sweet acquaintance of familiar thoughts,
And household feelings smother'd for awhile;
But soon they grow again with living warmth,
In all deep-loving bosoms; and the world,
And the long wayward circuit you have journey'd,
Replete with scenes of glory and renown,
With proud magnificence and stately grandeur,
Seem nothing to the sweet substantial peace,
That broods, with downy wings, and clasps the calm,
And loving parents in a close embrace,
With all their children, by their own fireside.

The human beings in this cottage-scene,
Were brothers, sisters, altogether twelve,
Beside their parents, honour'd and belov'd.
Some were but nesh, and young, and innocent;
Ay, innocent as the fresh dawn of morn,
Ere the young day be stain'd with worldly dyes;
Many had cheeks that blush'd like garden-roses,
Yet one pale face was ting'd with melancholy.
How polish'd, how refin'd, how amiable!
The choice companion of a gentleman,

Long the delight of bowery Alderdale.*
I must not think too deeply; nor in sorrow
Dwell on the fond and charmful name of Mary,
Or this poor page will soon become as wet
As May-flowers sprinkled with the morning dew;
Or as the handkerchief I saw her ply
To catch the tears she shed above his grave.
More on this theme I cannot, may not say,
And but a few alone can understand.

And o'er this humanizing home of love,
One fix'd, unaltering countenance severe,
Look'd with a kind of magisterial power,
Parental, yet reserv'd, perchance, to govern
Wisely a family so numerous;
But there were smiles maternal to subdue
And soften, with the sweetest sympathy,
The harsh and rugged features of the scene,
Mild as the looks of the chaste maid of night.
And now would sacred music's soothing sounds
Come, like sweet voices from a higher sphere;
And then the pure historic page was open'd,
And one distinct and silvery voice was heard
Reading the language that can never die,
Unto my mother busy at her wheel.†
Those days are gone; the listener and the reader

* Alderdale Lodge, Droylsden, to which I had been often invited by its then worthy owner, William Cantrell, Esq. I have not seen it for many years; but it was then a very pretty, snug, and comfortable residence; and was not wanting in those things which students delight in, such as books, music, and genial manners, without any of the vulgar pride of mere wealthy people, always insufferable to the reflective and literary.

† Alluding to my brother Thomas reading History to my mother, which he usually did in the evening. It may seem a weakness to mention such things; but such weakness, perhaps, constitutes the strength of the poetical mind, and of all that remains uncorrupted by the world.

Are now no more; and many long to follow,—
Sigh to be rid of an unrighteous world.
Many have been o'er-joy'd to see her face:
I have beheld the big tears trickle down
The reverend cheeks of age, when but her name
Was casually whispered in sweet converse;
And loving words, and blessings multiplied,
Were copiously shower'd upon her name,
And mine, too, also, for her own sweet sake,
The pure, maternal stock of a choice few,
Too gentle for a life of pain and vanity.

Oft have I listen'd in the Collegiate choir,
Now honour'd with the old cathedral name
To one full voice, deep-toned, and musical,
Swelling aloud, like the great organ's peal,
With sacred words of "*Comfort ye my people.*"
For fifteen happy years that voice was heard,
Belov'd of many, envied by a few,
And waken'd echo in those ancient walls,
Yet silenc'd at the last by tyranny,
And Persecution's hideous form of power:
But, we have dragg'd the monster into light.
Yes, in that chapter-house, so lately graced
With Herbert's learning, piety, and truth,
Such things were done, that ought to have asham'd
The face of priestcraft in the gloomy night;
Or made it blush before the noon-day sun;
Or flee for ever from the gaze of man;
Or change itself into a grinning satyr,
And with its horned feet imprint the ground
With goat-like footsteps, that it may be traced
To the horrid den, which is its hiding place.

If the Almighty wish'd to hurt mankind,
And shower upon them an eternal curse;
Or send amongst them an Iscariot,
To kiss each human cheek, and then betray
Our suffering race to tyranny and power,
The priests are vested with the fatal mission:
But 'tis not so; the devil made the craft,
And *their* religion is to worship him,
And not our *Father*, but our *Adversary*,
That blighted all the buds of Paradise,
And made the Son of Man a vagabond,
Caught in the toils of priestcraft at the last.

Because we sympathiz'd with injur'd queen,
And suffering people under Sidmouth's sway;
And the vile Irish, Castlereaghan thraldom;
Because we cried aloud for right of speech,
And, like great Milton, for unlicensed printing;
All the inalienable rights of man,
And peaceful, parliamentary reform;
And were sometimes too bold, and really deem'd
A spade a spade, because it was a spade,—
Ecclesiastical authority,
Reversing the last clause of the commandment,
Visited the sins of erring children
On the parent's head; and stripped the surplice off
The simple, unoffending, vocalist.
Alas! what ignorant sin had I committed?
I was the son of a collegiate
Precentor, reading ancient books; and I could read
The bible for myself, and would not let
The parson read it for me; that is all.

Reform—reform—yes, *radical reform!*
Those were the words, a larum to them all!
And in this serious work of *principles*,
Many forsook us for the other side,
Vermiculating till each plac'd his breech
In chair, on which an uncorrupted muse
Would once have scorn'd to put her clouted shoon.
Well: never mind: those silly times are past;
The persecutors have their guerdon merited;
And they are gone, too, to their dread account:
Yet, my rever'd, octagenarian parent
Is sitting now in his old, two-arm chair,
Smoking his pipe, and smiling upon me,
In peace of mind, with memory still green,
Telling me many a tale of olden times.

Within the sea-girt isles the fathers dwelt;
In their old Saxon halls and cottage-homes;
And by the general providence of God,
Another land becomes another home
For their increasing children, who may choose
To emigrate unto another world,
Beyond the vast Atlantic's western wave.
America! asylum for mankind!
No matter who discover'd it, 'tis there:
Or Maygar, Madoc, or renown'd Columbus,*
Each in his time hath visited the shores
Of this great home for discontented men:
A vast asylum is prepared for those

* It has been stated on good authority, that, there is, or was, an Hungarian monument in the United States, of some Maygars having visited the States, and the Welsh lay claim to having found out America; but the glory seems to have all been showered on the famous Columbus.

Of enterprising spirit, who have been,
Outcast from father-land by fortune's frowns;
By those who held the ministerial reins,
Supporting power by a most cruel goad,
Until a foreign land, or the wild sea,
Or the dark grave, was welcome unto men,
Before their native home: such was the fact.
Yes: an asylum was prepared for man;
A wilderness with manna overflowing:
Where the hills are mountains; and the rivers seas;
The prairies are green gardens running wild;
And every thing in nature there beseems
More wond'rous, rich, and beautiful to man;
And man himself moves with more rapid pace;
With bolder mien, and forehead unabashed;
The lion's heart, and eagle's eye his own.
America hath been the cradle-home
Of liberty republican; there blooms
The vine and fig-tree, freedom's welcome shade,
Although entwin'd with some collateral branches,
The poison-leaves of slavery are seen
To throw an ebon hue upon the name
Of Washington; and the republic, too,
Won by his sword; and chartered by the pens
Of Franklin, Jefferson, and Thomas Paine.
Away with this foul stain, Anglo-Americans!
Send but one black man here, and he is free;
As free as I am;—and may choose his home
Himself, and all that's his will sacred be,
As sacred as the whitest of us all;—
From slavery's manacle, and degradation:
Thus guaranteed by our old English laws.

In dear, old England will I keep my home,
Let others ramble wheresoe'er they may;
In the old country will I make my bed,
In the old country will I grace my board
With simplest fare, more simple, still the better;
If scant, or ample, or even plentiful—
Enough for me 's a feast; and plentiful
Shall be a feast for others—welcome to their share.
This is my mind: and this is my whole heart:
Stronger, in such like weaknesses than all
The iron walls that folly ever built for pride.

There are who bawl out lustily for change,
And serious changes, too, yclept reforms,
In the whole constitution of the state,
And like a cage of hungry animals,
Whose voice is dissonant to human ears,
Their savage voices howl amidst the storm
Of faction, and contending sects and parties.
The Magna Charta was by barons won,
Upon the bloodless field of Runnimede;
And now, plebeians want as high a charter,
As English peers, or English gentlemen:
Their frothy tongues would all be heard, forsooth;
And should they get the liberty they claim,
O! may they not disgrace it, but preserve
The gem from reckless demagogues and rogues,
In want of principle and want of heart.
What do they mean? do they mean anything
But mischief? Silence, all ye howling wolves,
And let the lambs of human kindness come,
Protected by the good old English laws!

Learn to be quiet, steady, and sedate;
Prepare yourselves for that political
Beatitude ye seek; then, knock aloud,
And freedom's tower will open wide her gates
To charters purer than ye ever read,
Or e'er disgrac'd with brutish force to gain.

The *rotten boroughs* have become extinct,
That oft provided venal eloquence
For the dull ears of lords and gentlemen;
The great reform-bill passed into a law,
And many wise provisions it contained;
But what are laws, with law-givers asleep,
While all the body politic sleeps, too;
Or wakens but for a luxurious pastime,
Forgetting the true interests of the state?
The nation's form of government is nothing;
It is the governed and the governors,
Who should reform themselves, to mollify
The laws,—retrenching incomes, salaries,—
And live on what the people can afford.
What matters it if legislators ape
The Solons, and Lycurguses of old,
Supported in a high and palmy state,
Belike Sardanapalus, or belike
The great Augustus, Emperor, or king,
While millions of our countrymen are doomed
To squallid poverty and pauperism.
The ancient tyrants not oppress'd the poor;
Were Alexander, or e'en Cæsar, here;
Or even he of St. Helena's rock;
Tremble, ye misers, for your cherish'd gold.

Old evil's root would soon *be taken from ye,*
To spread and fertilize the common weal.
The evil, I opine, is that the few
Have got too much; the many have too little;
And selfish Power cries out, "*It shall be so.*"
The gold shall ever grace the crown and mitre;
Though 'tis extracted from the blood of man.
The parliament 's not worth a single thought;
The extent of suffrage not a fleeting breath;
The mode of voting not the lightest word;
If both the governed and the governors,
Be not determined of their own accord,
To accomplish individual reform,—
Casting their own corruptions to the winds,—
And link themselves unto a virtuous state.

England! upon thy neck there is a load;*
A burden of such dread enormity,
A carbuncle, with vile corruption swell'd;
A mountain-goitre on the stubborn neck
Of British Taurus, on his native hills!
Ah! should I fear, that, on some future day,
He may not have the strength to climb those hills,
But, staggering down into the shady vales,
Sink at the last, beside his native stream.
O! Heaven forbid! and yet, like cruel Shylock,
They cry out very loudly for their bond,
Made in extremity for their advantage,
Furnish'd with scales to weigh out human flesh,
Dilacerated from his mortal body!

* The National debt.

Ah! Jew-like Christians! this is cruel work:
You may be caught, at last, as Shylock was,
And be compelled in justice to mankind,
To sign a revocation of your bond:
Then, then, will mercy be "twice blest," indeed:
And England, once more worthy of her name,
Will be old England, still, supremely placed
Above the parchment of a cruel Jew.

My early home of pleasure and of pride,
I have essay'd with a presuming hand,
To character on perishable leaves,
Depainting what remains in the recess
Of either heart or memory; and the mind
Dwells fondly, and reluctantly departs
From scenes of infancy and early youth.
And have no sorrows come upon me yet?
What have I gain'd, and what have I not lost?
Sometimes, a moral reckoning should be made;
A faithful ledger should be nicely kept:
The balance struck to see how we may stand
In the dull business of this mortal life,
Will soon decide which is the way to take;
And from that point we should direct our course.
Yes: we should weigh, and testify with truth,
By close examination, if 'tis chang'd
To Selfishness, the world's vile Alchemist,
Into a sordid dross: the golden lines
Of old Pythagoras will teach you this,
As well as your own heart.*

* See Rowe's Translation.

Alas! if nought but cyphers should remain,
And the integral units, tens, and thousands,
Stand in their dread array of spectral horror,
Against you in the terrible accompt.

Adversity is the old school of wisdom;
And in that sad academy of woe,
Each lesson is indelibly engraved
On every tablet of the human heart.
Some of my early friends, alas! were drown'd;
Some safely sail'd across the Atlantic wave:
Elton, the muse's friend, whom last I saw
In ancient Regis, on a sabbath-eve,
Sank with a thousand souls in the dread sea.*
Detrosier, too, to whose delightful tongue
St. Stephen's orators would gladly listen,
Left us to mourn o'er his too early death.†
Over the land, and o'er the human waves,
Amid their wild, unceasing, boundless roll,
There comes a voice that sounds from strand to strand,
And craves the sorrow, of my inmost heart,
Mournful as ocean's moan heard from the lonely shore.

* It was at Lynn Regis. Myself and a friend were walking together on a sabbath-evening, when on the road in the distance, I observed a company of men and women, somewhat travel-soiled, entering one of the principal streets leading into the heart of old King's Lynn. I said to my friend, "If these are not players, I am much mistaken." We observed them with a respectful sympathy. I caught the intelligent eye of one them, who proved to be Elton. I saw him afterwards in another town in the south. I subsequently saw him play Laertes admirably. The next news I heard of him, the sea had swallowed him, along with the ship's company, emigrants, &c., to a frightful number.

† Of the scientific lecturer here lamented, there are opinions of various kinds, but all must bear testimony who have heard him, to his extraordinary eloquence. I have seen very good reporters lay down their pencils exclaiming in a smothered voice, "I cannot follow him—I am either too much influenced by his oration, or something; I can do nothing but listen."

Spirit of Death! ah! why hast thou bereft
The world of him, who taught what Science held
Within her bourneless circle, strove with heart
And hand, and dedicated all his powers
To man's improvement? Ah! I see thee wrapt
In gloom, in melancholy weeds; and, like
To thee, my muse hath shrouded me in Sorrow's
Sack-cloth, and laid me down in ashes mourning
Over the dreadful ruin thou hast made.

Father of mercy! Author of my being!
God of the infinite and eternal world!
If ever human spirit approach'd thy presence,
Surely the spirit of my departed friend
Is not rejected in the realms above,
Merely because he disallowed the claims
Of sordid priests, whose God is Mammon foul;
Who for the sake of filthy lucre drag
Boundless exactions from the oppressed land,
Profaning thy great name, thou God of Truth!

Child of Mancunium!—how lov'd thou wast!—
How lov'd thou art! it is not death that can,
For one brief moment, separate thee from
Those who've determin'd on the emulation
Of thy example, to instruct humanity,—
Make knowledge power, and pleasure, too, array'd
'Gainst principalities, and powers, and thrones,
And superstition's altars consecrate to Mammon,
And the divinity of the lower world.

Can we forget the eloquence that spoke
In fearless syllables of human ignorance,

And moral truth; and taught to us the pure
Inestimable treasures of a world
Of thought, collected in the casket of
His own refin'd and philosophic mind?
Never! while knowledge is admir'd and lov'd,—
While pure integrity of heart is priz'd,—
While eloquence with syren fascinations
Holds magic sway over the human heart,
DETROSIER shall become a household name.
Fathers and mothers to their children shall
Point to his history, and bid them follow
In his sure footsteps, to the exalted temples
Of truth, and science,—liberty and fame!

Are there not other names that might adorn
This page of mine, if it were fit I should
Entwine in simple and familiar verse,
Those, who adorn'd the sphere in which they mov'd,
And now have left the world and us for ever?
All I can do is to regret their loss,
Or emulate their talents, imitate
Their virtues, and embalm their honour'd names,
Within the mystic leaves of memory.

Alas! I bade farewell to *Royal Windsor:*
How often have I wander'd on the terrace;
Or in the cloister'd walks, where ancient walls
O'ershade the mouldering dead;
Or mid the beauties of the monarch's court,
More fit to be a jester than a king;
And meditative wander'd in the evening,
Beneath the yew trees of Windsoria old:
And shed vain tears o'er poor "Perdita's" tomb;

While our Sardanapalus "kept his rouse;"
With some new Myrrha, mindless of the worth,
And years of agony, and sad decay,
Of the frail form of Mary Robinson.

Of Eton I can little recollect,
Save the fond memory of Percy Shelley;
The house where he had lodged; the book-shop, too,
Which he frequented, so I was informed;
The venerable matron, who had made
The pillow soft for that rare boy divine;—
I look'd upon her with a kindred feeling,
As if my own poor mother stood before me,
With beaming eyes of melancholy light.
While I was fancy-sick with themes like these,
My hopeful friend, young Rowlinson, had reach'd
A town in the same shire, upon the banks
Of the meandering Thames, that doth beseem
A silvery serpent winding its wild way.
Alas! 'twas fatal unto thee my friend!
Just, at the time, when I expected thee,
Some early morn, to skip into my presence,
Thou trustedst to the old, deceitful stream;
That met thee with a calm, bewitching smile;
But quench'd thee in the cold embrace of death.
Hadst thou not learn'd in playful school-boy years,
To master, disentwine, the clinging folds,
And waves of silvery Thames? alas! alas!
Thou couldst not lie down calmly on the breast
Of that old stream, as I have done, betimes,
On many an eve in June, when shone above
To my enraptur'd eyes, the crescent moon:
Thus, may you bruise the river-serpent's head;

And like the Indian, fold him in your arms,
Or twine him round your body without fear
Of that sad death-sting he doth oft inflict
On the noviciate, and adventurous youth:
Who goes beyond his depth, without a guide,
Without the needful art, or knowledge of the way.
But what hast thou to do, dear reader, with
Tedious and devious rambles in the south
Of famous England? or, with what I say
Of that delightful art old Franklin taught:
He who could draw the lightning from the heavens;
The sceptre from the tyrant. Tire no more,—
For patience may be tire'd, I hear you say,—
With crude reminiscence of early life:
Give us the wisdom of maturer years.

Leaving my room, and books, and portraits, too,
I may retire to the sweet garden-shade;
And breathe the breath of early morn awhile,
Mid opening flowers, now looking at the sun.
The long, long night is gone; and I have slept
An hour or two, and feel refresh'd with sleep:
Ah! happy they who pass a life of peace,
And goodness, too, who fall asleep for ever:
No dreams disturb them, and no midnight thief:
Safely remov'd from the tempestuous world,
Where vice and folly play their comedy;
Upon the theatre of human life.
If men would read aright the volumes writ,—
Taking their very seeds to germinate
Into a living and a noble faith,—
By those whose portraits hang upon my walls,

What a delightful scene would life become:
The lion might not lie beside the lamb;
The child might never lead the savage beast;
The summer sun might scorch in hot July;
And winter's frost benumb in cold December;
But selfishness and pride would surely quit
The human heart, and home, and leave us bless'd.

There, with a pious, venerable face,
The English merchant, Chetham, may be seen,
Who left a lasting bequest to our city,
A bibliographic monument to man:
The next is Byron, from whose Norman line,
The estate of Clayton was convey'd, indeed,
Unto the pious merchant I have named.
Byron, the wandering *Childe*, who died in Greece,—
And honoured other lands more than his own,
Striving to hate the name of Englishman,
The while he did enrich the English tongue
With many treasures hitherto unknown;—
While millions of the land he had forsaken,
Were ready to do homage to his name:
He lov'd the sea, and solitary places; shades
Of old renown, and silent ruins were to him
Eloquent, or fill'd with living spirits;
And he could fall asleep amid the storm,
While others were afraid of instant death;
He seem'd to worship Nature as a god,
Or one vast pantheon of many gods,
Yet bow'd unto the *Energy Divine;*
Dying at last, calm, humble and resign'd;
Admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd, by all, but those,

Who vainly think, that they alone know God,
Who never can by human ken be known.
There Cobbett teaches me the simple rules
That govern speech, betimes, in our own tongue;
Expatiates freely on the principles
Bequeath'd unto the world by Thomas Paine:*
Now his rude passions slumber in the grave.
There Wordsworth looks upon me very oft,
With a benignant, patriarchal eye,
And lays me prostrate at the muse's feet;
And over all immortal Shakspeare smiles,
Like heavenly Titan, o'er this moving world.

In this sweet garden, on this sylvan stool,
In the sweet willow-shade, or on that bench,
How many times have I retired, alone,
And though surrounded with life's precious gifts,
Good health, good temper, and a frugal meal,
Sorrowful thoughts intruding thus upon me,
Oft made mine eyes seem Lear's, in his afflictions,
Like garden-water-pots for autumn's dust.
Another tale of sorrow must be told,
Or some kind reader may, perchance, conclude,
I have not had my share of suffering here,
To chasten pride, and humble arrogance.

As our first parents' paradise was made
A garden unto them; and trees were planted,
As emblematic guides to joy or misery,

* The political writings of Thomas Paine, and his clear exposition and able defence of the representative system.

I must have tasted both the tree of life,
And that which shadows forth life's good and evil,
For my full cup hath oft a mixture been:
My heart hath oft been torn with agony.
Should I record this sorrow of the soul?
Should I repiningly regret bereavements?
Sorrow voiced forth gives ease unto the mind;
But silent grief corrodes the heart of man.
Alas! what agony upon me came,
When my beloved child was snatched away
In scorching fire, and left me laid in ashes.
Ah! my poor Biron Bion burned to death!
How many moons had fled ere I could write,
Or in my household record note his death;
And, now, three ling'ring years have joined the past,
And in the cold and quiet grave doth lie
Those limbs of giant form, all mouldering—
Those manly arms and ever-gentle hands—
The massive, ay, the Herculean chest—
A silver tongue to which no syllable
Offer'd a difficulty of utterance—
A brow all worthy of the front of Jove,
And eyes emitting forth their brilliant rays:
He might have shaken hands and converse held
With great Hyperion on his golden throne.

A paradise was lost and then regained;
Lost through the serpent and redeem'd through Christ:
What have I lost in thee? A transient blessing,
Sent for a few brief years to be my joy;
And then snatch'd from me by an awful death:
But I have lost thee, I would fondly hope,

Only in time, to meet thee in eternity,
And find a close re-union for ever.

Thy boyish garments I have safely stored;
Thy book; thy play-things; each endearing toy,
Or precious trifle, is a relic priz'd,
Invaluably cherish'd with a sweet
Remembrance of thee—thee, the well-beloved.
At morn, at noon, at eventide, at night,
Thou wert my comforter unto the last
Brief, flitting period of mortal time,
While sitting in my chair, in pleasant thought,
A joyous shadow of my happiness,
Thou playd'st thine arch and inoffensive pranks
Before my fond admiring eyes, adroitly,
And the next moment, almost, I beheld
A piteous, prostrate, lifeless mould of thee.

Snatch'd from a happy, sympathising home,
They took thee to a strange, repulsive place,*
And men, with searching, uncongenial looks,
Vainly attempted to administer
Their impotent assistance unto thee,
While genial friends and parents, driven away,
Were left in irrepressible emotion;
And in their stead, which nothing could supply,
Women, with all their cold official mien,
Aught but maternal in their sympathy,
Were hired to nurse thee in thine agony:
This tribute of a reckless servitude

* The Infirmary.

Neglected, none ere saw thine eye-lids close,
Nor heard thy sigh of death in old Mancunium,
Within a noble Æsculapian temple,
Under the eye of the meridian sun:
Yes: not one human hand could even aid,
And not one human eye could even look
Upon my fire-scath'd and expiring boy,
In this huge pile of boasted charity.

Ah! I had shadow'd thee in many a dream,
An honourable life, and glorious death;
Like mariner upon the ocean wave;
Or soldier on his country's battle-field;
Or gownsman in pursuit of peaceful laurels;
Or poet climbing the Parnassian mount,
Thirsting and panting for immortal fame;
And now the ruddy apple of thy beauty,
Is instantaneously turn'd to dust;
And, laden with mortality, my heart,
My home, my household-gods are ashes;

Each crust of bread that's given to the poor,
Except in quiet, private, charity,
Mingled with ashes, oft accelerates death.
Why take poor little children from their home,
And leave them to the negligence of hirelings?
As well detach a rose-bud from its stem,
And throw it on the earth to blossom there;
As well dislodge a shellfish from its shell,
And leave it on the bleak and barren sands;
Or unfledged bird from 'neath the parent-wing,
And placing it on the insensate stones,

Bid it to seek for food and shelter there,
There left to die, and there, and then, forsaken.

Alas! the minutes are prolong'd to hours!
Alas! the hours seems days; and days seem weeks;
And weeks dim, waning, but protracted moons;
And moons long, lingering, and undying years;
And every moment now thy countenance
Is smiling on me, still; and thou dost follow
Like to my shadow guided by the sun,
With which I may not—cannot—must not part.

If I should hope from what wise men have said;
If I should ground my faith on what is written;
If Socrates and Plato where not fools;
Nor Jesus Christ the image of a dream;
If science, learning, virtue, and religion,
And every page in the great Book of Nature;
Be not one vain and never-ending lie,
There is a God in Heaven, and thou art there,
There, ever happy in thy last, long home.

My loss in thee is thine assured gain;
My paradise is lost; but thine is found.
Of all man's selfishness, and woe, and crime,
The horrible deformities of vice,
Ever presented to the watchful eye,—
Thou hast escaped the painful recognition;
Before aught evil could be known to thee,
Thou wert recall'd from its contamination,
Unto the bosom of thy Father, God.

Ah! let me not indulge myself in cares,
And be tranfix'd as marble unto grief;
Nor bind my heart to a disconsolate state,
Wedded to irremediable woe:
Manfully striving for thine own sweet sake,
And for those dear ones, like to me bereft
Of thy delectable companionship,
Mine own weak word should never thee recall;
My will is powerless: I am calm once more.
Betimes, I muse, and cannot help but think,
Had I the power, controlling human fate,
Still buoyant ever is the elastic mind,
I never would replace thee in this scene
Of pride, and vanity, and selfish spite,
Now, thou art gone in innocence and peace:
And when my worldly mission is fulfill'd,
To meet once more will be for evermore.

Let me subdue these feelings and prepare,
With manly nerve, for every coming trial:
Hence, weeds of sorrow! sad habiliments!
Ye leaves and flowers of melancholy hue,
Bind not my brow with emblematic gloom:
Give me the never-fading rose of hope,
The pallid lily's vestal purity;
The stubborn oak's resistless strength of heart,
To stand erect amid each passing storm,
And guard the tender saplings 'neath my shade.

These are the flowers whose seeds mine own hand planted,
Within their parent earth; not many moons
Have lighted wayfarers their weary way,

Until they reach'd their welcome home, or inn ;
And now upon her breast, their silver light
Shines with innumerable eyes on me.
The beauty of these flowers will fade away,
And never bloom again ; and in their stead,
In the same spot, will others spring and bloom,
Smiling, not mourning o'er the early grave
Of these, their predecessors, tender flowers.
Laugh not, dull idiot, at my sympathy ;
I cannot think or feel as thou dost ever,
Even one single interval of time.
A faded flower, a gentle human face,
Pallid with meditative sympathy,
Are objects causing my own thoughts to flow,
In melting, melancholy unison.
Ye bud, ye bloom, ye fade, ye change away.
Certainly the universal world may change ;
The stars and all the bright and glorious orbs
May lose their wonted forms ; and every clime
Of this terrestrial, revolving, world ;
The *sites* of all the cities, towns, and hamlets ;
The forests inaccessible to man ;
Wild kingdoms of the wilder savage beasts ;
The verdant plains, umbrageous groves and shades ;
Varieties of vegetative life ;
May in the lapse of time a desert be,
Where, neither man, nor beast, nor tree, nor bird,
Nor wilding flower can its existence hold ;
And even the barren desert may at some
Indefinite period, a garden bloom ;
Such is the mutability of things.
Old mother earth may change her distant poles ;

And even reverse the mountains and the seas;
The hills and vales: and callous ice may take
The place of arid sands, as human haunts
Have oft become a solitude, and prairies wild
The choice abode of hopeful emigrants,
Expatriated from their native land,
By cold religion's anti-Christian law:
This is philosophy, although you find
It now upon a village-poet's page.

Why, then, mourn o'er the fate of spring-time beauties?
When Summer with her fragrant sweets is near,
With bounteous hand to give much more, much more,
Than you have lost? We often think and act
In vain; and every pulse that beats within
Our feeble forms; and every hour that passeth,
With vanity is equally surcharged,
As the wild dance of madmen; or the loud
Midnight revel; or the night's long dream,
When the old vagrant, wierd, *Imagination*,
And the recording clerk, *old Memory*,
Will not repose; nor the incorporate Faculties,
That keenly judge, or, like a jury, weigh,
Consider, balance, point by point, the work,
Which you have done, or should have done, perchance;
The errors of your tongue; and what is worse,
The errors of your heart, as shewn by deeds,—
Prolonging verdict till the morning's dawn.

This life is but a fading scene of dim
Mortality: our grosser sense obscured,

We see nought but a wild, bewildering light,
That leadeth us astray; and should some friend,
Some counsellor, some mighty God, in mercy
To our thick darkness, send the light to guide
Our onward way, some demon foul would snatch
It from our feeble hands: yet ne'er the less
Should we pursue our journey: we were born
For pure beginnings, and still nobler ends.

As I behold these flowers, I think that man
Fills his own place on earth far worse than the
Bright beauties of the spring. How vain and blind;
How poor, and miserable, and frail, is man!
How utterly cast down below the state
He ought to occupy upon this earthly globe!
These wildings of the woods and bowers
Were made but to delight, and then give room
For others to delight and fade likewise;
But, man, poor, blindfold being,—in the clouds
Of pride and selfishness envelop'd, thinks
He sees the most, e'en when the most he's blind,—
Was born for love and peace, and he delights
In hate, and passions wild, irrascible.
The blooming wand of happy love was placed
In his young hand; he threw it on the earth
Contemptuously; and a few like me,
In mind and heart are weeping o'er it:
He threw it on the earth in scorn;
And then took up the blood-stain'd sword of war;
Fiercest contention; vile and restless faction;
And all the ills of discord and commotion.
He soon bedyed the greenest fields of earth;

The yellow corn o'erladen with his bread
He trampled down; and his red, furious blood,
Rush'd forth in flames unquenchable,
Like ancient Ætna's ever-bubbling urn.

Can nought remove these sad, terrific evils?
Must they still scorch, or still dilacerate?
Or tear his warm heart out of his breast,
That he may be at peace? While he yet lives,
Must he be for ever wretched?

Why despair?
Stop thy sad course of woe, mild, drooping Sympathy:
The briny flood of tears, perchance, may quench
The visual ray of the weak human eye,
Nor let the cheerful beams of cooler reason
Dispel the gloom of blind and languid grief.
There certainly existeth, in the world,
Some sparks of holy, intellectual fire,
Famous 'mongst bards of old, and ancient sages,
And never to be totally destroy'd.
Our literature, the atmosphere of mind,
Will save man, at the last; the printing-press,
And not the engines of destructive war,
May lead us finally to lasting peace.
Man shall arise above this gloomy scene;
Though I despair, betimes, when hope hath been
Deprived of her invaluable store,
By Disappointment's cruel, iron hand,—
The stronger mind may, prophet-like, descry
That glorious energies are bursting forth
From their long-smouldering and incipient glow,

That will illume to Time's last period,
Man's deathless soul, that struggles in its clay,
To burst the fetters of this world's mortality.

Away from pictures gloomy with much shade,
I turn, once more, to look upon the flowers,
Inhaling the pure essence of their sweets,
Breathing the honey, which the bee might gather:
I love ye, and can praise your beauties, too,
And not corrupt with artful flattery:
I left my book on purpose to have one,
One single glance, at least, before ye fade:
For, what is all its learning unto me,
Its logic, and the subtleties of the schools?
These flowers are sweeter; and can teach me more;
And give a better lesson: lovely flowers!
I left its page to read a more instructive page.
Sweet flowers are well-placed words; interpreted
By every feeling heart; they indicate
The indescribable; the warmest feelings;
Refined sensations; and fond, clinging hopes;
A virgin purity; a frail mortality;
Death and the grave where man may be at rest.
Oh! let me live in unambitious peace,
Surrounded by the nurslings of my care;
By those I love; my friends; my books; sweet flowers;
Earn but a little to suffice; and store
Another little for a rainy day;
And like the noble Falkland, read good books;
When the last moment of life's term is come,
May men, like thee, smile on my quiet death,
And give my bones their final resting-place,

In some Necropolis, where good men read
The solemn service o'er the sleeping dead,
Far from the bounds of old Mancunium:
And should some choice, and simple flowers, like these,
Permission find to grow upon my grave,
In silent, but expressive, cheerfulness;
And neither weed, nor aught repulsive else,
Disturb my temporary resting place,—
Shall I not have as graceful epitaph
As ever poet wrote; or sculptor chisell'd;
Or passing stranger ever deign'd to read,
Leaving behind him some memorial
Of pity, or of admiration?

Lovely flowers!
Budding, blooming, fading, changing flowers!
Pass wheresoe'r ye may, to join and mingle
With the rose and lily of a thousand years;
Or, seek for those the Saviour glorified;
Or, as Pythagoras might vainly hope,
Take as your own, and intermix with those
Now blooming on the village-maiden's cheeks,
I may embalm ye with my last farewell,
And fall asleep, once more, in that old home,
That call'd forth from me this, my humble song.

CLAYTON HALL.

(WRITTEN SOME YEARS AGO.)

The bell doth call in Clayton Hall,
The labourer from his bed;
The day hath dawn'd, blithe Hodge hath yawn'd,
And from his cot hath sped;
With pick and spade on shoulder laid,
With rural smock-frock grey,
With hardy face and homely grace,
To work he hies away.

Hath sentinel of old Cromwell
E'er watch'd thine ancient hall?
Thine olden bower hath seen the hour
Of Royal Charles's fall:
O'er thy threshold hath warrior bold
E'er pass'd with manly tread?
Have drums e'er beat around thy seat,
Or martial banners spread?

Let fancy float around thy moat,
Which since his day hath been:
Thy looks are grey, to time a prey,
A melancholy scene;
Thy ruin'd tower, thy lonely bower,
To thinking minds recall
The civil wars, rebellion's jars,
O! venerable Hall!

Those days are gone, but their dread tone
Reviveth at my call,
And doth mingle in the dingle,
That blooms around the Hall,
With the loud songs of feather'd throngs,
Whose varied wonders fall
In all their powers, o'er my lone hours,
O! ancient Clayton Hall!

With joyful grace, may I retrace
The merchant-prince, whose name,*
And pious, charitable face,
Are dedicate to fame:
While there is either book or stone
To tell that he hath been,
His venerable name, alone,
Shall consecrate the scene.

———o———

I'VE BEEN WITH THEE.

I've been with thee—I've been with thee;
When Fancy's magic witchery,
With potent spells, surrounded me,
I've been with thee—I've been with thee.

* Humphrey Chetham, Esq., founder of the College Library, &c. Who, amongst the reflective portion of the inhabitants of Lancashire, has not often contemplated, with feelings of gratitude and admiration, the portrait of this venerable Lancashire worthy, who died at Clayton Hall, in the year 1653?

When Phœbus, bursting night's deep shade,
To the vast world his light display'd,
And birds sang forth their minstrelsy,
I've been with thee—I've been with thee.

When the meridian hour appear'd,
And festive mirth my young heart cheer'd,
I've ta'en the bright cup eagerly,
To drink a joyous health to thee.

When twilight's soothing hour came on,
And Sol his glorious race had run,
A heavenly calm came over me—
I breath'd a vesper-prayer for thee.

And when night shrouded me in sleep,
Still Fancy would her vigil keep;
Thy constant spirit came to me
In happy, happy dreams of thee.

I've been with thee, in joy and pride,
At morn, at noon, at eventide;
Thro' night's dark gloom, through day's bright glee,
I've been with thee—I've been with thee.

And now, while time away doth wing,
Still, my fond heart to thine doth cling;
I'd turn from all the world to be
One happy moment more with thee.

———o———

SONNET.

Shakspeare, Sidney, Spencer, and the rest,
Who made our land an island of the blest.
—SHELLEY.

O! come, thou of the mild and gentle heart,
Come, we will haste to academic bowers,
And converse hold with man's eternal part,
The deathless mind, and its aspiring powers,
While Chaucer, Spencer, Shakspeare, and all those
Of my own land, who have grasped hands with Time,
And smiled upon Eternity, disclose
Their potent charms in the immortal rhyme:

Eternal amulets against life's ills!
My inmost heart your inmost treasure fills,
And my imagination wanders round,
In sacred pleasure, your enchanted ground:
When I forget your lessons, I shall be
Wrapt in the tomb's remote obscurity.

———o———

THE QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Who is royal? He who swayeth
The calm empire of his mind,
Keeps the treaty, nor gainsayeth
Wisdom's words, so well defin'd.

Who is conqueror? Who subdueth
Sensual passions, vain desires;
For to him in peace accrueth
All that human life requires.

What is noble? Cease your drinking,
Leave your bottle, and your bowl,
And return to sober thinking,
Elevate your deathless soul.

What is gentle? To inherit,
In the old and simple way,
A sober, manly, honest spirit,
Ever cheerful, ever gay.

What is Christian? An example,
Word, and deed for others' good—
Ne'er on human rights to trample,
Ne'er to shed your fellows' blood.

What is prudent? 'Tis to gather
Every sacred plan and rule;
And adopt good counsel, rather
Than the counsel of a fool.

What is god-like? Be forgiving,
As the Spirit of grace above,
Unto every mortal living,
Who will keep these words of love.

GOOD NIGHT.

Dear Friend, good night!
Sweet stars, how bright!
My amiable, cheerful friend,
From the beginning to the end:

'Tis good to strive
To keep alive
A noble and a virtuous cause,
Regardless of the world's applause.

O blessed night!
Ah! see the light
Of myriad stars, now, beaming in the sky:
We may rejoice that true sobriety
Hath held her reign,
Amid the vain
And worthless pleasures of luxurious times,
That heed not, care not, e'en for truthful rhymes.

Good night! good night!
It may delight
You, my good friend, as you sojourn this isle,
To charm deluded men from guile;
From evil's way,
That leads astray
To devious, doubtful paths, afar from Right:
Keep in the course of good, beneath high Heaven's light.

Good night! good night!
How good, how right
Are they, who shame not night nor day,
But any hour can keep the better way:
Who, when they roam
Afar from home,
'Tis to instruct, and scatter broad the light,
Which, at the last, may bring a true GOOD NIGHT.

ODE TO FANCY.

Come, Fancy, dainty Ariel, with thy spells
Bind me awhile within thy fairy cells:
Young Zephyrus is coming,
Over hill and valley roaming;
His honied breath, from his sweet mouth, he pours
Upon calm evening's drooping, weeping flowers;
And young Endymion,
And the bright silvery moon
Are smiling upon the starry canopy,
And lovely Hesperus sheds her light on me.
Come, Fancy, Ariel fair,
With the sunny, yellow hair,
The wand'ring eye, and soaring, downy pinion,—
Come, take me now into thy bland dominion;
And wrap me round in thy
Mantle of sweet pœsy,
And I will woo enchanting Melancholy,
And clinging Sympathy, sincere and holy,
And sacred Truth and Love,
And Peace, the meek-eyed dove;
And I will shun the boisterous idiot—Laughter;
And proud, Cold-heartenness I soon will waft her
Away from thy young wing;
And let not falsehood's sting
Envenom'd pierce me, nor hatred fell
Poison the waters of love's limpid well;
Nor let fierce passion's war
Inflict a wound, or scar,
Upon my tranquil breast, on me, nor mine;
But let our spirits live in harmony divine.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

O, blithe new-comer! I have heard;
I hear thee and rejoice:
O, Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

The same, which in my school-boy days
I listened to; that cry,
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

—WORDSWORTH.

I hear thy voice, lone bird of the Spring;
But I cannot tell from what tree thou dost sing:
Art thou a bird, or a wandering sound,
That falls from the sky, or springs from the ground,
And dwells on the bush, and then on the tree,
And chants thy lonely, wild melody?

I hear from some low bush, or high bough,
Thy twain of changeless notes, Cuckoo;
Wild Echo revives each expiring note,
Whilst another is rising from thy throat:
Her lone response fills the pause between,
Thy song as it charms this woodland scene.

O, then think not, rare bird, that she mocks thy lay;
There's a charm in thy voice, whose wond'rous sway,
Compels her to lisp thy words, and prolong
The lingering sounds of thine own wild song:
Her mimic voice in her secret cell,
Cometh from one, who loves thee well.

I have been 'round the gnarlèd oak in the dell,
And 'round the white thorn above the well,
And over the briars, and over the fern,
And over the rock that looks wild and stern,
And over the streamlet, whose margin gleams
With flowers as bright as the solar beams.

I have travers'd the wood and the vale around,
But neither in wood nor in vale art thou found:
I must leave thee, sweet bird, in this woodland scene,
For a far less happy place, I ween:
Like Echo, thou hidest thyself in thy cell,
Lone bird of the Spring, farewell! farewell!

———o———

SONNET TO——

You think me fickle; but I'm fix'd as fate,
To live the rest of life, in humble state,
With the dear muse, my ever-constant mate:
Yet, if there were, on this cold spot of earth,
One blessed spirit, with her eyes of mirth
And beauty beaming, bent with smiles on me,
Our genial hearts all love and harmony,
Perchance, I might taste the felicity
Of matrimony, and in rural cot,
Preserve my love, to bless the sacred spot:
Then, in my dreams poetic, through this life,
Replete with vanities, and worldly strife,
Caress that blessing, as a bard beseems,
A gentle wife, companion of my dreams.

THE CROWN AND THE PEOPLE'S LEAGUE.

A SONG,—TUNE, "MAXFIELD HUNT."

Lord Derby came to Windsor's towers,
A noble, bold and strong,
To rally old Protection's powers,
A little, busy throng.
Victoria sate in royal chair,
With heart that own'd no guile,
And she received the Stanley there,
Between a frown and smile.

"Thou com'st, bold Peer," Victoria said,
"Since Russell's gone from me;
Take care my people want not bread,
And I'll be true to thee:
I've been through city, borough, town,
And found them hale and true;
Within their hearts is fix'd my crown,—
Then rightful course pursue."

A spirit whisper'd in her ear,
And sacred voices came,
With heavenly music, her to cheer,
And thrill'd her living frame:
Her people in a League combine,
Responding to the song,
And in one chorus, grand, divine,
The joyous strains prolong.

Alone for royal, noble birth,
Such bounties are not given,
As spring spontaneous from the earth,
The precious gifts of Heaven:

Let trade be free, from land to sea,
From sea to land again,
Beyond the ocean, wild and free,
Or on the pathless main.

Then, Stanley took the royal seal,
And vainly he would try;
His recreant* soul to arm with steel†
And even truth defy:
Though many scaffolds have been rear'd,
Misguided blood to spill,
Victoria's power of love unfeared,
And Heaven, are with us still.

—o—

STANZAS.

Unto the bowers, with quiet heart and mind,
Purged from the venal dregs of life's dull bowl,
The weekly task being done, calm and resigned,
To seek the pleasure's dearest to my soul:
Free from life-wasting cares, I may beseem,
Contented with with my lot, indulging in my dream.

Far from the noisy crowd, the bustling throng,
Away from man to nature let me stray,
And wake the genial muses to their song,
By woodland path, the devious, sylvan way,
By brook, and bowery grove, and crystal well,
Waking the silent nymph, within her mystic cell.

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* RECREANT, in its worst sense of apostacy, is somewhat applicable.
† Alluding to the Militia Bill.

And should some fond idea vital grow,
Some graceful form of nature, or of art,
O, let the muses bind around my brow
A vernal wreath, an emblem of my heart,
And of the love I bear for woodland-bowers,
Remote from human strife, in evening's sweetest hours.

Altho' the world may frown upon the muse,
And envy cast a shade upon the light,
That lingers faintly, still, may I refuse
To quit these scenes, where coward, selfish spite
Is never found, yet fills the hearts of men,
Whose fruitless joys the muse may never know again.

And from my humble bower of solitude,
A simple offering for noble minds
To condescend acceptance, I intrude,
Hopeless of trade's cold heart, which seldom finds
Leisure, or sympathy, for rural themes,
Or spares one single moment for a poet's dreams.

———o———

HUMAN LIFE.

Born to the world, a child was I,
My living voice a feeble cry:
All things in my dim eyes were seen
Without a form, or hue, or mien;
And seeking for the genial breast,
I sank, unconsciously to rest;
So, now, in age, most feeble still,
All things appear above my skill;

Amid the gloom I grope my way,
And see but little night or day;
I wander wayward like a child,
Or trav'ller lost on lonesome wild;
Full forty years of patient thought,
Have me their empty nothings brought;
Yet oft have very plainly shown,
Despite of Science, nothing's known;
But if all men should say me, nay,
And from my aspect turn away,
Kind Nature would extend her arms,
And throw around me all her charms;
Then, one instinctive course I keep,
To sleep with her the dreamless sleep.

———o———

MAN'S SUPERIOR DESTINY.

Money soon may leave a man,
Useful knowledge never can;
If without a pound to tell,
Handicraft will serve him well;
Keep him from becoming poor—
Keep him from the rich man's door,
Not to meet contempt or scorn,
Wishing he had ne'er been born.

Worldly wealth may leave a man:
Should he follow Nature's plan,
Guided by the sacred ray,
Changing night to glorious day;

That blest beam of heavenly truth,
The best friend of age and youth;
Though he meet contempt or scorn,
He'll rejoice he hath been born.

Born to love, and not to hate,
Howe'er humble be his state;
Born to aid his fellow-creatures,
And give smiles to human features;
Soothe the sorrows of the sighing,
Help the sinking and the dying;
And, in all the bounties given,
See the gracious hand of heaven:
Blest with good, or cross'd with ill,
Thank the all-wise Giver still.

Thank Him for the blessed light,
Which makes darkest cloud look bright;
And the life-inspiring air;
And the zephyr's whisper'd prayer;
And the many-colour'd bow,
Teaching hope to all below;
And the music of the birds,
Like a hymn of holy words;
And the streamlet-mother fountain;
And our father-land, the mountain;
And the vast, exhaustless sea,
Emblem of eternity.

And when life shall cease to be,
Hope become reality;
And the wonders of the world,
To old oblivion be hurl'd;

Spirit springing from its clay,
On eternal wings away,
Unto spheres of glorious light,
Aye, unseen of mortal sight;
Mortal nature sinks to earth,
Waiting for another birth,
From each earthly tie is torn,
Dies, and is for ever born.

CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, AND MANHOOD.

I was a child, a careless child,
And simple words were taught to me;
My mother's eyes upon me smil'd
Through all my days of infancy:
Through every passing live-long day,
I laugh'd the hours of life away.

I was a boy, a comely boy,
And in my hands were pen and book;
My father's hope, my mother's joy,
Who watch'd me with an anxious look;
And gentle words of love and truth,
Were whisper'd to my tender youth.

When I was somewhat older grown,
They sent me to a village-school:
Lyceum then, or Parthenon,
Existed not, with Learning's rule,
Nor Science pour'd her flood of light,
To bless the intellectual sight.

But, now in region darkly dim,
Mid worldly men, and selfish fears,
She teaches us to smile on Him,
Who waters not the world with tears,
But, like the sun, sends reason's beam
To guide us down life's devious stream.

I am a man, an humble man,
With loving heart, and thoughtful mind;
Nature's all-glorious works I scan,
With will subdu'd, and soul resign'd:
And the great Spirit, who rules the earth,
Hath borne me onward from my birth.

I am a man, and let me crave,
That, while my own immortal soul
Sojourneth on this side the grave,
True as the needle to the pole,
Virtue, and truth, and justice may
Attend me to my latest day.

THE GOOSEBERRY GROWER'S SONG.

Here are berries green and yellow,
Here are berries red and white;
Berries rich, and plump, and mellow,
Many an honest man's delight:
In old England's sea-girt isle,
Ay, in many a famous shire,
They make young and old to smile,
Unto the true heart's desire.

Far and wide they spread their fame,
With the bright prize, the grower's due;
Under many a favourite name
Of the beautiful and true:
Gardens, in good order found,
Are a pleasure to the sight;
To prepare and tend his ground
Is the honest man's delight.

Some seek glory on the wave,
In foreign climes the traveller roams;
I would live where breathes no slave,
Mid old England's cottage-homes:
Hence, Ambition! pompous state!
In the quiet summer-bowers,
I would live, and watch, and wait,
Cultivating fruits and flowers.

In a garden man first breathed,
In the primal, happy time;
Hands of angels for him wreathed,
Flowers of beauty in their prime:
Be it, still, my living faith
In the wondrous power divine,
That my life shall find in death,
Paradise for me and mine.

"LE BON TEMPS VIENDRA."

THE GOOD TIME WILL COME.

Once more remembrance makes me young,
  Mid Fancy's visions fair and bright,
As e'er prophetic poet sung,
  In twilight shade, or morning light;
The rising or the setting sun,
  Renews my thoughts on goodly themes,
And when my daily task is done,
  I whisper fond poetic dreams.

Then would I muse of right and wrong,
  While reading many a poet's page,
Whose strains breathe something more than song,
  Good counsel unto youth and age:
When the true meaning I would seek,
  The while I pored the leaves among,
I found that right was with the weak,
  And wrong, too often, with the strong.

I pondered on the olden bards,
  Till Fancy heard the trump of Fame,
Then I saw one, that man regards,
  Yet often brings to grief and shame;
But woman, in my vision seemed
  Restored unto her right divine;
A glorious light, then, on me beamed—
  I made an equal help-mate mine.

The vision brightened to my view,
And in the future I could scan,
That equal laws would but renew
The old upon the ancient plan;
There's nothing new beneath the sun,
The earth beholds what was of yore,
Sweet woman, man's companion,
His equal held, on every shore.

All hail to that *good coming time!*
Emblazoned on the Norman shield,*
When war shall cease, and vice, and crime,
And green corn grow on the battle-field;
Then every captive shall be free,
And every man be good and mild;
Law shall be Love, deep as the sea,
And all our hearts be reconciled.

The reign of good, the golden reign,
Once more restored upon the earth,
No tyrant then shall forge the chain,
To bind mankind from every birth:
Where, then, may be man's deadly foe?
Gone, with the tyrant and the slave
Of times betided long ago,
And buried in the gloomy grave.

* Alluding to the title of the song, and which is the motto of the Earl of Harcourt, who is descended from the house of the Harcourts, of Normandy, which flourished there previous to the Conquest.

LINES TO A GENTLEMAN LEAVING MANCHESTER.

Repine not at Fortune, nor value the fame,
That springs from the pride and the glare of a name,
Obtain'd when success in the great world of trade,
Hath blazon'd her visions, that beam but to fade.

The argosies freighted with wealth on the main,
Oft bring to the merchant much trouble and pain;
But the wealth of the mind, gives a joy to the heart,
And such treasures we prize, as may never depart.

The hours of the day, and the hours of the night,
Have been blest with amusement, instruction, delight,
And the books of the wise, and the good to our view,
Have been op'd by thy hand, for the cheerful and true.

At an interval, Science hath cast her bright beams,
At another, hath Wit scintillated her gleams;
Then, Wisdom deducing her moral at last,
We were bound to the present by spells of the past.

Then, the Future would rise like a glorious dream,
And each cheerful face would the brighter beseem,
And fond hopes beyond all that earth may contain,
From the Pole to the Line would delight us again.

Though denuded of all that mankind may deem wealth,
There are blessings in knowledge, and blessings in health,
There are riches that flow from the fountain divine,
Then, be thankful to Heaven, and never repine.

If poor, thou art rich; though untitled, a king;
If the herald be silent, the poet may sing
Of the realms thou hast won in the empire of mind:
In the love of our hearts are thine honours enshrined.

Now, you leave old Mancunium city, awhile,
To sojourn where the emerald Shamrock may smile:
May the circle you honour appreciate the true,
And the warm British heart we have found within you.

EPITAPH

FOR A RURAL CEMETERY.*

Endow'd with knowledge, unpossess'd of fortune,
Loving my fellows, Christian, Turk, or Jew,
I sought for fame and happiness on earth:
Jaded, too long, with human vanities,
And never envious of another's wealth,
Here I repose in quietness and peace:

Remote from towns, 'neath the umbrageous shade,
In this Necropolis I found my rest.
Delightful solitude! lov'd of the wise,
In every age of the historian's record,
Now, I may calmly and securely sleep:
Grant me, kind reader, ere you hence depart,
Some sweet remembrances of me and mine.

* This Epitaph is an ACROSTIC on the name of the Author.

ON THE LATE POET-LAUREATE.

Inscribed to a Friend, and occasioned by his requesting me to write a Monody on the Laureate's Death.

Why should I mourn the death of one who sold
His talents, at the mart, for sordid gold?
Tho' I admire the genius of the bard,
And read his early writings with regard,
'Tis not for me to mourn over the grave
Of sheer apostacy; corruption's slave
Shall find not me lamenting o'er his tomb,
Whom fame consigns to obloquy of doom.
As he, who rul'd the Commons, erst did say,
(The great aristocrat, the Castlereagh,
Who kill'd himself, in madness, at North Cray;)
He turned his back upon his better self,
And wrote against the people for mere pelf.

Why should I mourn, then, who am lowly born,
And still from all the rights of nature torn?
Should I not pant and struggle to be free,
To gain at last immortal liberty?
Should not the free mind venture over all
Obstruction, be it tower, or palace-wall?
Tyrannic law, or despot custom's sway,
The free-born spirit never can obey.

But, what are now the weapons we should wield
To drive for aye the tyrants from the field?
I would eschew war's dreadful, bloody strife,
Nor seek for e'en the tyrant's wicked life:
Both gun and bay'net, I would cast away,

Let reason "drag the monster into day,"
And all the horrid, blood-stain'd armoury
Of old corruption's callous tyranny:
The arts of peace for ever cultivate,
And all the stainless triumphs of a state.
The pen, the press, the unbought public voice,
Will soon, or late, make hapless man rejoice:
Unite and conquer: until then, a slave,
The poor man's staff but trembles o'er his grave.

They cannot stop the march of deathless mind,
'Twill onward pass, enfranchising mankind,
And give to all a glorious, happy day,
To bask in freedom's intellectual ray.
Brutus and Cassius, with their fearless band
Of spirits, still exist in every land,
And loud resounds the Roman trump of fame,
Echoing forth a people's loud acclaim,
The universal cry, that man should be
Blest with the light of purest liberty.
The dagger, which in Rome struck Cæsar down,
When he was striving for th' imperial crown,
Chang'd to the graphic and immortal pen,
Still vindicates the rights of injur'd men;
And in the end will tear the misty veil
Of falsehood, and pure Truth shall then prevail.

Old Error's gloomy walls are crumbling fast,
The towers of tyranny break down at last,
Cæsars at Pompeys' pillars prostrate fall,
Bloodless beneath the common scorn of all;

Man's strength breaks forth in energetic might,
The oppressors sink to everlasting night.
Quoth one: "What shall he have that kill'd the deer?"
"Give him his leathern skin and horns to wear."
What shall *they* have, who tyranny pull down?
Fame's deathless voice, and Truth's eternal crown.

What should I merit, if, in early youth,
My mind were taught the lessons of pure truth,
And visions of delightful liberty
Beam'd o'er my soul that man should yet be free,—
What, if my voice broke forth in thrilling mood,
Sweet as the wild bird in its solitude,
And sung of love, and freedom's holy cause,
Inspiring man against tyrannic laws,
Painting with halos gloriously bright,
The rude defender of his country's rights,*
Convincing all, that there was one, whose mind
Strengthen'd his heart with love for all mankind;†
A poet's genius, and a patriot's fire,
Worthy of Freedom's independent lyre,
And then on that dear blessing turn'd my back,
And chang'd my conscience for a butt of sack;
What were my guerdon, if the million's tongue,
Whose poignant woes I had but lately sung,
Were to pronounce my honour or my shame?
I should be damn'd to everlasting fame.

Would it avail, if I tried other themes,
And threw o'er eastern fiction my shorn beams,

---

* Wat Tyler.

† See his poems, published at Bristol, in 1797.

Turn'd venal writer for the public press,
And curs'd with malice what I once could bless,
Search'd history's page for celebrated men
To scent, or to perfume, and varnish with my pen;
Could e'en the scholar's art, the poet's grace,
Redeem my memory from this sad disgrace?
Damn'd with a conscience that is bought and sold,
My coffers fill'd with vile corruption's gold,*
My book-shelves stor'd with all the wit of man,
Rich as the treasures of the Vatican;†
These, more than these, would never keep at ease
The restless mind, more fitful than the breeze;
Sleep, that the guiltless seeks, would me forsake,
Some dreadful chastisement would overtake
Me and my fortunes, and my house o'ercast,
Might find its master madman at the last.

Yet, I must sigh, with all my hopes; my fears
Rush round my heart, and countless fall my tears;
The tributary stream of Pity's meed,
O! Laureate Southey! must be thine indeed.
Not Niobe, who wept herself away,
Could feel more agony o'er mortal clay,
Than feels the muse, whose tears bedew the urn
Of him, who truth and liberty could spurn.
I weep the people lost him in his bloom,
In such a mood I mourn above his tomb:
Corrupt in life, corruption is his doom.

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* Dr. Southey is said to have died worth twelve thousand pounds; he held the office of laureate twenty-one years. What its emoluments are "deponent sayeth not."

† Dr. Southey, it is stated, has left a most magnificent library

SONNET.

(WRITTEN IN EARLY LIFE.)

Now let my happy heart rejoice,
A light hath beam'd upon my mind;
The sweet sound of a soothing voice
Is in my memory still enshrined;
Its balmy influence hath freed
My drooping soul from a slavish creed:
The light I saw, the voice I heard,
Were the dulcet tongue and beaming eye
Of liberty's peace-bringing bird,
That carol'd sweetest minstrelsy;
It dropt from its bill a broken chain,
And songs of freedom breath'd again:
This burden bold it ever gave—
Man was not made to be a slave.

———o———

CONTEMPLATION.

To me the stars, with less profusion kind,
An humble fortune have assign'd,
And no untuneful lyric vain,
But a sincere, contented mind.

—HUGHES.

When the world is glowing bright,
Blest with the warm meridian light,
And all that liveth seem to be
Born to enjoy activity,—
Let me look on the busy scene,
And think what is, and what hath been.

When the world is wrapt in gloom,
As if were near the general doom;
And universal life doth lie
In sleep's unravell'd mystery,—
Let me indulge a calm delight,
And woo the melancholy night.

When all the great ones of the earth
Have had their day, who, from the birth
Unto the death had vainly sought
For wealth and fame, that sink to nought,—
Give me, what they could never find,
A happy and contented mind.

And when the sphere in which I move,
Shews me its hate, and not its love,
Let me upon the weakness smile;
Fly to my books, which will beguile
Care and disgust away; and bring
To my calm spirit, what a king
Might envy on his splendid throne,
As I commune with them, alone.

With spirits who walk'd the ancient way,
Divested of their mortal clay,
For ever free from earth's control,
A sweet communion of soul
Transpires awhile; and from my eyes
Earth's blinding film is torn aside,
Reveal'd are many mysteries;
I feel much more than human pride,
In all its dignity and sway,
A foretaste of a heavenly day.

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

You say, that God a man was born,
And from a virgin nature torn;
I may not understand the theme,
But this I know, or fondly deem,
That it is plac'd beyond dispute,
We must approach or God or brute.
Some are progressive from the first,
Some retrogressive to the curst;
No living atom standeth still:
Clinging to good or prone to ill,
Backward, or forward we must move,
Or lost in hate, or found in love.
Though dimly gleams the distant ray,
Yet, in the gloom I may not stay;
Though darkness compass me around,
A sacred light may yet be found;
Should doubts bewilder and alarm,
Within my breast there dwells a charm,
A fortitude of soul I feel,
A balsam all my wounds to heal,
For near the glorious Christian-tree,
I found the plant of liberty,
Unlike a parasite to grow,
The ancient druid-mistletoe,
But forth display'd, branch, bloom, and fruit,
Upspringing from the very root;
And blest with this, with this suffic'd,
I love the pure Redeemer, Christ;
Though bow'd beneath affliction's rod,
I place my trust alone in God.

LINES TO CHARLES HARDWICK, ESQ.,

ON HIS LEAVING MANCHESTER,

After having delivered a Lecture on the character of HAMLET, at a Meeting of the Milton Society.

In this calm, cheerful time, now surrounded with friends,
May I tune a brief strain, to make ample amends
For my indolent silence, with some little skill,
Yet, beseech you to pardon the deed for the will.

Around me I see no inebriate bowl,
Nor the cup of old Comus, to madden the soul;
But the beverage that warmeth and charmeth awhile,
Is bespread o'er our board, and can never defile.

Perchance, my brief strain may be none of the best,
Yet, I breathe the word Stranger, our eloquent Guest,
The Lecturer on Shakspeare, our own British Bard:
He pourtray'd him so well, as to win our regard.

A lover of poets and painters is he,
And a limner himself, choice companion to be,
Or in country or town, with the sons of the Muse,
Or wherever he wends, Truth and Taste to diffuse.

As he leaves us, awhile, we may wish him "Good night,"
And good fortune, withal—who hath given us delight—
Whose eloquence floweth in soul-cheering streams,
And the Swan of old Avon the brighter beseems:

Who hath given us delight and instruction, to boot,
And has proved that true goodness of heart taketh root
In each fond admirer of Shakspeare, and those
Who believe that this world should not be one of woes:

Nor a dim vale of tears, but bright world of our own,
In which we are plac'd, nor to grieve, nor to groan:
For all good things were given to man for his use,
And who will not enjoy them 's more dull than a goose.

The men and the women of Shakspeare appear,
As they liv'd in their habits,* so palpably clear,
That I wish, with due deference to clerical schools,
We could meet one each day—even one of his fools—

And escape every moment the bigot and slave,
Finding none but warm hearts, and true minds, and the brave,
And the gracious young Hamlet, the wise, princely Dane,
With the Hamlet before us, to revel or reign.

I envy no man his peculiar creed,
For I've one of my own that is sacred indeed:
Let me sum up the whole in a very few terms,
For words are but husks to the spirit's true germs.

* Vide Hamlet.

'Tis to love all mankind, of all colours, forsooth,
To look less at belief, than you do at the truth,
Made manifest ever by act and by deed,
And this is the true, and Shakspearian creed.

Then, farewell, my young friend, may I here speak
for all,
Who have heard thee with pleasure, whose heart's
may recall
Thy good name to remembrance, at some future day,
And pour forth their kind benisons over thy way.

———o———

THE RURAL JOURNEY:

AN ECHO POEM.

Lord Julio, Madam, Romanello, read a novelty:
'tis written from Bononia.—FORD'S FANCIES.

*Bright-eye.**—Alas! I could not bear,
To breathe the in-door air;
Awhile I must retire,
And sweeter air respire:
Amidst these ancient venerable trees,
I feel a freer and a fresher breeze.
Echo.—Ease.

* An old name for a poet.

I heard a pleasant sound ;—
Is it the vagrant mind?
The wierd spirit, in its restless round,
A home can never find.
Alas! my head is in a woful plight.

Echo.—Light.

Dear Echo, all my body shakes.

Echo.—Aches.

To his Titinius, by his side.
"*Give me some drink*," great Cæsar cried,
Fainting and sinking, like a girl
That's cast away a priceless pearl.
Another glass, I pray—Alas!
I've gotton to a pretty pass.

Echo.—Ass!

Thy wit's too rude
For this mild solitude :
I must advance—
I cannot retrograde ;
Although still-life may dance
Around, the draught the witch hath made,*
Soul and body to debase,
In my sad and hopeless case,
Must be swallow'd,
Howe'er unhallow'd
Be every drop,
From its base to its top.

Echo.—Stop.

* Alluding to the draught administered to "Faust," previous to his seduction of Margaret. See GOETHE'S "FAUST."

Of that ammonia that quickly gives
A sweet variety of thoughts, I pray,
A single drop;
I cannot stop;
I must pursue the old erratic way,
While this infatuated being lives:
Laud'num, then, or the old Theban drug,*
The wise physician found
On earth's exhaustless breast,
For suffering man to rest,—
And conquer'd pain, when, bound
In bed-rid agony, his patient lay,
Struggling for sleep, and sweating out his clay.
With gnawing pain and burning thirst I tug:
Would I were in my grave.

Echo.—Rave.

Mysterious alchemist, whose touch makes gold—
Whose breath's a lambent flame!
Spirit of distillation! come, enfold
Thy mantle round my shivering frame!
Come, Faust—Mephisto—witch, or hag,
In scarlet robe, or in unseemly rag;
Doctor, or devil, of whate'er degree,
Take any shape, but bring the *drink* with thee.
Bacchus! Lyæus! names divine;†
O, for a draught of generous wine!

Echo.—Swine.

---

* Opium.

† Lyæus is one of the many names of Bacchus.

Echo, thou art too witty;
Vouchsafe a drop of pity;
Give me but *that*, sweet nymph, to thee
I cry.

Echo.—I cry.

Ah! then, to ease my groundless fears,
Thou wilt assist me in my tears:
Is that thy will?

Echo.—I will.

Dear Echo, yet I feel
A something o'er me steal;
An indescribable sensation,
That gives no little trepidation:
What causes my low spirits?

Echo.—Spirits.

Is drink the cause of my infirmities.

Echo.—It is.*

I now begin to think
I've taken too much drink:
This drinking is the devil.

Echo.—Evil.

Sweet Echo, canst thou tell
What course I should pursue,
And this foul labyrinth get through,
Thou, of the secret and mysterious cell?

Echo.—Sell.

My barrels, bottles, glasses,
My spirits, wine, and beer,—
That all the world surpasses,—
Must I consign unto an auctioneer,
And bid adieu to all good cheer?

Echo.—Hear.

* For this answer of Echo, I am indebted to an old anonymous dialogue between Echo and a Glutton.

And drink no more?

Echo.—No more.

What! part with all my store!
Alas! my fate—
My poor, unhappy state!
You cannot stop, if you but once begin;
"To return were more tedious than go o'er:"
'Tis said wit's *out*, when drink is *in*.

Echo.—Sin.

Is that my sore complaint.
Doth that my weak heart taint;
Is that the curse upon me,
Whose burden hath undone me?
What is my future destination,
If I resist not this temptation,
And every snare repel?
My sweet companion, tell.

Echo.—Hell!

Oh! horror! horror!

Echo.—Roar! roar!*

May I confess, or pray, or kneel, or bow?
Or prostrate my whole body on the earth,
And with humiliation soothe my woe?
Unhappy mortal! why had I a birth?
Oh! for the minstrelsy of bards of old,
The sweet philosophy of Plato's shade,
Or some diviner spirit, to unfold
The secret source wherein my sorrow's laid—
To bear upon its wings the spirit of sleep,
And kindly, gently, o'er my senses creep,

* ROAR—To cry, with a burst of sorrow, or agony.

Mid healing odours, sweeter than the breath
Of woodland violets, or the musk-rose bloom,
To me, thus humble, prostrate, and resign'd,
Praying for one long sabbath of the mind,
That's vested with a power to conquer death,
And triumph o'er the marble of the tomb.
"The troubled mind that man avenges best,
"Who bursts the trammels that enslave his breast"—

Echo.—Rest.

"Casts off his pains at once, and flies to rest."*

Echo.—Rest.

Can I disperse these troubles,
As easily as bubbles?
Can I repeat, "*Begone dull care,*"
And, *presto*, what becomes of my despair?

Echo.—Air.

What plan? which way?
What mode of action,
To change the pole
Of this attraction,
And comfort bring unto my soul?
Come, dearest Echo, say;
Oh! nymph benign,
The welcome task assign.

Echo.—Sign.

The pledge: I understand.

Echo.—Stand.

* Virgil.

Alas! I grow sick;
I am cut to the quick.

Echo.—Quick.

Fond favourite of the muse,
I cannot *thee* refuse:
For what are oaths and pledges unto man?
Alas! they are as frail as lovers' vows,
Or gamesters' oaths, to break as soon as made.
O! let me pledge to my determin'd will;
Let me take oath to my immortal soul;
And may the UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLE,
That guides the honest and the virtuous heart,
Be now enthron'd in more than robes of gold,
Or rich insignia of temporal power;
Deck'd with more hues, than the rainbow's semi-circle;
More beauteous than the halo of the moon;
Or the deep, awful glory of the sun,
Upon his eastern or his western throne:
More than all these, in their infinitude,
Surround, encompass, the pure FRIEND OF MAN:
Now, by the light of the undying sun,
By the pure atmosphere that feeds my life,
By the revolving earth on which I stand,
And that which did exist ere man existed,
And will continue when he is no more,
In an eternal sovereignty of power,—

When human pomp is mingled with the dust,
And golden crowns and mitres disappear,
Like the frail garland of a May-day fool;
By this, by these, I give my fervent pledge,
And lay my hand upon my breast,
For everlasting love and rest,
For the heart's sweetest peace,
And life's dread ills to cease,
My long-lost wealth to find,
A calm, contented mind.

THE PLEDGE.

To set my burden'd spirit free,
I voluntarily agree,
That I will totally abstain,
And urge my fellows to refrain,—
From wine, rum, brandy, whisky, gin—
Vile spirits! source of every sin—
From cider, ale, and porter;—distillations
And deleterious fermentations,
No more shall place me in a trance;
I'll cling to blessèd temperance.
Oh! may I strive to serve this righteous cause,
For its own sake, and not for man's applause,
While I sojourn in this, my earthly home,
And hope the glory of a life to come.

Echo.—Life—come!

Sweet paranymph! Where is thy calm,
Mysterious cell?
On me thou pour'st life's balm,
And break'st the witch's spell,
My wounded heart to save;—
Oh! leave thy rocky cave,
And winding dell,
And woodland mound,
Beside the crystal well;
Thou art too pure for earth's dull ground,
And not unworthy of the "solemn quire,"
Art thou, whose secret monotone,
Nymph of the chaste desire,
Comes, with sweet music, cheering me, alone.
All gloomy fancies soon will fade.

Echo.—I'll aid.
Attendant on me still,
Obedient to my will!
In calm sobriety,
And with a true propriety,—
The wretched past forgiven,
In the sweet hope of heaven,—
To the bewitching bowl,
The curse of many a soul,
As many a wretched soul can tell,
For aye I bid *farewell.*

Echo.—Farewell.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

A SACRED MELODY,

THE MUSIC BY W. C. RIDINGS.

"I will arise and go to my father, and I will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

'Tis written in the holy word,
A certain man had children twain:
He gave them all he could afford—
One brought him joy, the other pain;
The elder stay'd with him at home,
The younger far away would roam.

The prodigal spent all his store,
Sojourning in a distant land;
A famine spread the country o'er,
Afflicting all at God's command:
The prodigal did soon repine,
And in the fields he fed the swine.

Then came the withering of the heart,
The sickening sorrow of the soul,
That he should from his father part,
To drink the dregs of misery's bowl:
He crav'd his father's servants' fare,
Their labour and their meals to share.

He cried in agony of mind,
"I will arise—I will arise,
And seek that father good and kind,
Perchance he may not me despise;
I am not fit to be his son,
May Heaven's dread will be ever done."

He came: the father's heart doth spring
With love, and leaning on his staff,
He cried: "Deck him with robe and ring,
Come, come, and kill the fatted calf:
Come, let's be merry all around:
My long-lost son again is found."

The elder son complain'd awhile
Of feasting for a prodigal;
The father check'd him with a smile,
And gave to him his heart—his all:
The father's spirit doth quick revive—
"He that was dead is found alive."

DREAMS AND TEARS.

Dreams, dreams! they haunt me, still,
Above my power, beyond my will;
Some are as sweet as morning's light,
Some are as dark as dismal night,
And some are full of grief and pain,
Sans hope to live, or dream again.

Alas! in some my passions rise,
In angry storms, in mutter'd cries,
In conflicts fierce and terrible,
I dare not write, and need not tell:
Yet after storm there comes a calm,
When Mercy showers her healing balm.

Tears, tears! then, bring repose;
I am, awhile, where no one knows;
Though in the world, beyond the world,
In a divine oblivion hurl'd;
And, wakening, see a little light,
Increasing brighter and more bright;
My senses come, and morning dawns:
Then, with a few old fashion'd yawns,
I perpendicularly rise,
And all the dreamy nonsense flies.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

I saw her in her freshest prime,
I saw her in her sweet spring-time;
Her form was like the lily's stalk,
Her motion like a fairy's walk;
The sweet field-flower beneath her tread,
Still rear'd erect its golden head.
Her eyes were bright as twinkling stars,
Her brow was free from care's deep scars:
Her cheeks were fresher than the rose,
That in some bower or garden grows;
Her heart was warm with passion's glow;
Her skin was white as mountain snow;

Her hair was like the raven's plume,
Her breath was sweet as rich perfume,
And sweeter than the evening breeze
That fans the flowers and waves the trees,
And sweetens calmest eventide,
That far outvies the day's bright pride.
The rose-leaf or the cygnet's vest,
Is not so soft as her warm breast;
My weary head reposes there,
And love's soft joy drowns every care.
The bee will creep in the blue-bell,
And hum awhile in fairy cell;
Then cease its song, and drain the flower,
And fly away to hive or bower;
But I must lay upon the breast,
And sleep in gentle love's sweet rest,
And ne'er forsake the trusting maid,
Whose heart to me is open laid.
The woodbine twines its slender arms
Around the rose-tree's blushing charms,
And riots on the rose's breath,
And ne'er withdraws its clasp till death
Strikes his rude blow; then they decay;
The woodbine vanishes away;
The rose-tree fades, it pines alone,
Alas! it dies, and both are gone.
The dead leaves fall upon the ground,
With rustling, fainting, dying sound;
The stems and branches soon are broke.
And disappear at fate's rude stroke,
And form the wood-birds' curious nests,
And shield the young ones' naked breasts;

Or, falling by the streamlet's side,
Are wash'd away by the swift tide.
Ah! where is now the woodbine tree?
Ah! where can the sweet roses be?
No trace of them can now be seen,
All seems as they had never been.
'Tis thus, in life, my blooming maid;
We shall decay as they decay'd;
My quickest pulse will cease to beat,
My burning heart will cease to greet
Its lovely guest, with thrilling clasp:
Strong death will crush me in his grasp;
My form will crumble into dust,
And be no more, as all things must;
But until then, this heart of mine,
Shall ne'er divide itself from thine.

———o———

THE INVITATION.

Come, in the morning time,
Or, in the noon-tide hour,
Or, when the evening chime
Brings music's sweetest power;
Come, where the woodland birds
Are singing, one and all,
And with melodious words,
Unto each other call;
Come, to this sylvan scene, of nature to remind thee,
Come, at the poet's call, and leave thy cares behind thee.

Come, where the brook is flowing,
At its own gentle will;
And spring-time buds are growing
Beside the limpid rill:
O! leave the city's throng,
The frowning and the smiling;
Seek solitude among
These happy scenes, beguiling
The quiet time away, to soothe the troubled breast,
And feel that sweet delight, a happy day of rest.

Come, to my quiet bower,
Come, to my simple fare,
At the sweet evening hour,
In the scented evening air,
When the Hesper-star is beaming
In glory, on thy way,
And the glow-worm's lamp is gleaming
A farewell to the day:
Come, to this sylvan scene, of nature to remind thee,
Come, at the poet's call, and leave thy cares behind thee.

———o———

REMEMBER ME.

On the lone shore
Of the bleak sea,
Wand'ring once more,
I think of thee—
I think of thee—I think of thee,
And thou wilt still remember me.

O'er yellow sands,
In mounds and cells,
On ocean's strands,
Studded with shells,
I lonely roam, and think of thee,
And thou wilt still remember me.

In wood—on plain—
By stream, or fountain—
On ocean's main,
Or on the mountain,
I think of thee—I think of thee,
And thou wilt still remember me.

Flowers from the field,
And pearls from ocean,
My hands shall yield,
With love's emotion
Glowing for thee—with love for thee,
And thou wilt still remember me.

And when I come
To thy green bowers,
No more to roam,
But pass life's hours,
My love, with thee—my love, with thee,
Then, thou will aye remember me!

———o———

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

I leave the city! too long there I've been:
How many moons have roll'd since I have seen
The bowery woodlands, and the meadows green,
Or, visited the peaceful vales, and streams
Of native Lancashire, whence Commerce beams,
O'er the vast world, from the old Palatine,
Famous for Science, and the muses nine.

Away from crowded street, and city's throng,
Convivial spheres, unheeding right, or wrong,
Providing *Wit* and *Humour* have their way,
And the wild charmers charm the sense astray,
Where fascinating cups brook no delay;
Away from haunts, where I should ne'er have been,
To ruder, richer, sweeter, brighter scene,
Where nature breathes with freedom, void of art,
And man's impertinence takes little part.

Once more of the sweet country let me sing,
And view the hawthorn in its blossoming,
And mark the hedge-rows, in a line, or square,
And scent the fragrance of the morning air;
List to the song-birds in the bowery grove,
Pour from their little throats their tales of love,
That make me sigh, that man, in feeble sway,
Is not more happy in his passing day.
O, joyful sound! I hear a thrilling voice!
The woodland-orator bids me rejoice,
Shouting in shriller notes than I have heard
Breathing their cadence on an empty word;

Touching the heart like the old woodland-call,
That waken'd Echo, in her sylvan hall.
Stranger, that eyes me, as I pass along,
With look askant, as I compose my song,—
If thou art troubled with the curse of trade,
And cannot get thy lawful debts well paid,
Return with me to the umbrageous bowers,
Enjoy, awhile, the riches of my hours,—
All free alike from envy and from pain,—
And hear the shouting throstle once again.

Linger, awhile, ye muses, play around
My rural bower, for such is fairy-ground;
The old oaks form for ye, a genial shade,
To soothe the living, or embalm the dead;
To raise poor Virtue from the low estate,
And prostrate all the vicious, vulgar great;
To give to merit what is merit's due,
Nor be the slave of many, nor of few;
To honour all the virtues in your train,
And heal with love the family of pain;
Then, seek the wood-nymphs, in the rural ring,
And hear the sylvan choirs in concert sing;
Or, seek the fairies' foot-prints on the banks
Of shallow streams, and trace their mystic pranks;
Or, view the glory of the mounting sun,
And wait until his bright day's work is done;
Then, linger in the twilight for awhile,
And see, the glow-worm near the rustic stile;
Or, look with rapture on the ray serene,
That shines forth in the smile of night's chaste queen,
As she appears at the full close of day,
Pursuing, as of old, her ancient, maiden way.

I may not hear the tuneful nightingales,
Piping their notes within our northern vales,
As I have heard them oft, in evening hours,
Within the poplar-shade, in southern bowers
Of ancient Albion; or, mid willows green,
And hedge-row hawthorns of some sylvan scene:
Near to the haunts of men the birds would come,
And build their nests, and warm each tiny home,
And smooth the traveller his rugged way,
Cheering his heart at the calm close of day,
Rousing his spirits, as his footsteps tend
To make his journey brief, and reach its destin'd end.

In the calm eve, or in the quiet night,
The thinking mind, that takes a fond delight,
Brooding, betimes, on melancholy themes,
In purest sympathy,—thy music deems
The notes of woe, like her, who sigh'd, alone,*
Whene'er she heard sweet music's lovely tone.
Ah! never more, sweet nightingale, thy song
Each tedious hour may cheer, or joyful time prolong:
Ah! never more in southern vales to roam,
And be more happy, although far from home;
Bound to these northern hills, and colder vales,
'Neath fickle skies, where changeful trade prevails;
And man, o'erladen with his weekly moil,
Lacks the true *Sabbath*, yet's denied the while;

* "I am never merry when I hear sweet music."—SHAKSPEARE, I apprehend, when he penned the above line, was fully conscious of the effects of sweet music. The expressive melancholy of the notes of this song-bird, is attributable, in a great measure, to an association of ideas, which the calm hours of evening, or of night, superinduce, in certain minds, particularly in those of a reflective character. Ordinary persons might think the song of the nightingale cheerful.

Where Superstition foul would intervene
Man and his *Maker*, with audacious mien:
Down, ugly fiend! monster of old, go down!
Unto eternal night present thy frown,
Shame not the day, with thy dull face of shade,
Nor quench the light that God for man hath made.

The time will come,—yes,—come it must, indeed,
When every soul from thraldom shall be freed;
When every man shall walk his parent earth,
No slave in mind, a freeman from his birth;
When tyrants, great and little, shall fall down,
And slavery's chain to the wild winds be thrown:
Then every man on his own ground shall stand,
No rogue deceive him, and no fool command;
But, wise men, good men, governing the state,
The law the people's will, decreed by fate,
Then, then, the nation will be truly great.
Good times are coming! good times will be, then,
Establish'd by the common sense of men;
Glory surrounding all, with rainbow-hues,
The *Future* opens with her splendid views;
God, from his radiant throne, assenting smiles,
And one vast blessing crowns Britannia's isles.

———o—o———

ELEGY.

I saw upon the parent-stem,
A rose-bud young and fresh, and fair;
It was a smiling, lovely gem
As sweet as Hybla's honied air;
But now, 'tis withered, dead and gone
Unto the tomb, all dark and lone.

The mother-rose upon me smil'd,
As I inhal'd the fragrant breath
Of her delightful, hopeful child,
Which now lies in the bed of death;
That was an hour of joy to me,
This is an hour of misery.

It vanish'd with its mother-rose;
Athwart old Albion's isle 'twas borne:—
I dreaded that its fatal foes
Might crush it, and leave sore forlorn
The parent-rose that loved it so—
A child-reft mother sunk in woe.

Some time it liv'd, a child of hope;
At last a potent, reckless hand
Engrasp'd it; 'twas too weak to cope
With cruel death's severe command;
It fell into the grave's recess—
It wither'd into nothingness.

The mother-rose then droop'd and wept,
A Niobe of tears and grief;
And withering sorrows 'round her crept,
Transforming every blooming leaf
Into a big and piteous tear,
Which fell upon her dead child's bier.

And then was heard a poignant moan,
A loud, and deep, and dreadful sound
Of grief, as awful as death's groan,
In ancient Albion's sea-girt ground;
And many a heart did throb, and rave,
And bleed o'er its untimely grave.

Loud, deep, and hollow, from his cell,
A captive's pitying voice did come,
Whose wailing accents long did swell
Above the young flower's early tomb:
Alas! it was his own fair child,
Which faded from earth's dreary wild.

That child, which sprung to life and light
Within his cell, and was a part
Of him, and grew within his sight,
Awhile, and clung around his heart:
The gaol-born pledge of mutual love
Whose heart has ever ceas'd to move.

But power crushes hearts and minds,
And grasps the nerves, and wrings, and tears,
And flings them to the bleak cold winds,
And Nero-like, drowns guilt's keen cares,
And laughs at human pain, nor deigns
To sigh, 'mid blood, and death, and chains.

The father gave his child a name,
That shines on the historic page,
A pure and philosophic flame,
A lovely charm in every age;*
He hoped this bud of promise might
Shine through all time, like that pure light.

* This child was the daughter of one of the parliamentary reformers, and which died while her father was serving a long imprisonment in D—— Goal. It was christened Hypatia, after the celebrated Hypatia, of Alexandria, the daughter of Theon, the mathematician, and who fell a victim to the rage of St. Cyril, and his monkish accomplices.

Alas! it wither'd: what remains
Of its pure loveliness, endears
It to the memory, and the pains
Of grief produce their bitter tears;
Its spell-like name must ever dwell,
And treasur'd be, in memory's cell.

———o———

PEACE AND TOLERATION.

Love and admire whate'er the muse admires,
And you may glow with intellectual fires,
Sacred to Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
Taking the last as in the first degree;
Buoy up your souls with an eternal hope,
Warm the cold heart of gloomy misanthrope;
Respect the creed of every age and clime,
And soften all with mercy in your time;
All schools of politics demand my song;
I smile when they are right, nor frown when wrong;
But kindly tell them, with a loving heart,
From all injurious prejudice to part,
And sacrifice the selfishness they feel,
On the high altar of the public weal;
And steadfast keep the glorious Christian faith,
Whose spirit gives life, whose dull, dead letter, death:
And those who would break faith with law and crown,
Boldly arrest, and calmly keep them down;
Then we may triumph in Victoria's day,
And glory in her mild Angustan sway.

LOVE GIFTS.

I gave you once a sweet nosegay
Of flowers from the green lay of May;
There was a lovely violet,
A daisy, and a primrose, wet
With silver dewdrops, and there were
Some other flowers as sweet and fair;
But 'mongst them all, I could not see
A single flower as sweet as thee.

You gave me from the lap of June
A wreath of flowers, love's fairy boom;
There was a rose with crimson glow,
There was a lily white as snow,
And many other gentle flowers,
The choicest of the emerald bowers;
But 'mongst them all, I could not see
A single flower as sweet as thee.

The flowers from the green lap of May,
Did hasten to a swift decay:
Those from the sunny lap of June,
Withered to nothing full as soon:
Yet, gentle maid, though they are dead,
Our fond love hath not perished,
And let us hope it will not fade
Till we like them in dust are laid.

———o———

DIRGE.

I lay me down lamenting
  Upon a bank of moss;
My weary heart relenting
  For my true lover's loss:
He, whom I fondly cherish'd,
  From death I could not save;
Alas! he now hath perish'd,
  He sleeps in the cold grave.

The ice that gilds the fountain
  In gloomy winter time;
The snow that decks the mountain,
  Within the northern clime,
Is not more cold than his young heart,
  Now life's warm spark hath fled;
But we shall be not long apart—
  We meet when I am dead.

He was the dearest, kindest love,
  His face beam'd like the morn;
His spirit now is gone above,
  Alas! from me he's torn:
The daisy on the green lea,
  Was not so bright as he:
The honey of the queen-bee
  Was not so sweet to me.

A wreath of weeping flowers
Hangs pendant o'er his grave;
The dryads of the bowers,
The naiads of the wave,
Are group'd around in pity,
Bedewing it with tears;
They hear my mournful ditty,
They share my hopes and fears.

The straying lamb is bleating,
Far from the shepherd's fold;
Its mother-ewe entreating,
It shivers with the cold.
O! may the shepherd kindly,
Soon take thee to his home;
And may'st thou never blindly
From thy warm fold more roam.

The gossamer is playing
Upon the evening air;
The silver brook is straying,
Unheeding my despair:
Mine eye will never brighten,
'Tis dim and sunk with woe;
My heart will never lighten,
Still heavier it will grow.

My death-dirge I am singing,
My end is drawing near;
Death his strong shaft is flinging,
Prepare my sable bier;
My pangs are now abating,
Soon cold my clay will be:
My true-love is awaiting;—
Sweet love! I come to thee.

SONG.

Sure thou wilt joy, by gaining me,
To fly home like a laden bee,
Unto that hive of beams,
And garland-streams.

HERBERT.

"I got me flowers to strew my way,
I got me boughs from many a tree;
But thou wert up by break of day,
And brought thy sweets along with thee."

I got me violets from the green,
I got me green boughs from the tree,
But thou with thy blue eyes wast seen,
Bringing sweet things along with thee.

I got me blossoms from the thorn,
And downy buds from willow-tree,
But blossoms on thy cheeks were borne,
That nature gave to garland thee.

At last to tell thee of my heart,
A rose and thorn I brought to thee,
And thou did'st take the thorn apart,
And kiss'd love's flower for thee and me.

And now with sweet flowers from the green,
And vernal branches from the tree,
We in a sylvan bower are seen,
I blest with thee, and thou with me.

And tho' our sweet flowers from the green,
And vernal branches from the tree,
Will wither and no more be seen,
Our love will bloom eternally.

———o—o———

AN INVITATION.

Let the world rage:
We will stay here, safe in the quiet dwellings:
It's an old custom. Men have ever built
Their own small world in the great world of all.
GOETHE'S "FAUST."

Come with me, come with me, friend,
And we will go to the woodland shade;
For awhile, for awhile, lend
Me thine arm, we will haste down the glade,
O'er the green sward bedeck'd with flowers
Hanging with dew;
Dear, precious gems of the wild bowers
I'll show to you.

In this calm, in this calm eve,
This mild twilight, and this dim serene,
Blessed time, blessed time, leave
The gay town, for an old sylvan scene,
The wood-nymph's haunt of ancient days,
Eternal Jove
Created, with its winding ways,
For holy Love.

Leave the town, leave the town, come,
To the quiet, green woods we will bound;
Like true friends, like true friends, roam
Where there's health, if not wealth, to be found;
In happy fancy we may raise
An altar there,
Or sylvan temple, and breathe praise,
And whisper prayer.

We will walk, we will talk, then,
Like wrapt enthusiasts of the muse,
Full of dreams, full of dreams, when
Fancy glows o'er the page we peruse;
And we will honour Shakspeare's name,
Immortal Bard,
The swan of Avon, dear to fame,
We all regard.

Then return, then return home,
To mine humble home, friend of my heart,
To enjoy, to enjoy some
Of the pure pleasures it may impart;
My dearest Pyrrha will prepare
The simple meal,
Which we in thankfulness may share,
And happy feel.

———o—o———

FAREWELL TO THE VALLEY.

Air—"Lochaber no more."

Farewell to the valley, my dear native home,
I ne'er shall forget thee, wherever I roam;
Sweet valley no more—sweet valley, no more,
Alas! I shall see thee, sweet valley, no more.

The tear that adown from my sorrowing eye fell,
The sigh that burst forth from my breast could not tell,
All the grief that I felt in my heart's inmost core,
When I thought I should see thee, sweet valley, no more.

Dear home of my childhood! my heart clings to thee;
Companions of childhood! bear memory of me;
Alas! one is sleeping for aye with the dead,
And another beyond the vast ocean is sped:

A wandering spirit like me on the earth,
Far away from the sweet, little place of his birth;
He is gone where the winds and the wild waters roar,
And alas! we shall see thee, sweet valley, no more.

But, should I return, at some far distant day,
To age, but I hope not to sorrow, a prey;
If I'm rich, I will shower my bounty on thee;
If I'm poor, all I ask, is a smile upon me.

May I lay my old frame in its last place of rest,
And my spirit pass away to the land of the blest;
Ah! then, the world's scene will for ever be o'er,
Ah! then, I shall see thee, sweet valley, no more.

THE RETURN:

OR,

THE TEMPTATION.

SCENE I.—POET, *solus*. *Scene, the Country.*

Let me respire this atmosphere of hills
And mountains; and the fragrant breeze of vales,
And pastoral meads; the ever-happy homes
Of strong-wing'd birds; and grazing herds and flocks;
And myriad minute, and tiny creatures
Of mother Earth; and all her limpid waters,
Ever bubbling from perpetual springs.
Ah! like the peasant in the tale, who scooped
The water with the hollow of his hand,
And made the philosophic Cynic throw
Away his bowl;* here would I emulate,
As oft in boyish years it was my wont,
The unsophisticated man: and leave,
For ever leave, the poisons, which have writ,
The blood-stain'd catalogue of crime and woe.

My path is rugged, but not dangerous,
Illumed by Hope, that ever-burning lamp,
Unseen of vulgar curiosity,
Which leads men onward, like a frighten'd beast,
Or headlong, without reason, like a crowd,

* It is related of Diogenes, that he was accustomed to carry with him, during his travels, an earthen vessel, which he used, in order to quench his thirst with water at the fountains. On seeing a Shepherd drinking out of the hollow of his hand, he immediately broke, or threw away his vessel, saying, "What a fool I have been, in not having discovered this, before."

That rushes forward, if a dog but bark
At two mad fellows bruising each the other.
I fathom high and low, if foot or hand
Can hold the body safely—for the life,
Which nature says *preserve*, in the first clause
Of her unalterable code.

Now, onward—
Onward to the path, the labourer's pick and spade
Have made an easy road for human feet,
Conquering the strength of the primeval hills,
And leaving right and left, a mountain's height.
Could ancient Jupiter have done aught more
Than this, with his dread-thunder blast ?*
O, heart and strength of man ! what wondrous work !
Guided by truthful, mathematic lines,
Pythagoras inscribed upon the scroll,
In the high temple of immortal fame.

Homeward I haste, to join a social circle,
A choice, disenterested, happy few,
Endowed with gifts, neglected by the world ;
And by a special, providential care,
Peculiarly happy in themselves,
For, that they love each other : and despise
None high, none low ; would gladly interpose
Between a coward-tyrant and a slave ;
And in the place of falsehood, fix the truth.

The single thread may soon untwisted be,
But put together in an endless line,

* The deep cuttings on the rail, and other roads, have suggested this allusion.

Cross'd and re-cross'd alternately in one,
Becomes a fabric firm, a canvass-wall,
Against old ocean's storms; and if you join
A band of brothers, in a virtuous cause,
Indissolubly bound, the wildest wave
Of life's tempestuous sea may not prevail
Against you, nor divert your onward course,
From that delightful shore, that fruitful land
Of promise to the honest, upright heart,
As it may glide to final happiness.
Now, onward—onward.

SCENE II.

POET. *Mephistopheles above, in the distance.*

Poet.

Returned, once more, to air municipal,
Leaving salubrious scenes and rural cots,
The mind is wandering, yet without the will:
A figure of a dark and princely form
Is moving towards me in the dim perspective:
Now, the bold outline becomes perfect work.
Accustomed unto visions passing strange,
Blest with a conscience void of guilty taint,
Why should I tremble, or why prostrate fall?
Perchance, 'tis but a dreamy, waking sight.

Mephistopheles.

Thou art returned; and, ere to-morrow's sun
Scatters the darksome clouds of night away,

I would amuse thee with a pleasant word:
I am, forsooth, no enemy of poets,
Whate'er the preacher say. Come—quickly come;
Take hold of this exterior garment firmly;
The dark robe compassing the dreaded form
Of Mephistopheles; and thy weak eye
Shall strengthen, and behold the strangest things.

Poet.

I may not—cannot—dare not—must not come.
Enough for me of visions: art thou some
Aërounaut ascending, or descending?
Let me remain on *terra firma* still.
I hear from time to time unreal sounds;
I see from time to time unreal things:
This world and others, which the restless sage
Discovers with his scientific tube;
The innumerable glowing balls of light;
The planets, and the stars in the bright path,
The golden clusters of unnumber'd suns,
The glorious bauldricke of the eternal heavens;*
The atoms insignificant of life
And matter, which for ever me surround,
Appear to me a never-ending vision;
A dim, continuous, and shadowy dream;
Yet, if thou art the Prince of Air, I may
Be wrapt, or lost, in thy subduing presence;
But mine own eyes may close not their weak lids,
Whatever thou mayest shew.

* BAULDRICKE, is Spenser's name for the Zodiac, or milky way in the heavens.

Scene III.—Mephistopheles. Poet.

Poet.

What wondrous shades!
Clouds—light and darkness—mountains, hills and vales!
Beams faintly glowing, linger in the west,
If west it be, for here I am without
One point to rule the rest, afloat at sea,
A sea of drear uncertainty and doubt,
Alternately I view, but dimly view,
Change following change, in serial procession;
My guiding star is lost; I not behold
A single constellation moving round,
In nightly circle, the bright polar beam:
Ah! Hesperus is gone! my favourite star!

(To Mephistopheles.)

Thy presence shrouds with darkening film mine eyes;
Here, under heaven a gloomy terror reigns;
This is assuredly the path to hell.
What is that in the illimitable distance?
A silver sea. It fades; 'tis quickly gone;
And dread sublimity, and giant-terror,
Rise in their mountain-forms, and pyramids,
Faintly, obscurely seen. Now, I have lost
The blessed light of that sweet silver sea.
Another change! What glorious wonders!
That sea is now become a trackless plain
Of golden pillars, statues, obelisks;
Vast temples, palaces, domes, turrets, towers;
Beauty and glory intermingled seems,

To shroud our human world in one vast robe,
As they now lie, at this calm hour of night,
In the sweet peace of a refreshing sleep:
What's this? Where's this? I seem to tread on air.

Mephistopheles.

And thou may'st now behold the dreaded Spirit,
That holds within his grasp thy mortal form!

Poet.

Come, gently then; and with a courteous
And princely hand, conduct me gracefully.
Have I not pored o'er the eternal pages,
The blood-red tablets of the tragic muse;
Of great Prometheus; agonizing Lear;
Whose children chang'd themselves to vultures fierce,
Gnawing the heart of their old, royal father?
All but that dove, the sweet Cordelia:
Yes: there was one pure daughter of his house,
His home, his heart, his inmost bosom's solace.
Fair virtue I have lov'd, and ugly vice
Hath oft been sprinkled with weak pity's tears;
Even madness claims some sympathy from me.
"*Poor Tom's a cold*,"—*poor Tom's a cold*," quoth he,
"*The Prince of Darkness was a gentleman*,"
And gives thee olden names—*Modo* and *Mahu*:*
Surely, like his, my reason has not strayed.
Is this a vision, or a waking dream?

* "Modo and Mahu."—See Shakspeare's KING LEAR.

Mephistopheles.

I am no figment of a poet's brain;
So rest yourself contentedly, awhile.
If 'twere a dream, confusion's ball would roll
In every chamber of your mental mansion;
And the contraction and dilation, too,
Of your weak heart, would play a losing game;
The stakes—perchance, not life—nor even reason;
But then, I should disturb you in your slumber;
And you the sweet sleep of the innocent.

Poet.

Ah! I have been in company, good, bad,
Indifferent; and learnéd and unlearnéd;
Gentle and ungentle; virtuous and vicious;
But never yet imagined I should shake
The devil's hand at last. I am not easy;
And if I stay much longer, it may be
A dangerous pastime, worse than weary labour;
I had better till the ground, or beat the iron,
Snatch'd from the furnace, bright as molten gold,
Until the sweat drops from me on the stithy;
Or ply the oar upon the dangerous wave;
Or meet the fire-damp in the darksome mine,
Dreadful as hell, thine own peculiar realm,—
Than to continue parleying with thee;
Me thou may'st alter, for the worse, I know;
But thee I cannot influence a jot:
Incorrigible, art thou not, for ever?

Mephistopheles.

Indeed! what harm hath come upon you, now?
Aha! you need not seem so much alarmed!

Poet.

Much more than my beseeming. Let me go
Down, where I was before. The day is gone;
The noon of night is here; and nature gives
A serious warning, and a solemn pause;
Conscience cries out, and shakes this tenement
Of living clay, as if 'twould fall to atoms:
Reminiscential feelings wake my heart
To dreams of early life. In my green youth,
In solitary hours, I read of thee;
For our own Marlowe, and the German Goëthe,*
Have thrown their brilliant intellectual fire
On thy syllabical and princely name,
Seeming to mingle with the terrible
Elements of thy infernal nature.
It is enough for me to know thou art
The enemy of man: thy knowledge leads
For ever on to infelicity.

Mephistopheles.

"*Knowledge is power.*"† Who taught old Verulam,
Two hundred years ago, those winged words?

* Vide the "Faustus" of Marlowe, and the "Faust" of Goëthe.

† Mr. D'Israeli, quoting from Lord Bacon, said, "Knowledge is pleasure as well as power," which are the words of Hazlitt. Lord Bacon was Baron of VERULAM, and he is often complimented with this name by Critics and Commentators.

Poet.

Not thou. If taught by more than Nature's power,
A greater and a purer spirit than thine :
The ineffable ! the indescribable !
The great, eternal Fiat, ruling all.

Mephistopheles.

How boldly, yet how calmly, thou speak'st now :
Is that thy mode below with men, thine equals ?
Your honourable and legitimate
Superiors your very tone and manner
Must certainly offend. A little timid
Modesty, although by way of form,
So that you wisely keep in proper bounds,—
A polished speciousness being scarcely known,
Even with the quickly discerning few,—
Is the best, the most insidious, and sure
Course of ingratiation with the world ;
Pray take the hint : you would succeed, no doubt.

Poet.

O, I bow, or kneel, to truth and justice ;
And not to mortal man, nor to a spirit,
Imbued for ever with man's worser part.
Were I to kneel, in mild humility,
Should it not be to Him, who sends the sun,
All-gloriously, to light this lower world,
And vivifies all sentient creatures from
Our human biped to the centipede.

Mephistopheles.

Aha! truth! justice! figments of your mind!
What is the truth you worship? Aha! truth!
Search for the truth—within that infinite
And endless well, were through the lapse of time,
The superannuated epochs past,
Suppostitious dates of history,
And cycles, aye, and epicycles, lost,
'Mid centuries of centuries of ages,—
A philosophic pearl, it ever lies
Conceal'd. Did Socrates, the wise and good,
Find aught at last, but the black hemlock-draught?
The great geometer, Pythagoras;
Or Euclid; or a greater still, wise Newton,
Who gather'd pebbles on the distant shore
Of the vast ocean, Truth, a school-boy's task!*
Did one, or all, do more than to bewray
How little is the whole they have explor'd?
What is the truth you worship, and before
Whose undiscover'd altar you would kneel?
Come do not quail; fear not to answer me:
I promise thee a safe and quick return
To that poor dwelling, where thyself and thine,
May once more sleep a sweet restoring sleep:
Thou shalt resume thy usual vocations,
And be no worse for harmless colloquy
With Mephistopheles.

* The very modest comparison of Sir Isaac Newton, on reflecting what he had discovered, and how much remained undiscovered.

Poet.

I am not well:
And feel too spiritless to breathe an answer;
But jesting Pilate asked the question once,*
Then sneer'd contemptuously, nor stayed to hear
The truth from him, who suffer'd for its sake.
Should I say what is true, I shall be treated,
In quick rejoinder, with a polish'd jest:
The lover of the truth must then go down.
The facts agreeing with the records given,
In witness of the same to all mankind,
In the broad face of day; the living light
From underneath the shading bushel taken,
Spreading its brilliant beams to ignorance,
In testamentary, undying love,—
Is our pure, holy truth, the truth divine:
But there are those, who wilfully are blind,
And, in despite of truth, they seek to be
Corrupted, and love darkness more than light,
Their first and latest act being done for evil,
Hugging their loathsome vices to the last.
While the great sun with glorious light shall beam;
And dissipate the ebon clouds of night;
So shall the independent mind of man;
The incorruptible, strong, human heart;
The charitable law which regulates
His actions, sweet'ning his most bitter blood,
Be fix'd within his own immortal nature;
And, like that awful globe of life and light,

* "What is truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. See Lord Bacon's Essays.

Take an unerring, and an endless course,
And shame to night's obscurity the face
Of him, who will not listen to the truth,
Nor let its light and beauty bless the world.
There is a spirit in the truth divine,
Which maketh oft its certain revolutions,
And comes at last, to the lone home of him,
Who suffers patiently the wrath of man,
Like to an angel-spirit, and exalts,
And bears him up again, from his low state,
With manna-laden wings—O glorious hope!

Mephistopheles.

Aha! these are the dreams of simple minds:
The world of poets, never realised.
But when the furnace of their ardent minds,
Is heated into feverish romance,
With their insatiable, and morbid longings:
Climbing the mount, Parnassus, though ye starve,
Ye sing the same old song blind Homer sang:
Ye think to lead, and ye *mis*lead the world,
Pointing man's views unto the distant cloud,
When ye, yourselves, should cultivate the clod.
You have been drinking the wine of poësy:
It is a most intoxicating draught.
Even the every-day and plodding man
Can see the wild abstraction of your eyes,
Bent on the past, or on futurity,
Profoundly lost to all the present world.
A book of figures, or a studious course

Of mathematical deductions, might*
Recall your errant fancy, and reclaim
To practical exactitude, the mind,—
Wand'ring on spendthrift and ungovern'd wing,
From all the calm utilities of life;
So that the numerals on every page
Of the rich merchant's ledger, would not seem
All in a mist of undecypherable
Characters, darker than the Sibyl's books.
You might, then win the wealth, and present honours
Of that reality before your eyes:
The past is nothing—and the future is
The same—even to the shadow of a shade,—
A fathomless, obscure profundity;
Make use of that which *is*, and dream no more,
Nor envy the poor peasant of his sleep!
But, I would not deprive your heart of hope;
Take care you lose it not by self-neglect:
A word is quite sufficient to the wise.

Poet.

I can perceive the *star* upon your breast,
And hear the sarcasm of a polish'd tongue;
I could admire the seeming suavity,
And ornamental outline of a noble
And true Corinthian order, if I not
Perceiv'd the horse's foot upon the earth,
Throwing its gross materials in my face,
To soil, and darken into ugly shade,

* Mathematical studies have been considered as tending to the concentration and strengthening of the human mind.

Both the discourser, and the whole discourse.
Howe'er abstracted I may seem to be,
The strong perceptive faculty is waken,
And not to be too bent on cooler reason,
I cultivate the feelings of affection:
I cleanse, with loving heart, my darken'd eyes;
And purge, with sympathy pervading all
The various tribes of man, and creeds of old,
Error or truth—my earth-encrusted soul;
And even in darkness, see a ray divine.
The light of nature, and a purer light,
Irradiates my mind with sacred visions;
This mortal, shall become immortal life;
Whatever clouds surround, or evils darken,
Chang'd it shall be, in the twinkling of an eye,
Into a spirit bright and pure as glory,
The ever-radiant and eternal glory,
Circling the god-like brow of Jesus Christ.

Mephistopheles.

There is no end preceived, nor purpose plain,
In all this devious circumlocution;
You may exhaust yourself, but not the subject:
A thousand tongues are chattering even now,
Beneath the arctic and antarctic stars;
Enthusiastic missionaries in each zone,
With frantic zeal are voicing forth such words;
But all in vain: the many still are blind
To your delightful and ecstatic hopes.
Indulge your visions; see to what they lead.

Poet.

Your late advice is good, whate'er the motive ;
But as your course is ever serpentine,
I must be cautious of a gilded pill,
And chemically test each separate
Ingredient before I take the whole.
You, then, would not denude me of my hope,
And leave me naked, helpless and forlorn.
Hope is inherent in the mind, while sane,
Wedded to every human heart till broken ;
Glowing with visual rays, a light divine ;
And should the earth become again immersed
In elemental waters, or a dread
Conflagration seize the universe
In one destructive, awful pyreneum,—
The hope, the faith, the ever-living spirit,
Ascending from the perishable ashes,
Would seek its vested heritage in heaven.

Mephistopheles.

You should have been an humble parish priest,
Or graced a stall in some cathedral old,
And borne with ease and dignity life's burden,
Brightening religion's gloom with genius,
The glowing halo, which surrounds the muse :
An humble minstrel oft hath sorry fare ;
And the poor follower of blithe Apollo
Lives not on nectar and ambrosia :
You might have utter'd, then, your verbiage,
Like any preacher of the Gallic school,
And just within the ratio of your stipend,

You might have been a happy, true, believer.
The wild enthusiast, in his dreams of glory,
Imagines himself safe; but these soon fade;
A sad reaction intervenes; a change—
A dread reverse o'ertakes his troubled soul;
And no physician of the mind, or body,
Can ever cure the immedicable taint—
The earthly finite ever longing for
The heavenly—the unattainable—
The unbeginning, endless infinite.
Poor worm! afflicted with a burning thirst,
And gnawing appetite, to be a god!
A creature of the dust! now soaring onward—
Excelling eagle-pennons in his flight—
Then quickly changing to a prostrate form;
A mere cold lump of clay to decompose,
And to return and mingle with the old,
The primal elements of life and matter,
The natural germs and principles of things,
Eternal, increate, and indestructible:
But let me not deprive your ardent mind
Of the bewild'ring faithlessness of hope,
Nor even weaken it the more, if I
Should find it drooping with a sigh or tear,
Shed over human vanity and frailty.
Come, I will change the scene, if you dare follow.

Poet.

Perchance, to take some harm. Enough of evil
Have I already seen; 'tis not thy nature
To shew me aught beside.

Mephistopheles.

Not to catch cold
In the raw air, wrap well your coat around
Your mortal body, and have faith in me:
Have confidence in Mephistopheles.

Poet.

What! faith in thee, the demon of despair!
Constant companion of the hapless wicked!
And yet, I may not rail, though sweetest blood,
Sometimes will momentarily turn bitter:
Not faith, nor even confidence in thee!
What faith or confidence can e'er I hold?
Faith is the evidence of things unseen;
But, from some temporary mystery,
Thou art exposed unto my mortal eyes.
Would I were rid of this hallucination:
I feel the *incubus* upon my breast:
Give me no faith in thee, but confidence
In my own nature, and a purer spirit
May not forsake me, in my latest hour.

Mephistopheles.

Certainly not, when fancy holds her reign;
And the hot, crimson tide of life is flowing,
In flux arterial, and in veinous reflux;
And in, perchance, a rapid circulation;
And with irregular and wildest pulse;
When every subtle fluid of the system,

Is an irritable state of motion,
And last, subsiding stage of agitation,
Then opens to the view, another life;
Another world; then incoherent words
Seem linked with more than logic reason's chains;
And preternatural excitement seems
Illumination from a heavenly torch:
And those around your death-couch may invent
A tale of mystery, a dark legend, fit
For grave and reverend sages to expound.

Poet.

You need not so pursue the jest. This world
Hath often set me many perilous tasks;
And taught me, also, many grievous lessons;
Even a piercing sarcasm I can bear.
If you persist in too much wicked wit,
I must retire, and leave you to yourself;
"In solitude, a wild beast or a god;"
And loudly sound the talismanic words
Of him, who wore a cowl in pure devotion,
Knelt at the altar of the Paschal Lamb;
And if e'er tempted, cried, *Satan—avaunt*,
Satan, avaunt! Get thee behind me, Satan:
Apage Sathanos, those old sounds*
From ancient learning in her monkish cell;
Those spiritual words, and holy aspirations,
Demoniac power, nor wierd charm, nor death,

* APAGE SATHANOS, GET THEE BEHIND ME SATAN. A talisman, or charm, used by the monks of the middle ages, when they considered themselves in the midst of danger, or temptation.

Nor hell, nor thou upon thy burning throne,
Can ever hush to silence; they resound
In holy assonance, when serpent-folds
Untwine, and laxly leave their cruel grasp,
And the dark face of evil waxeth pale.
Let me retire; too long I stay with thee.

Mephistopheles.

A word, and then most willingly, adieu!
Some other time, to have another scene,
Remote, afar, from this old Roman station,
And in a purer region of the air:
Some woodland, forest, or high mountain-land.
Yes! for awhile, thou shalt again be free
From all the sad adversity befallen
Upon thee in thy utmost need: thy mind
On wings untir'd shall soar to other spheres.
Yes · thou shalt forth with me, and feast thy fill
With witches around ancient Pendle-hill;
With sylvan wierds, and restless wild-fire-rangers,
Dread wizard-spirits, who are ever strangers
To all thine own unhappy human fears,
To all thy weaknesses and all thy tears;
Once more within my region, shalt thou come
To something richer than thy crumbs at home.
From this aërial chamber, now, descend;
Thou wilt perceive I am somewhat thy friend;
Thou may'st return, in safety, though, alone,
And think thyself secure, when I am gone.

[*Vanishes.*

Poet.

What dreams disturb the brains of all mankind!
I seem awaking from a sleep profound;
And images of various form and hue,
Distinctly, quickly, in a panorama,
Are flitting now athwart my homeward path.
Let reason rule, and guide my onward way;
And when I lose her light to point my path,
With her firm, fixed, and faithful indices,
May life depart in its bright company,
And change my death-night to eternal day.

SCENE IV.—A LIBRARY.

POET, *Solus, seated at a table, on which numerous books are placed.*

Poet. (Reads.)

For I know that my Redeemer liveth; and that he shall stand at the latter day to judge the earth: for after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh, shall I see God.*

(REPEATS)—"Yet in my flesh shall I see God!"

O! awful, wonderful, and glorious record!
The mind doth wander through thy sacred leaves,
In search of comfort for the troubled soul:
Enigma unexplainable! how dumb
Is man before the voice of God!

* See the book of Job, chap. 19, vers. 25—26.

(Enter Mephistopheles, in the back-ground; he rouses the Poet from his reverie, with a gentle salutation, and disappears.)

Whose there? I thought I was, myself, alone:
Beseemingly, I am: no one appeareth.
What wrapt, delusive fancies minds like mine,
Are troubled with, even in their waking dreams!
Confusion, bordering on madness, may
Arise, if I indulge in too much thought
On the first germs and principles of things:
The metaphysic sea, illimitable;
In depth unfathomable; the mental pole
Obscurely shines, to guide me on its bosom;
There is nor track, nor chart, nor vestige mark'd,
Nor port, nor haven, near its shoreless waters,
Drearily flowing, onward, and for ever:
The mind returns to Nature for a guide,
And fondly clings to an establish'd home.
Why should I penetrate the secret source,
Which she hermetically seals against
Intrusive hands, and ever-searching minds?
She seals the knowledge, as the book of fate
Is seal'd, to make man happy in the passing hour.

I view correctly what voluminous
And learned pages I have wander'd through:
What have I noted in my studious hours,
In the enduring page of Verulam?

(*Reads.*)

"I would sooner believe all the tales in the Legend, the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal

Frame was without a mind."*
The Christian's volume is laid open wide,
At the pathetic story of old Job,
That taught me patience in adversity:
Some verses extraordinary, here,
Are noted with a mark of admiration:
"Yet, in my flesh shall I see God." I doubt—

(Mephistopheles re-appears, but is silent and invisible to the poet.)

The resurrection of the carnal body.
I think there must have been a sinister
And cunning hand interpolating this.
Books grow not less, when favouring a gross
And superstitious heresy; a note,
Sometimes, writ on the margin, has been thrust
Adroitly in the page; a stage-direction
I have known creep at last into the text
Of some remarkable soliloquy:
But at the theatre it may be smooth'd
Easily down by those who know by rote
The dexterous cunning of the Thespian art:†
Even the classic page of history
Has not escap'd such vulgar profanation,
From the dishonest hands of meddling priests.
Books, that display'd the truth were burn'd to ashes;

* See Lord Bacon's essays.

† Vide Shakspeare and his commentators. In several passages of the immortal bard, the marginal directions of the author, or prompter, have been introduced into the text. This, I apprehend, is well known to his admirers.

Of some vast tomes citations but remain
On their antag'nist's page, perplex'd and tortur'd:
Like fragments isolated from truth's pillar,
Barbarian hands destroy'd for love of God,
At which we sigh, as if truth were a fiction,
Virtue a shadowy, insubstantial good,
And mourn, with Brutus, o'er an empty name.

(Mephistopheles speaks in the back-ground, loudly.)

Mephistopheles.

"*Let reason rule and guide.*" Were those the words,
When you awoke from your last, dreamy sleep?*

(Approaches, and becomes visible.)

What have ye poets, now, to do with priests,
Or poetry with superstition, less
Ye would, like those deceivers, men deceive?
Prophets, or poets, which are much the same;
Priest, or physician; scrivener, quack, or devil;
If one of them should write a mystic book,
Leave not your reason on the title-page,
And wander through the work without a guide,
Like him, who left his lantern at his home,
Became benighted, and was led astray
By flitting wild-fires, searching for his house,
But found at last, a quagmire in a wild
And dreary waste, and there his life he lost.
Do not imagine I am troublesome;

* Vide the end of the last scene.

But bear awhile, e'en with my company,
For the true lesson you have yet to learn:
I have been listening to your moody dreams,
And meditations, solemn as the night:
Ye poets live in an enchanted world,
And need not be surprised if one brief vision
Become reality unto the sense,
Unto the outward, as the inward man.

Poet.

Alas! again to be tormented, thus!
By thee, the Spirit Contradictory;
The messenger of doubt, and dread despair!
How oft must I be visited by thee?

Mephistopheles.

I came not to afflict, but to enlighten.
You need not be so seriously alarm'd;
My choice of weapons, both in peace and war,
Is merely what you love: a play of words,
In the beginning; and satirical
Delight, at last, without an ill intention;
Then, I salute the circle; bid adieu,
As poets do, and seek the secret shade.
As for the priests——

Poet (eagerly.)

Well, come, now, of the priests?
What priest e'er plann'd the drama of old Job?

Mephistopheles.

An ancient Arab penn'd the famous poem,
And priest is *presbos*; but an old man's name.
What Jew hath held communion with the stars,
Except, in recent times? Who could descry,
With scientific, astronomic skill,
Amongst a barbarous horde of savages,—
Mazaroth, in his season, 'midst the glory
Of the constellations, in their splendid course,
Around the fix'd, and ever-glowing ball,
Without whose light the mariner is lost,
Without whose sway, *Chaos would come again?**
Older than Moses is Idumean Job.†
All that is savage in your sacred writ,
Is native unto Israelitish ground;
The learning and philosophy is Gentile,
Foreign, or alien, amongst Jewish tribes.
Blood-fed Jehovah was the Moloch there;
And in a wooden box was borne along,
In shepherd's vale, on war's dread battle-field:
Wherever was its course, there might be traced
The vestiges of direst desolation;
The smoke of carnage, mingling with the clouds;
The face of earth, within the savage land,
Was stain'd and moisten'd with the sacred blood,
Till nature, with her vegetable mantle,
Shrouded the crimson with oblivious green.

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* Vide Othello's declaration of love to Desdemona.

† An ancient copy of the book of Job, in the form of a drama, is said to be preserved in the Library of the East India Company.

Poet.

'Twas here I sought for peace, and you intrude.
I need no tempter: knowledge unto me,
Must flow from a beneficent and godly mind.
In mine own bosom good and evil dwell;
The good preponderating in life's scale,
Making the selfish and incarnate part,
In purgatorial pennance, kick the beam.
What martyr could do more? what sage? what saint?
Do not engage me in a strife with thee,
Nor think I notice every idle word,
And deign to answer specious arguments:
Unto the *Giver of all Good*, I bow,
Yielding him patient love and reverence.
I am no rebel against deity,
Nor can the evil one lead me astray.
If I should fall, it shall not be from pride,
But with an humble hope to rise again.
If I should reach the top of that fam'd mount,*
Or be content to wander 'round mid-way,
And place my name amongst inferior lights,
Sufficient shall it be, for my true mission,
That I have done my best to guide: mislead,
As thou dost, is no part of duty:
I have been born; I thank God for my life;
The time will come when I must surely die;
The giver, then, may have his gift again;
His mercy will rub out the deepest stain
Impress'd in travelling through the miry slough
Of this world's wretched wickedness and sin.

* An allusion to Parnassus.

Mephistopheles.

To bear a heavy burden, is to be
Too ignorant to teach, too proud to learn;
Too wrapt in the ideal, and enstranged
From every lucid view of life and manners:
This aye hath been the curse of lettered men.
I do not mean upon their vaunted pages
To ground this serious charge to you; I shew
In practical and abstract point of view,
The earth, on which they move, but scarcely know
How properly to walk: they scribble on—
And scribble to no purpose; manuscripts
And printed books are piled to mountain-heights,
And at the last, the butter-woman turns
A penny with them into common sense:
What they may weigh is all that they are worth.
Yet, there's a book that man should value well:
There lived upon a time a man divine,
At least, a teacher of eternal truths,
Without whose light, the tripod, or the stool,
Three-legged, or four, perchance, would then have been
All that could lift you upward from the dust,
Or green-sward bank, where gypsies love to pitch
Their tents, in vagabond inheritance,
And seek most naturally, their wholesome food.
His knowledge ne'er misled the world of man;
Old Euclid's revelations need no statute,
Nor inquisition, to protect, I ween.
Sacred within their own internal essence,

Upon their truth move in their certain course,
The everlasting planets, and the stars,
In their magnificent and glorious light.

Many there are who wear convenient masks,
And use religion as a cloak, to screen
Their inward sense of all the falsehood there:
They love the world, and must enjoy the world:
They love the gold, and they kneel down before it;
They love the rank, and fain would wear the star;
Their minds, like wax, are ready for the seal,
Even the lowest seal in heraldry,
If the mock king at arms would honour them,
And add a title to ignoble names.
Thy kingdom come! Their kingdom is on earth,
And there they reign, like Lucifer, in hell.

Poet.

Is then religion but hypocrisy;
And man's experience the test of truth?
Are *doubt* and *truth* for ever kith and kin,
Eternally inseparable twins?
Are man's bright hopes but mock'd with dreams of heaven;
And when he dies, expires he like the taper,
Deprived of its essential, vital oil?
Is there no more? Is this a wise man's creed?
Convince not me that I am merely clay;
Born as a beast is born; lives, dies the same;
That *that*, which is but earth, to earth returns;
And the all-glorious fire of man's pure soul,
Seeks but an animal metempsychosis;

Or Sirius absorbs, or Aldebaran ;*
Nor joins the spirit-power which sent it forth,
Far, far beyond the firmament of stars,
Passing direct through spheres chrystalline,
Beginning, but unending in its course,
Until the mind is lost, and must return
Unto the narrow finitude of self,
Shrinking before the Unapproachable,
The *primum mobile* of every world.
Leave me to dream my fond and happy dreams,
With spirits, who have never fallen from grace,
Attendant ministers on good men's souls,
Inspiring them with hope and faith for ever.

Mephistopheles.

There is a sanctuary in your brain,
An anti-chamber, or a closet kept
So close, that light may never enter :
It should be furnished with most precious treasures,
And tastefully, and in good order kept ;
But, it would seem, if you will pardon me,
Irregularly crammed with oddest things,
As if it were a worthless lumber-room,
In which all grown-up children dream they see
Ghosts, goblins, spirits, and their dead relations ;
Around its walls are dusty cobwebs hanging,
While rats and mice, like busy clericals,
Industriously pursue their wonted game,

* Aldebaran, pronounced and spelt variously by the lexicographers. It is here used with the penultimate accent.

When the old spider, Prejudice, peeps forth,
Giving alarm to all should reason's light
Emit one gentle ray; each crevice closed,
All the destructive vermin remain safe
In their original, repulsive gloom.

Poet.

Your allegoric picture may be true;
But I suspect an evil application:
Reverse your figures, reconstruct your fable,
And then the application will be plain,
Nor inappropriate to its author's mind.
The gloomy mansion, or the tenement,
Obscure and foul, built by a wicked hand,
To bring destruction on the innocent,
I soon should scent by the impurity
Within, without, corrupting all around:
As a dread pest-house, this I should avoid.
Built for an evil purpose, I might be
Induced to make good purpose of its *site;*
But to improve, with sanatory rules,
The house itself, were vain; the rooms being small
And low, where you might creep, not walk;
The windows, inadmissible to light;
The stair-case, dangerous and slightly fix'd;
The roof, a mass of trembling, shivering clay;
The walls erected without rule or line;
And the foundations laid in moving sand,
I need not soil myself to pull it down,
But wait with patience for a little while,
The noisome, evil structure will be gone;

The rafters, crumbling to rotten dust;
And all its base materials out of sight:
Then, would I fumigate the very ground;
Each hole and corner should be duly cleans'd;
The poison'd water should be drain'd away,—
To purify itself in nature's filters,
Mysteriously meandering in the earth,—
The ground to strengthen and consolidate:
Then, would I build in the broad face of day,
For my own heritage, a happy home;
Casting, betimes, good seed upon the ground,
Obtain'd in honourable merchandise,
From heavenly Freedom's uncorrupted lands,
In intercourse reciprocal and sweet;
Then, would I plant choice seedlings all around,
In firm reliance on God's providence,
Which, smiling on the work of humble hands,
By Him assisted, e'en from first to last,
I soon should find wealth, health, and beauty there.
Ah! I would kneel before the rising orb,
Thankfully humbled by its majesty,
Unlike the innocent children of the sun,
Who ignorantly deified the light,
Not knowing Him, at whose brief word arose
The bright magnificence of light: from whom
The life and light eternal came to man.

Mephistopheles.

You will excuse the personal application;
It was a fault in manners, if not morals;
'Twas merely done to try your temper only.
I must confess there is a kind of order

Within your mind, or you could not depict,
By any rule of taste, the numerous figures
In your poetic gallery of art.
The Spirit of Doubt minutely criticizes,
And first removes the drapery away,
Dyed superficially with sacred prejudice,
Or tinted with false colours to deceive,
And charm the heart of man while it deceives.
Have you no firmness for this famous art?
Or, do you shun the truth, content to be
A wondering worshiper of the unknown,
Nursing old prejudice within your breast?

Poet.

Indeed! why should I harbour prejudice
Against the doubter? Let him doubt away,
Till he become as cold as icicles;
My faith, and, if you will, credulity,
Shall keep me warm and steadfast to my creed.
Too much, perchance, for him, his doubt; enough
For me, my confidence in goodness, still,
To meet a final, though a late reward.
I'd sooner live a moping idiot,
And stare with vacant eyes upon the world,
Than be a prey to Prejudice and Doubt,
Two haggard wizards, twin-born of confusion:
I would as soon be robb'd of superfluity,
Or, with a little self-denial, all
That I could wisely spare, as live a prey
To foul suspicion of my fellow-creatures,
Or think them one whit worse than what they are.

Let me always incline to think them better,
And call them forth to an amended life,
With the sweet music of a gentle voice.
The sceptic's upright doings in this world,
Should claim from all the utmost admiration;
And tears of love and pity should be shed
On him, on his, on all that he doth own,
For that he doeth well without the light
To guide him onward to a better world:
I cry for mercy for him, should he die,
Like brilliant Voltaire, rejecting Christ.*
The mediator and the saviour,—
Whom Lucifer, thy master, strove in vain
To tempt with promises of worldly glory,—
Let me trust, still, true counsellor of man:
Your master found a greater master, then.

Mephistopheles.

It was his fate, and he can bear it patiently;
He does not weep to be restored again.
If I have hit you with too rough a hand,
Go on; I give you every chance in speech.

Poet.

As for the righteous-over-much, I know,
By sad experience of many years,
They never flinch in their cold selfishness,
But gloat on hard oppression of the poor,

* After all that has been said about the "brilliant Frenchman," as Cowper called him, it appears he died rejecting Christianity.

Maugre the prophet's serious malediction:
How blind are they, and reckless of the Word!
There are faith, hope, and charity, 'tis writ;
The greatest of all these is Charity:
I mean not doles and gifts:
Let me forget them all: too well I know.

Mephistopheles.

The charity bequeath'd unto the poor,
Which is most freely given, and best-timed,
Is not, I say, or aliment, or garment,
Or pillow for their almost lifeless bones;
But when the vital spark becomes extinct,
In the black coffin they are soon conceal'd,
Needing no more your vaunted charity.

Poet.

A better day awaits the suffering poor,
Both here and everywhere: the vicious part
May need the helping and reforming hand,
Of virtue: and society progressive
Will remedy in time all serious evils.
Love and religion, more than human laws,
Breathe the balsamic breath for the good work:
And where it is required it is given,
And where it is not given, not required:
This is a point in our theology,
For other minds than mine to explicate.
Come, seek, and ye shall find: ask in a spirit
Of grace and love, and ye shall surely have:
Knock at the door, and it shall open wide.

Where may be found the way unto the life,
That shall not die, within the church of Christ:
Even mercy's pearls are not at random strung.*
This is the doctrine of the primitive;
I know but little of the complex mass
Of numerous creeds in our gay modern world.

Mephistopheles.

You're but a dullard unless rous'd to action:
You do not seem to understand the theory
And practice of the theologic art,
Problem of contradiction intricate.
Ye poets soar above all heresies,
And creeds particular and finely drawn,
Taking the leading principles of things,—
Which you personify at fancy's will,—
To be your guide, neglecting mere details,
Or lineal chains, and links collateral.
Religion, in such minds, is like the love
Of country maiden, for her first fond lover;
Or like the love of mother for her offspring,
A feeling planted in her secret nature.
Religion finds in you a feeling heart,
A mind susceptible of its impressions;
Your fancy builds around it golden worlds.

Poet.

I study to be happy. Why should I
Become more miserable with my thoughts?

* PEARLS AT RANDOM STRUNG is an expressive Orientalism. See Sir William Jones's Poems.

Mephistopheles.

Come, 'tis my turn and time to say a little.
To what good purpose have you read these tomes?
Read him, who stamp'd an immortality
On pages, which the proclamation royal
Condemn'd, but not destroyed; in Caxton's type,
Imperishable as the adamant,
They yet remain before the face of men:
Plain, downright, common, vulgar sense, I mean,
Is that which does the business of the world.
This is the land-mark in the natural field
Of reason, and the healthy, lucid mind:
This line of demarcation you would pass;
Onward, most certainly, but in a course,
Devious, replete with miry sloughs, quicksands,
And shallows, till the world of life and nature
Recedes from human sense, and tangible,
Material things are nothing; and the mind
Floats o'er the surface of existence,
Like a cork in water, or a ship at sea,
Sans ballast, binnacle, chart, compass, guide,
Bearing away from the observant eye
Of the unsleeping, ever-watchful star.

When rich men dying, leave a golden bait,
A bequest for the vain *affirmative*,*
To be exhibited, but never proved,—

* Many bequests have been left to prove the AFFIRMATIVE; and one a swollen surge left a bequest to an advocate of the NEGATIVE: but, perhaps, the persecution, and many years of imprisonment, which the martyr suffered, called forth the well-directed testamentary document, which is an honour to our country, independent of mere opinions.

Why seek for knowledge in the venal dust
Of learning, pedantry, scholastic pride,
And pompous ignorance, when rustic wit
Can often teach, and often knows much more?
The *negative* ne'er wins your worldly honours:
Those on its side obtain an after-fame;
In the long lapse of time increasing ever,
In sempiternal popularity,
When they have join'd the eternity of the past.
Let unsophisticated minds bewray
Important truths to your harsh human world,
Down comes your penal statutes on their heads,
Down comes the thunder of the cruel law,
For casting too much light upon mankind:
While but a solitary few can give
Their aquiescent smiles, as a relief
To pallid fears, and mental perturbations.
Truth, with her fix'd, serene, and marble look,
Were she to come and take the judgment-seat,
Deprived of all habiliments and gauds,
Denuded of all solemn draperies,
Would she not turn both rogue and fool to stone?
Even the venerable Verulam proclaims:
*To make truth work it must be oiled with falsehood.**
Falsehood is mix'd even with the mother's milk;
At the baptismal fount the sponsors vow
Three things shall be performed; the child shall be
A Christian, and renounce———

* Vide Mr. Essays.

Poet (interrupting him.)

Renounce the devil!
Renounce the devil, and all his evil works!
The pomp and vanity of this vile world:
Those are the words.

Mephistopheles.

Renounce his reason, too.
Ere reason dawns upon the infant mind,
The deleterious seeds are thickly sown,
Continually swallowed, husk and all,
By gaping ignorance and silly pride;
Those who enact the leading characters
In the mock-tragedy of human life,
Seize the fair tablets of the infant mind,
To write upon them mystic charms and spells.
The witchcraft of their selfish policy,
Well knowing, from the cradle to the grave
Their cabalistic devilry will work,
Egged on in the last, dismal, dying scene,
By local missionaries in each city,
Poking their noses into every hole
And corner, to disturb poor wretched creatures:
Death-bed disturbers, hired by the priests.
Some are too cowardly to brave the danger,
Disease, *miasma*, poverty, and death,
Produced invariably by their own blindness.
Thus, man's a slave; from infancy bequeath'd
As such, into the world, in formal ceremonies:

Yea, led, just like a child without a will
And purpose of its own ; even but a toy,
A gilded bauble flatters his weak eyes.

Poet.

Say what you may, I ever worship God ;
Do what you can, I always shall believe.

Mephistopheles.

You worship God ? You worship but a name !
You know him not in your incarnate form.

Poet.

Sincerely worship ; faithfully believe.

Mephistopheles.

Believe—believe ? The eternal cuckoo-cry,
Echoed by those who live on others' labour,
And forge, and rivet, a more rankling chain
Than ever bound a slave in either India.
What do you know till you begin to doubt ?
Examine, weigh, judge, reason for yourself,
And then you will perceive, and truly know,
Leaving belief, like a dull ass, behind :
While your own spirit bounds at rapid speed,
Around the circle of man's shallow vanities !
The ugliest, vilest, most discordant word
In human language, is the word BELIEVE :
Apple of discord over all the earth.

Cannot your reason see the evident?
Cannot your hand engrasp the palpable,
And with a philosophic firmness hold
The weed so rife in superstition's field?
Unless you do, 't will sting and blister you.
A field so barren of all wholesome fruit,
Yields deadly night-shade to the man of sense:
Be cautious, or you may, by mere mistake,
Select a poisonous herb, while truth's sweet flower
Is blooming beauteously before your eyes.
Fiction produces fiction; legend, legend;
This hydra hath a hundred heads; and cut,
Decapitate them all, they grow again:
The multitude are ever in the wrong;
And Ignorance is old Devotion's mother.
I do not wish you to perambulate
The earth, proclaiming all are fools,
And none are wise, or can be saved but you:
Let your own mind acquire a learned ease,—
The grace of life is ease with dignity,—*
And like an ancient quietist you may
Be calm and happy, although blood may flow
To fertilize, and christianize, the earth.
The cross hath drunk more human gore in wars;
On fields of doubtful fame; in civil spheres;
In gloomy courts; by stake and faggot's blaze;
In dungeons horrible as dreaded hell;
Where the brave man of virtue hath been rack'd;

* Otium cum dignitate. Ease with dignity; generally applied to the retirement of great men into private life. They are then said to be enjoying their ease with dignity.

Where scientific Genius hath expired,
Unknown, unhonour'd of his kind and nation,—
Than the proud crescent of the cruel Turk,
A branch, or offshoot of the Christian tree.
The soldier-prophet knew your *scriptures* well,
And many of their lessons he inscribed
With superstition's never-failing sword.

How *wise* was he, who made theocracy
A policy to govern human kind!
The polity and policy remain;
The *voice from Heaven* subdues, if not convinces;
And great men tremble at the awful sound:
Shrewd Moses found the cunning secret out,
Or some such wily law-giver of old;
And those who wield its energies o'er man,
Know that their strongest hold is ever there.
Political magicians! free, themselves,
They use this craft, but to make others slaves:
The enlightened few, succeeding each in power,
Rule all the rest by arms and policy.

Poet.

What care have I for policy or arms?
Kings have their power; and they may keep their thrones;
Prelates their altars; they may hold their crosiers;
Let me have mine to love religion, still,
And *stay* awhile within this beauteous world,
Despite of man's corruption and his errors:
He was not perfect made, but our great duty

Prompts us to make him happier than he is,
Leaving his sins to his redeemer, Christ.
I pry not into holy mysteries,
Too deep for my weak ken; let me believe,
And trust, and take for granted mine own creed,
And thus let the mind rest. Why trouble me
With hieroglyphics and enigmas old,
Inscriptions graven on this monument,
Or on that stone, or on the wooden cross,
Or on the pyramids, which yet survive,
In triumph over a reluctant death,
On Nilus' banks, the wonder of the world?
Blest with an humble and a contrite heart,
Pursuing rightful piety and peace,
I seek not for a lasting epitaph
To give a tongue unto the speechless stone,
That soon may shroud my poor mortality
From the intrusive gaze of wicked eyes.
Not on the mouldering tomb record my name,
Not upon burnished brass, with pen of steel,
Inscribe e'en an initial, or a date,
Or fragile fragment of a name or epoch;
But in that page within the *book of life*,
That's moisten'd with angelic mercy's tears.
Let my poor name be registered for ever.
Although I be but a very feeble man,
My human nature's link'd to incorruption,
And bids me follow that which best accords
With my true interest upon the earth,
Nor forfeit mercy in the dispensation:

"Write me as one who loves his fellow-men,"*
Saith a sweet voice unto a selfish world.

Mephistopheles.

Thine ardent words, thine ever-active mind,
Thy vivid fancy, serve thee in good stead
Of cool and logical deliberation.
How thy compeers, though differing with thee,
Would be amazed at elocution's sound:
But there's no kernel in thy husk of words.
Come, should I crack a theologic nut,
And find the kernel, if it be not rotten?
It hath been handled much in every age,
With numerous itching and unseemly hands:
Amusement timely elevates the mind,
Restoring it to natural cheerfulness.
I do not offer anything but words,
And should I possibly bring treasures sweet,
You might enjoy in a serene old age,
Because I know the world neglects the bard,
And poësy is our peculiar wine,
You would not, like a hungry animal,
Or snatch them roughly, greedily, from me,
Or scratch, or bite the hand that offered them.
No: you, of gentle kindred, and the muse,
Would act becomingly to gentle blood:
Earn certain fame, disinterested friends,
Nor drive your best with rude reproach away,

* Vide an exquisite piece by Leigh Hunt, entitled, "Abou Ben Adhem."

Boasting the degradation of the muse.*
You've help'd a lame dog o'er a rural stile,
When fer your services he lick'd your hand
In gratitude sagacious to his friend ;
But I have heard of one who bark'd and growl'd,
And vainly tried to bite, with heart ingrate,
Then howl'd its baseness to the heedless moon,
Who smil'd, as she was wont, amid the heavens,
Permitting his distemper'd blood to boil,
Till he had bay'd his fiercest wrath away,
Calmly enjoying her mild maiden reign.
You've seen a cat within a dairy snug,
Lick the rich cream off each full, laden vessel,
Then wipe his beard, with his soft, velvet paws,
And gratulate himself upon the feast,
Of which his master had been thus deprived.
Have you not seen this in your own vain world ?
But let this pass, and to my theme, once more.

(Aside.) A little pleasant eulogy may soothe
His irritable nerves ; a pungent satire
Is always relish'd, season'd with some spite :
I must prepare, if possible, his mind,
For words to make impression properly,
And with a strong acidity go deeper :
Perhaps I may astound, if not convince :
A structure the most solid, trembled first,
Before it fell : I will adopt the style
Of special pleaders, between jest and earnest.

* I altogether disapproved of the resistance to the wishes of the friends of Literature on a late occasion. The prejudice, which it has created in certain quarters, against the self-taught writers in humble life, will not soon disappear. It is amusing that the individual, in question, has proved the truth, as regards himself, at least, of Shenstone's saying, that, POETS ALL ARE TORIES. Vide, "Passages in the Life of a Radical."

As Jupiter in metamorphosis,*
Visited Leda, aye, and Semele,
Wooed Danaæ within a golden shower,
Europa in the form of lusty bull:
Such is the source of gods of woman born!
Arouse, poetic dreamer, for awhile!
You would have been enraptured had you seen
The swan embracing Leda lovelily,
While his expanded wings curtain'd her form,
Shrouding her body in a silver shade:
Her eyes' soft languish, and her golden hair
Dishevell'd, streaming in abandonment,
Around her lovely bosom! Ah! what bliss
Ye mortals might enjoy, if husbanded
So that ye broke not, nor e'er intermix'd
A base ingredient in your cup of joy:
Love is reciprocal, and ye should woo
As blithe Apollo wooed his beauteous Daphne.
Nature and spirit are but soul and body;
You must incorporate the two in one;
She aye contains within herself the spirit,
The breath of life, since the first-born of chaos,
When Love sat brooding on the shapeless mass.
All spirits, in their essences, are sparks
Emitted from the Spirit of all worlds;

* Mephistopheles here takes advantage of numerous instances in classical authors, in the mythologies of various nations, to sneer at the miraculous conception of the Virgin Mary, and rouses himself almost to indignation, that the conqueror of his master, Lucifer, should be represented by the apostles, or by the authors of the gospels, as having appeared to the Virgin, in the form of a dove, as Jupiter had been represented to have taken the form of a swan, when he condescened to visit Leda. The MYTHOS, in both instances, are understood only by the initiated. Lempriere admirably explains many of the classical stories; and the dove was considered both by jews and christians, as the bird of love and peace.

We are inferior spirits when apart
From the great source of all; returning thence,
We gather strength till we arrive at primal power;
Some are obedient to the great original,
Which man's impertinence gives feeble names;
Others too great in plenitude of light,
May weaken their intensity awhile,
With a disordered separation:
Great Lucifer divides his countless beams;
But this disorder is but such in name;
The wildest comet moves by fixed laws,
Eccentric only to your feeble ken,
Concentric ever in reality,
And in its devious orbit doth contain
Worlds within worlds, and system within system.
Can man's vain fancy change the eternal law
Which binds this vast plurality of worlds?
You look with wild amazement on me now;
Yet need not wonder at a world of wonders;
Nor be struck dumb with superstitious awe,
Should I proclaim in solemn verity,
The eternal rectitude of Nature's laws,
Containing in the letter and the spirit,
The indestructible, medic'nal seeds
Of her own order and due preservation.

Poet.

Ah! this is to entice me. I confess,
I but expected some old jest obscene:
Yet good advice should ever be remember'd,
And we should always give the devil his due:

I understand that nature is in time,
And spirit in eternity : explain
The mystagogue which way you please,
I have mine own unalterable mind ;
I hold mine own unalterable thoughts.

Mephistopheles.

I merely pointed to a Grecian legend :
The corollary to be drawn is yours,
Not mine ; but, in the way of humour,
Perchance, to keep us pleasantly together,
Pray, let me give some gentle hints to you :
Your bookish lore may soon supply the rest,
And give my sketch a more elaborate finish.

Was not Evadne a chaste virgin deem'd,
And innocent withal of human love,
And yet a lovely, dark-hair'd child she bore,
And found sweet solace in Apollo's arms ?
Did not old Pindar pray the Saviour, Jove,
The cloud-surrounded and eternal Jove,
Enthron'd upon the sacred Cronian mount ?
Did not the first of Romans spring from Mars,
Twin brother unto Remus, whom the wolf,
More true than human mother, took to feed
In forest-cavern, with her own rough dugs,
When Rumour bruited forth a hundred voices,
That Mars had been with Rhea Sylvia,
And rendered sacred the first Roman matron ?
And did not Numa piously pretend
His laws were sacred, and from Heaven reveal'd,
In consultations with Egeria,

In intercourse reciprocal and sweet,
The interceding nymph 'tween him and Jove?
The cave or grotto, honoured by the muse,
Still woos the man of letters from his path;
His elevated mind bound to the past,
Egeria views him kneeling at her shrine.
Innumerable freaks like these have been
Oft play'd before unconscious ignorance,
With whom the clericals might put their sons,
The illegitimate fruit of lawless love,
Even on the almighty God, himself,
Paternalizing them in his great name,
Casting their sensualities to heaven!
A sacred swan, a holy dove, with wings
O'ershadowing beauty and pure chastity,
Is but a sorry fiction wrought to please
The over-weening vanity of man.
What was your suffering and incarnate God?
A baby suckling woman's milky bosom,
And then a wretched vagabond on earth,
Blaspheming, violating civil laws,
Denouncing human power, until its fierceness
Finally grasp'd him in its reckless talons,
Taunting him, then, a god, to save himself.
No miracles wrought he when crown'd with thorns:
Thus shouted the sarcastic, cruel Jews.

Now, pardon my impatience, if I say,
That if he wanted worship as a god,
As God the Father, or as God the Son,
Or God the Word, or God the Holy Ghost,
Then, on the raven-stone, or on the cross,
Was the peculiarly happy time

To change, or stone, or wood, to ashes mouldering;
Transform a death-scene into life and glory,
Ascending overtly unscath'd to heaven.
Then Cæsar's cohort would have grounded arms;
The Roman eagle, with its bloody beak,
Would soon have droop'd its cruel war-stain'd pennons;
The stubborn jews have melted into tears
Of love, and piety, and holy faith;
And Pontius Pilate would have answer'd well
The question, he, in mockery, put forth,
To get rid of his duty for awhile,
And cleanse his hands of the foul murder-stain.
"*He is the Truth,*" the Roman would have cried,
"And all that he hath spoken is the truth,
"And to the God of Truth he flies to heaven:
"And, now, let us all kneel and God adore."
Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani?*
Alas! his father-god forsook him, then,
And his weak woman's nature cried aloud
For Him, when nail'd upon the barbarous cross,
Begirt with Roman soldiers, and a mob:
For Him, in awful agony he cried,
His garments as a perquisite divided,
His more particular robe, a seamless vesture,
Staked on a chance, the cast of the last die;
A bleeding innocent, obscurely dying,
Remote from the great Roman world of old:

* MY GOD, MY GOD! WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME? This, I believe, is the emphatic and indisputable English of the momentary despair of the Saviour, when his human sympathies and mortal nature cried out thus in the agony of his punishment. Alas! persecutors, ye, also, have but a momentary triumph over man's despair. Soon the light and the hope revive, and cast you all into the shade.

He died most child-like, in simplicity ;
Even like the innocent boy, in recent times,—
In thine own palatine, where blooms the rose
Upon the lovely cheek of maiden beauty,—
Struggling within the felon-hangman's arms,
His tender hands fast gyved behind his back,
Beseeching all around to take him home,
Sobbing his death-sigh for his poor mother.*

O awful mystery ! O love divine !
Inexplicable conduct in a god !
The fathers he had drown'd in ireful mood,
And for the children he meanly died ;†
Poor Mary's child, his proxy on the cross,
Added a measure unto human blood,
Added another pang to human pains,
Cruelly drawn from the deep breast of man.
Is he—was he the witness of your truth ?
Rouse from the inert stupor of your mind,
And shake off sloth and ignorance at once ;
Be not a dullard mid the visible
And clear eternity before thee, now :
Ah ! let me see, if there be life and motion :
Shrink at my touch, like to the sensitive
And tender plant ; be feelingly alive.
I put a circle round thy person now,
The which I bid thee not to go beyond,
Until thou hast described thy future course.
Come, come, to the decision.

* Vide the Monthly Magazine for 1813, for a brief report of the death-scene at Lancaster Castle, when one of the Westhoughton rioters, a mere boy, was executed, who kept crying out to the hangman, "Tak' me to my mammy,—tak' me to my mammy."

† An exclamation of the sarcastic school of the unbeliever.

Poet, (as if awaking from a stupor.)

Do I dream?
What form is that? whose are those glaring eyes,
That look upon me with their forked beams?
Ah! not paternal, nor fraternal love,
Is there upon that countenance of gloom;
A dreadful, blood-red halo doth surround
The beast-like forehead of mine adversary.
Now, I perceive, and recollect you, well,
The enemy of old, in whose cold hands
My soul is frozen. How intensely cold:
Death may assume this strange terrific form,
And lay his icy hand upon my heart.
Rake all thy cinders, alchemist! Selah!*
Selah! I cry; bestir thy smouldering fires!
And in thy potent, burning crucible,
Test with vain science, man's immortal soul,
Which thou wouldst deem a fabled salamander.
I not retire, like to the Syrian king;†
This is my place to conquer or to die;
And of my death a conquest shall be made
Over the common enemy of man.
Ah! thou art no Popilius Lœnas, thou!
The Roman legions wait not on thee now:
I take my place within thy narrow circle,
And will erase it with the holy rood,
That meteth out eternity to man.

* Some commentators have considered SELAH, &c., mere marginal directions to the singers of the ancient sacred songs.

† Vide a note in Walker's Key to the Classical Languages, usually printed with his English Dictionary.

Mephistopheles.

Aha! in thy fond faith are thou still bound?
Forsaking certainty, you cling to shadows.
Thy deity destroyed, thy god expiring,
The tyrant creature in reversed position,
Triumphant over even the Creator:
A sorry batch of jews, a Roman cohort,
Conquering the power I own hath conquer'd me,
And him I truly serve and constantly.
If to confound, and not convince mankind;
If to perplex, and not instruct the world;
If to resolve a problem in man's morals,
And leave behind a riddle more obscure;
If to find all men fighting for this world;
And leave them fighting vainly for another;
If these were the true ends for which he came
To curse, not bless, mankind upon the earth,
All have been answered with complete success,
And each distinctive answer writ in blood:
Now, I perceive your mind is vagrant ever,
And you have scarcely listened to my words.
In recent times,—this faith established long,
This creed of peace cemented with man's tears,—
What have they done, who held its bloody sceptres?
Ye falsified the names of faith and honour,
Mercy and peace were abrogated both,
Or treated with a dastard profanation,
When ye obtain'd the sovereignty o'er one,
One, who meant more than merely to reign,
And needs no Iliad now to give him fame:
He is embalmed on the historic page,

Affianced to the sage historic muse;
Ye chain'd him, like Prometheus, to a rock,
And sent the vultures there to gnaw his liver.
He died, Napoleon died, of woman born,
Native of Corsican Paöli's land,*
And the bleak rock of St. Helena, still,
Remains to tell your magnanimity
To this great Mars, the modern god of battles:
Boulogne's high column tells a grateful tale,
How lov'd, how honour'd was his glorious name,
The darling child of liberty and arms.†
Though I have lost for ever heavenly glory,
A vast, extensive kingdom was assigned,
An empire fitted for fallen spirits to rule:
Yet, let me wander not, like vagrant minstrels,
But hold straight forward paths of sense and duty:
Now, do not be repulsed, if I should say,—
This Nazarean illegitimate
Some truant soldier from the Roman camp,
In full fruition, must have then begotten.
Denuded of the accoutrements of Mars,
Gaily bedeck'd with wings of peaceful love,
He thus o'ershadowed the poor Hebrew maiden:
Was that the universal potent spirit,
My own fallen state doth prove a mighty god,
Invincible for ever? Can you think,
Can you but momentarily conceive

---

* General Paöli, a celebrated Corsican, who, in his adversity, found an asylum and a burial-place in this country.

† Louis Napoleon, in the occupation of the imperial throne, at present, is some proof, I should think, of the attachment of Frenchmen to the name of Napoleon. Louis Phillippe was the citizen king, and was bepraised by the Chambersses of Edinburgh, at the time these lines were written.

Omnipotence enshrouded in a dove,
Perchance, the swan that visited poor Leda?
Pray, pardon me, if I enjoy awhile,
A hearty laugh: how they would bill and coo!
Pshaw! what weak children grown-up men have been!
However, pin your faith upon the sleeve
Of priestcraft, and yield up the richest fruits,
The earth spontaneously puts forth for man,
And those produced by labour unrequited.
Believe! permit not me to shake your faith,
With *infidel fidelity** and reason.

Poet.

With *infidel fidelity*? what's that?

Mephistopheles.

A natural, moral honesty and reason.
The honest man, who loves the moral truth,
And will not lie to serve a selfish purpose,
And yet rejects the mysteries of your creed:
He is an infidel to your theology;
You are an infidel to him in morals;
He is the true and faithful incarnation
Of natural truth, from wise experience only;
You are the self-deceived, abstracted dreamer,
Content with visions, figments, chimeras:
Your empty song is silence unto him.
When the last Inca of Peru received
A Romish breviary from the friar, Valverde,

* Vide Leigh Hunt's "Lines to a Spider."

What did he tell the money-gloating priest?
With serious mien, and noble dignity,
Formally placing it to the royal ear,
"'*Tis silent*," he replied, "*it tells me nothing.*"*
What are your sacred books, your book of life,
When to support each cunning mystery,
With a political impiety,
You rob the poor of their inheritance,
Which Mother Nature gave to all, alike,
And cruelly ajudge them, every one,
As mean and vile intruders on the feast,
Which she provides, the universal mother!
You make the book of life, the book of death,
And every leaf thereof becomes accurs'd.

Poet.

I find it a rich blessing to the poor,
To whom 'tis freely given every day.

Mephistopheles.

Unto the poor you give! what do you give?
Vain, empty words, when you should give them bread,
Insulting pity, rather than relief,
And of the ills you vainly try to 'suage
Your own blind folly is the certain cause:
And when they cry for liberty and life,
You change their manacles to heavier fetters;
In mercy, then you give them charity;

* Vide Gorton's Biographical Dictionary, article Ataliba,

In justice give to them their native rights,
And charity then need not hide your sins,
And sound, like tinkling brass, ignoble names;
And pester every ear, and sicken all
The hearts that feel, till indignation starts
In patriotic or poetic flame,
And drowns your vaunted names with sheer contempt.
However, take the lead in folly's dance,
And keep your feet within its mazy circle,
The while you may, the last weak step shall be
Into the dark, insatiable grave.
Why can you not believe that *death is death!*
And give the only life that you may know,
Its true nobility and manly station?
Ah! when you lie, at last, a coffin'd corpse,
Then, you will find your idiom plain and true,
A last, long home for ever and for ever.

Poet.

Let me alone: or leave me to my dreams:
I never can give up my sweetest hopes.

Mephistopheles.

Your hopes! now I perceive your face, your eyes
More brightly beam; they give the diamond's blaze,
And radiant fires illume thy countenance,
Bright scintillations flash around thy brow,
Like the *Aurora Borealis* 'round
The constant and unalterable pole!
Thine eyes emitting a phosphoric light,
Hope beams within them to another world.
Now, come with me, and thou shalt be immortal.

Poet.

I am immortal, and without thine aid.
Thou cam'st to triumph; 'tis thy special task
To be profane and wicked to the last;
Seasoning thine eloquence with deadly poison:
For thee, poor devil, there is not even hope.

Mephistopheles.

Aha! I seek my pleasure in despair;
Illusions cheat me not; and, undeceiv'd,
Stript of its beauty, which is mere ideal,
I see with eagle-eye, the naked world.

Poet.

And with a predatory instinct, too,
To grasp with eagle-talons, and destroy,
Or lingeringly punish, which is worse,
Even than a final, atheistic death.

Mephistopheles.

Give me no pretty, fluttering, singing bird,
Always enticing man to vain pursuit,
And when approximates the trembling hand,
To catch the little beauty—lo! behold!
It trims its feathery barque, and sails away,
Upon the viewless atmospheric sea.
Hope and despair! I am infinitely
Exalted above both poor human passions:
My nature is to search, and find, and grasp;

To take, and to possess, and firmly hold.
The most immediate sense, the distant vision;
The philosophic science of the mind;
The analytical experiment,
Are not so certain as the slightest glance,
My piercing eye can cast upon mankind:
Doubt, if you would attain the highest point
Of intellectual pre-eminence,
And thence see all the errors of belief.

Poet.

I've doubted till mine own existence seems
A doubt; but now, in fuller knowledge, life
Appears to me, commencing its bright course.

Mephistopheles.

How shallow is the evidence of facts;
How palpable the gross assemblages
Of tale and legend, miracle and marvel;
Though, in the record, darkness cover earth,
And universal nature seems to tremble,
Rome's deathless voice is silent on the theme,
Revelling the while in the pure light of science,
Sending it forth to beam with Ætna's flames.
Who perish'd there? What memorable name?
Who noted history, and painted nature?
Mark'd stubborn facts, and dread phenomena!
On all her tributary kingdoms smiled!
His birth, his life, his death, his resurrection,
His rambling as a vagabond on earth,
His moral sermon on the sacred mount,

Appearing here, and disappearing there,
Peripatetic journeys made to spread
His faith around the ancient Roman world:
The all-important truth, the heavenly mission,
Of this life-giver; this great death-destroyer,
Whose birth a comet blazon'd in the east,
Whose death an earthquake groaned to all mankind,
Is unrecorded on the Roman page,*
Exists not in the language of the Jews.
Where are the scrolls? By whom were they destroy'd?
All your vain records are very recent.
Translated from the Greek! transform'd, I say!
Rude writings drawn from writings ruder still,
Compiled in Therapeutan cloisters by
Ascetic men disgusted with the world;
Proclaimed divine by human councils held
In modern times, deciding on God's word,
A fit enquiry for angels only.
God's language is not Hebrew, Greek, nor Latin;
No guttural, hissing, nasal sounds are his:
Such as proceed from your frail human organs:
His voice is in the music of the spheres;
His altars are the ever-glowing stars;
His laws are writ on the unfading page
Of nature's infinite eternity.
How vain and impotent have been the efforts
To build a heavenly superstructure on

* Pliny, Tacitus, Suetonius, Marcus Antoninus, and probably Epictetus, mention the sect of christians, but they give no account of the remarkable phenomena attending the crucifixion of the Saviour, which is believed to have taken place in the reign of Augustus. Epictetus mentions the Gallilæans, as braving death. The profoundest arguments in favour of the scriptures, I should submit, may be supplied by an affectionate study of the venerable volume itself. The strongest pillar of any edifice, should be internally placed.

A fragile mould, aye-changing, perishing:
Records of Heaven written on a reed:
You might as well have used a spider's web.
There needs no book to tell that he is master:
Your gods and altars, and your sacred scrolls,
Are only for a very little while;
The master-spirit is the great Eternal.
The gods of old, whom pious Pindar loved,
Allowed their temples gradually to fall.
Some future age may deem your christian epic,
Merely a curious book of learned verse;
Your pilgrim's wondrous, allegoric dream,
A very simple tale for young and old.
Give me the story of old Troy divine,
An epic fit for the immortal gods.

Poet.

Poet, and pilgrim, both to me alike,
Take their own loving place in my warm heart:
They struggle onward to the self-same goal,
A weary road, to seek for heavenly rest.

Mephistopheles.

(Aside.) What if I jest a little, but to try
His modesty; and pour some wild abuse
Upon his favourite authors: if I fail
In an attempt at argument, I may
Wound, where I cannot heal, and in good time,
The sore elision may begin to fester.

Shakspeare! aha! a poacher and a player!
Milton the poet of lost paradise!
In "Paradise Regained" he lost himself.
Poor man! in body blind, and mentally
As sightless, too, for aught but poets' visions.
Time was he gloried in his strength and shame,
A rebel unsubdued to royal blood;
A learned clerk unto a restless Spirit,
Of whom the forked lightning is an emblem,
And the fell tiger finds his bloody lair,
Upon the dark escutcheon of his shield:
And Pope, the wasp, who stung a lady's bosom,*
Because he could not give the natural wound,
For which weak woman sheds her crimson tears:
At imbecility and impotence,
She laughed outright in the vain poet's face:
And Goldsmith, over head and ears in debt,
Who let a sharper rob him of his chop,
And cheat him, too, of one of his five senses:
Scholar of medicine! ending his wild life
With powders purchased of a charlatan:
Thomson! who sang of liberty and nature:
In the delightful Hall of Indolence
Dwelt he; and in his orchard ate the fruit,
His idle hands the while within his pockets;
Lying in bed till noon, because he felt
No motive to arise with the sweet sun,
That gives all nature life, which he describes,
Or with a poet's pencil, paints so well:

* The celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

Your Cowper, craz'd with hopeless Calvinism;
Your Grecian Byron, always in a passion;
He of the shrunken foot, ashamed of England.*

Poet.

Aha! I turn the tables on you, now:
The beam within your own eye is not seen,
But the small moat in him you magnify:
No horse's,—goat's,—or devil's foot had he.
With patience I was listening to sad words,
For in the christian school I learn'd to *bear*,
And *forbear*, also.†

Mephistopheles.

Stay a little while:
Rob not the "Enchiridion!" nor the poor
Philosopher of his morality:
The heathen morals form a code divine.

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* Lord Byron's mishapen, or shrunken foot, is here alluded to in the true spirit of evil by Mephistopheles, who is pictured in the old legends, in the costume of a nobleman, with a star on his breast, and one of his feet resembling that of a horse, or goat. He is the first in the second order of princes in the German Demonology. It is to be regretted that Byron did not bear his affliction with the patience which shines with such amiable lustre in the character of a poet similarly afflicted, the author of "ANSTER FAIR," a remarkable poem in the octave stanza, or OTTAVA RIMA.

† BEAR and FORBEAR. A very expressive and philosophic, and I should say, Christian rule. It is singular that two words so similar, should possess such suggestive moral and religious instruction. A scholar informed me that in the Greek there is only the difference of a single letter. It was the motto of Epictetus. The more we study the powers, or the peculiar genius of the English language, the more may its capabilities be discovered. Vide Heley's English Grammar, which may be properly entitled, "Lindley Murray Improved."

Poet.

A testament divine for me is made;
A revelation unto me is given;
A code of morals and religion, too,
Inseparably wedded, both together,
And like the human body and the soul,
Incorporate they must be, in this world,
Nor part while man in social order moves.

Mephistopheles.

Plato, and Socrates, and Epictetus,
And the old heathen deity of mercy,
Commix'd and fused, alchemically solder'd,
And placed upon the name of rebel jew.
A book—a book—what is a mere book?

Poet.

The book of love—the book of life to me.

Mephistopheles.

What is that you said?

Poet.

There's none so deaf as those who will not hear.

Mephistopheles (resumes his jesting.)

Your Southey! a poor, timid sycophant;
Afraid of men and virtuous liberty;

And Wordsworth, who is hardly worth a word,
And should have been a whining, canting priest,—
Bestrides his butt of sack in his old age:
These are the idols, before which you fall
Prostrate, and fain would kiss their very feet,
And lick the dust off all their sandal-shoon.
I had forgotten the old captive pilgrim,
Moping twelve years in penal solitude,
Becraz'd with christian dreams and visions,
Daily and nightly tinkering his kettle,
And after all his labour, the same hole
Remains the same, except a little wider.*

Poet.

Oh! what a sharp dissecting knife you hold,
Cutting all-recklessly the heart of man,
And the fond breast of woman: hurt no more
Our suffering nature with thy cruel hands.
The spirit of thy humour is obscene;
It may disgust, but never make me cheerful.
Is this the cold, satiric mirth of devils?

Mephistopheles.

O, pardon me; I had forgot your feelings;
And made the gross allusion to the source,
From which thou wert dragged forth into the world,
But to remind thee of mortality.

* Alluding to an old song, or glee, entitled "Tinker Tom," now almost obsolete, in consequence of an EQUIVOQUE being liable to an indelicate construction. The grossness of the allusion is characteristic of an ill-directed mind, and as such is perfectly Mephistophelian.

'Twas but a gross old song of some old fellow,
Beguiling time, who could do nothing else.
The subject of it was a man of metal,
One of the savage brood of Tubal Cain,*
Who drank and sang, recounting follies past:
Like the old soldier, in his daily dreams,
One cheerful glass would start him into life,
On many a well-fought field to fight again,
Marengo, Austerlitz, or Waterloo.
But, I am too discursive, and return:
Some future age, I say, may wisely deem
Your christian story, a repulsive tale
Of deluge, crucifixion, martyrdom;
Of gods not then adored, who may be then
A threefold deity, without an altar,
Fading before the brighter ken of man.

Poet.

Built on a rock, it must for ever stand,
Built on a rock, that solid rock, the truth,
Your prophecy will prove an idle vaunt.

Mephistopheles.

Your creed of truth may soon give way to creeds
More consonant to man's true interest:
Shadows triune may mingle into one,
Like the three-faced Diana in perspective,
To liberalize itself agreeably
Unto the common sense of all mankind,

* Tubal Cain is supposed to have been the first worker in metals.

That triumphs in the end o'er every creed,
When priestly fanes are mouldering away.
Your scientific military school,
With all its art to send the sword of war,
And mathematically, pointed bolts
Of earthly thunder, and destructive fire,
Into remote and ever-peaceful lands,
Cannot destroy the reasoning powers of man,
Except ye extirpate the human race.
You reason like the school-boy with his cyphers:
He could not see that all his cyphers were,
Without a natural unit counted nought:
Your creed *was* nought, at length it *one* became;
When counted *one*, how soon you made it *three;*
This *three* divided, multiplied to *six;*
Catholic *three*, and Protestant *three* more;
The former *three* is grav'd indelibly
Upon St. Peter's Rock,* within the walls
Of old maternal Rome, never to change.
Out of the other *three*, how many rose?
Name after name, and schism after schism;
Divided, subdivided, fractioned, broken,
Vanishing to incalculable distance,
Till no one knows, and no two minds agree,
What is your creed, confusion worse confused:
A true believer sinks into a slave,
And native manhood leaves his burden'd heart.

* Upon St. Peter's Rock—i. e., Rome. One of the great historical mistakes of the Catholic Church, has been to place St. Peter's crucixfiion at the Eternal City. The most erudite researchers into history consider that St. Peter never came nearer Rome than the city of Corinth.

Why should you give a single genuflexion
To woman's child, however kind, and good,
And beautiful he be? Consider well:
Ah! can you not perceive, in all this time,
The legend of this tale, this *mythos* old,
Cunningly fabricated in the caves
Of error, from the mingled web and woof
Of ancient and anterior history,
Thousands of years before the latter world
Had been afflicted with the Hebrew curse.
The Indian Chrishna's battle with the serpent,
Which bruis'd his heel, and twin'd its folds around
The struggling man, until he learned to tame
Or to destroy, placing the medicable
Limb restored upon the serpent's head,
Crushing to death the hissing, noxious reptile.
'Tis ignorance that dies and lives no more;
Knowledge survives, and triumphs over death.
The threads of fable twined and intertwined,
Distorted from their primitive originals,
Mythologies obscured by time's long lapse,
Till none can tell with proper truth the date,
Or the locality, the birth, the change,
The true propinquity of fatal error,
Or e'er unravel the Arachnéan web,
Mysteriously woven, but the sage,
Patient of heart, who, unalarmed by fear,
Relying on his own benevolence,
Clearly perceives, in all its mazy windings,
And keeps his righteous path while others stray.
India, Phœnicia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome,
As I pronounce them, form the line direct

Of all the famous sources of your creed:
The superstitious tree indigenous,
Or soon transplanted into every soil,
In every longitude from east to west,
In every latitude from pole to pole,
Fatal to man's true interest on the earth,
As Java's Upas on its barren vale.

Poet.

What I have heard, and little understood,
What I have seen, and cannot well describe,
What I have felt, and cannot well control,
Doth still convince me I am merely man,
Mortal and fallible, bound to a hope,
A faith, a longing, yearning wish to live;
I would not even give consent to die,
Except the Power that gave me life commands.
Thou must confess I'm something more than brute,
And dare-devil of thine I will not be.
Thy counsel vain would lead me to the grave:
I am on all the guilty sinners' side:
A faithless mortal but anticipates death.
Now leave me, hoping for another world.

Mephistopheles.

O, stay, until our colloquy is ended:
I hold you not in chains; and many years
Of life remain for you: you need not be
Afraid of death, too soon, or hell: a pure,
A more congenial air you should inhale;
Leave those old folios to the bookworm's feast;

The atmosphere is the true breath of nature ;
And you should seek it as it purely flows,
Above, around, your native Albion hills.
Your stomach, in your youth severely punish'd,
As you grow old, seeks its revenge on you.
Take care, or you will die a lingering death,
No med'cine can avert. Cities corrupt,
Even at their very source, incorporate a mass
Of filth and wretchedness. Why did you leave
The rural scene, the peaceful, shady grove,
Beside your native stream ? The lamb may leave
The fold, and find, perchance, a friendly home ;
The goat may leave the rocky hills, and meet,
For its sweet sustenance to human weakness,
Some friendly hand to cherish it awhile ;
The bird may quit its nest, and find a cage,
An artificial choir, wherein to sing,
In most serene delight, its woodland notes ;
Tame and content, captivity
May not subdue its cheerful, sylvan song ;
The poet should remain in solitude,
Warbling his notes with birds, among the bowers.
Why should you breathe the self-same air with those,
Wormed into office, who have but one eye,
And that looks towards their annual allowance,
Stipend extravagant for doing little,
Except obstructing universal good ;
And but one hand, and that is sinister,
Ever directed to the tradesman's purse :
And finally but one, the self-same soul,
And that intensely sunk in sensualism,
In sordid selfishness, to feeling callous.

In their vocabulary, *liberty*
Finds not its place in alphabetic order;
And *power*, or *government*, in proper place,
And in legitimate etymology,
Wisely to govern universal man,
Is never for a single moment seen:
But *tyranny*, in trisyllabic strength,
Is oft misplaced; almost on every page;
Dog's-ear'd and bethumb'd, ay, by the foulest hands,
And may be seen in typographic boldness:
You know all this, and yet in this you err:
But error is man's vain opinion;
Deformity the offspring of mere taste;
Wit is an intellectual scintillation
That makes the dullard laugh, the wise man smile.
I never saw an ugly face in man,
If there appear'd calm bravery at the heart,
And quiet eyes that would not be deceived:
But I have kept you much too long at school,
And of the passing time you may take note.

Poet.

I'm thinking of the devil turn'd precisian,
And of a shrewd old verse I learn'd at school,
The last line changing to an idiom,
Epigrammatically true indeed,
Might be retorted on our human weakness.

Mephistopheles.

What are they? Pray, take care they don't apply
With more sarcastic force to you than me.

Poet (Repeats.)

"Oh, when the devil was sick,
The devil a saint would be;
But when the devil got well,
The devil a saint was he."

Mephistopheles.

Pshaw! those are worthy only of a child,
Or writ for man in first and second childhood.
When in good health you all can play the devil;
But, prostrate laid, a second childhood reigns;
And any fool of ignorance and pride
May play his part of hypocrite before you,
Reading of me in silly book or tract,
Devised to frighten or to stultify.

Were I to write a *Student's Manual*,
It should not purposely mislead the student,
With mental poison charged, and inward baseness,
To deaden, or intimidate the soul,
The native bravery of the human mind:
Boldness, not recklessness, should be instill'd
Into the heart and channels of the blood,
And coward souls should wear the foolscap ever.
I would teach youth to look man in the face,
With a serene and comely countenance,
And see the falsehood and the venom there.
Old priestcraft, ugly as a noisome toad,
Whose lustrous eyes shine brightly in nights' gloom,
Should soon be stript of all its pomp terrific;
No seed in all its swinish husks should be

Cunningly strewn within the mental fields;
The fox might enter, and teach youth a lesson,
The wolf might prowl, and rouse the manly heart;
The lamb should be received in loving kindness;
The wanderers of other lands and creeds,
Royal, or noble, gentle, or plebeian,
Should be received, and if need be, relieved;
But Priestcraft should not come with evil blight,
And visage foul, to mar my glorious work;
The man of science there should be the teacher,
And from his skilful knowledge all should learn
The wholesome lessons of experience,
The true, indisputable revelation.

Poet.

A higher revelation has been made
Than all the men of science can explore;
What they should do is but to bow and kneel
Obediently to Heaven; when our strength fails
We must prostrate ourselves before God's throne,
And firmly build our faith in Jesus Christ:
Without his word, how useless were the schools.
The gospel is the fruit that man should reap;
Intended for him, let him not reject
The truth therein contained; a heavenly peace,
Shining with lustre on a sinful world:
Even liberty was never known to man
Until Christ planted the eternal tree.

Mephistopheles.

While man is seeking for religious truth,
Which, like the apples on Asphaltes' lake,

When tasted, change to ashes in the mouth,
The cunning priests are revelling on the sweets
His labour hath produced. Ah! simple man!
His own *Viaticum* for this life's journey,
Ever most poor and scantily supplied:
O, coward, fool! when wilt thou cast away
From thine own soul, this deadly mental poison?

Poet.

This antidote to death; and, to the mind,
This healing balsam! solace for man's soul!
The earth was given for man to cultivate,
The word was given to cultivate his soul,
And save it from destruction at thy hands!
In thy despite old Adam is in paradise,
And thou art now denied admittance there.
The christian man must reign triumphantly
In this world yet, maugre thine evil power:
In Britain's isle, o'er Europe's continent,
In each division geographical,
Terrestrial, or terraqueous; around
All earth and ocean 'tis decreed
The christian man shall hold his glorious reign:
Incorrigible spirit! words to thee are vain,
As the frail leaves that fall in Autumn's bowers,
Withered before they fell. The best of speech
To thee is a calm silence and a prayer,
Wordless, unutterable, deep within the heart.
Roam round the globe as thy ill nature prompts,
There are too many spirits full of truth,
To be subdued by the fierce unbeliever.

Mephistopheles,

And does this world's small circle then contain
Vain man alone? Proud man, who travels round,
The globe he hath explor'd, an insect-walk
Around a little ball. There are more worlds—
Some smaller—larger some—millions more vast,
To which old earth, and older ocean seem
A little garden-spot, with standing-pool,
And rivulet meandering its wild way:.
Doth man exist in sin and ignorance,
In all this vast plurality of worlds?
Has Paradise been lost, and the great flood,
Old Noah's, or Ducalion's—drown'd mankind,
And other creatures in their wild variety,
Except a chosen pair of sexes brought
As loving yokemates, to the covenant-ark,
Renewing the mistaken work once more;
And after multitudes of lives and deaths,
In slaughter and disease, in wars and plagues,
In famine, and the direst desolation,—
Hath man's mild Saviour sought a Jewish cross,
And borne its burden crown'd with piercing thorns,
Travelling in agony from world to world,
From star approximate, to star remote,
Until he came in time,—if he could come
In one dread, numberless eternity,
Pilgrimage infinite,—to the central sun?
You pause:—perhaps I startle you, and say
Too much.

Poet.

I think.

Mephistopheles.

And nothing say.

Poet.

I feel.

Mephistopheles.

Well: you exist, I know, and cannot help
But feel.

Poet.

I see; and your repulsive form,
Gigantic as the Rhodean* statue grown,
Becomes more hideous in my sight.

Mephistopheles.

Indeed!

Poet.

Unblest by virtue, horrible art thou:
The wickedness of man I can excuse,
For ignorance may be the fatal cause,
And commonly they hold companionship;

* The famous statue at Rhodes, one of the wonders of the ancient world

If o'er-informed, a heavenly piety
Should be our guide and handmaid constantly:
Simplicity and innocence were twins
In the young world; but now they are a fable:
Virtue and Learning should go hand in hand:
Fraternally united o'er the earth:
Justice with Charity should be combined.
In power's imperial, or ducal crown,
The brightest gem mild mercy far outshines.
What scroll of Araby, or Hellas fam'd,
In her Olmpiads of history's glory,
With Pindar's lyre to sing the great renown;
What polish'd periods of ancient Rome,
Ere taught such wholesome lessons to the world,
Or poured in human wounds such sovereign balm?
Did Macedonian Alexander's court,
Graced with the philosophic stagyrite;
Or the rich cabinet of Persia's king,
Preserved to hold immortal Homer's gold,*
Promulgate, or contain, a social code,
Like the pure testament of love and wisdom,
Of the poor prince of peace, the Nazarene
Born, as you scoff, of woman's mortal nature?
This child, the offspring of a Hebrew maiden,
A villager obscure, a friendless vagrant,
Wandering from place to place, began to preach
Such potent truths, as finally destroyed
Imperial Rome, and all her heathen pride,

* The cabinet of Darius, which Alexander preserved, wherein he placed the Works of Homer.

And Pantheon of gods and goddesses.*
Well done! poor innocent! thou son of woman!
And from that sacred source, the child of God,
Engaged in righteous, holy meditation,
I owe to thee a boundless debt of love,
And wert thou here in vital form once more,
I would most proudly clasp thee to my bosom.

Mephistopheles.

Aha! wrapt in the clouds of fancy, still.
Extatic dreams and thrilling feelings seize
Thy senses, plunging thee into the sea
Of mysticism, where thou dost enjoy
A silly pleasure, or a fond delight.
Excuse my gaiety; for what is life,
Or any scene of the great human drama,
If not a smile, nor laugh may intervene,
To brighten, and diversify the whole?
There is no reasoning with you, I perceive,
For any purpose, worth the trouble of it.
What creatures pusillanimous, ye are,
Ye modern verse-mongers! what innocent
And inoffensive May-flies fluttering near
The glorious mount of the eternal muse!
What selfish Sybarites! What indolent
And reckless money-wasters, destitute

* If Christianity were not the cause of the decline of Rome, it would seem that it softened the severity of its fall, although the conduct of parties on both sides, in all ages, cannot be either religiously or philosophically defended. This is the opinion of more than one historian whose impartiality is unquestionable.

Of every cautionary principle,
And sensible provision for the morrow!
The bee, the ant, provide for winter's cold,
And beaver, building like an architect,
An animal sagacity their guide;
While the bright torch of genius burns in vain
To teach ye lessons that ye will not learn,
With your wild eyes on the unreturning past:
Peopling your vacant world with your own dreams.
A sum of untold gold, plac'd in your hands,
Would melt and disappear as in a furnace,
Or in an alchemist's hot crucible:
A princely income might not satisfy
Your endless and insatiable thirst.
In your enthusiastic love of pleasure,
Pleasure extreme, with pain for ever following,
Recklessly wassailing each others' wealth,
You drink *down* the evening, and *up* the morning star.
Poor cowards! dreading even gothic Hela,
Afraid of a descent when meanly dying,
Into the drear obscurity of one
Of the old nine imaginary worlds.*
The ancient muse sought glory on the field
Of Marathon, commanded in conjunction
With Pericles, the great Athenian chief;

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* VALHALLA is the heaven of the Gothic Superstition; NIFHLEIM is the hell, over which presided Hela, the goddess of death. Valhalla is, in the Icelandic, the paradise of the brave. It was the hall of Odin, and the mansion appointed for those who fell in battle, whilst those who died of sickness, or of old age, went to Nifhleim. The poems of Gray, and the Rev. Joseph Stirling, &c., are indebted to the obscurity of the northern superstitions, for many sublime passages. The ancient Gothic characters called RUNES were supposed the invention of Odin. Runes means CUT or ENGRAVED.

And one, the soldier-poet, bold Tyrtæus,*
Led Spartans onward to the battle-field,
And even his songs were mingled with her laws,
But now the muse's feeble voice is heard,
Sighing, or dying, tremulously vocal,
Like echo, shrinking in her mystic cell.
Come forth, and be a man, a daring spirit,
Striking the public chords of life and action;
This is the way great names are link'd to fame:
Come forth with me along the devious paths
Of learning and of science; my sure art
Shall soon make pleasant the most gloomy way:
Thou shalt behold realities, not visions,
And great men in the land shall soon become,
In thy enlightened eyes, a pigmy race,
In love with power and gold; and I will teach
Thee that mysterious art of weighing them
All, at one self-same time, in one just balance:
If but for curiosity, pray, come:
Escape the new reproach, the direful curse,
Of thine own city, and her numerous sons,
Draining forth swarms from agricultural laws,
To burrow underground in idiot blindness,†

* There have been numerous soldier-poets: but the one who received the highest contemporary honours, was Tyrtæus, whose songs were recited by the Spartan soldiers; and the task of recitation was imposed upon them as a military duty. It is but stating an historical fact to say, that

"Even his songs were mingled with her laws."

Vide Polwheele's "Dissertation and Notes on Tyrtæus."

† In the medical essays of Buchan and others, written in the last century, the evils resulting from narrow streets, CUL DE SACS, want of complete sewerage, &c., in large towns, are pointed out in language, which forcibly illustrates the infectious MIASMA, arising in such localities, in hot weather. It is lamentable that the subject was not brought before the attention of the legislature at a much earlier period. There were many men who opposed the Registration Bill; but when it became an act of Parliament, the same men soon wormed themselves into office, to carry out very imperfectly its provisions. What is surprising, they were preferred to worthier men, on the principle of THROWING A SOP TO CERBERUS.

On straw, or chips of wood, to seek repose,
And wake again to a Cimmerian gloom.
Remain among Hibernian swine no more:
Or, if you will not venture forth with me,
Yet, rouse yourself to venturous emprise,
Vend all these tomes by weight avoirdupois,
Accumulate the gold in bars or dust,
And then write ballads of your treasure-digging.

Poet.

Go on; rail, jest; much as your nature may;
Or academically argue well;
Or like an old Socinian sciolist,
Indulge in the most splendid sophistry;
Or wander round the world like to the pedant,
In the ancient tome, who wished to sell his house,
And for a specimen brought one cold stone,
An architectural type to be a guide
For those, who wish'd to purchase the whole fabric.

The glorious mansion of the human soul
Is more illimitable than the sea,
Boundless as the interminable space,
Etherial and remote from human sense,
In this corrupt and sublunary sphere;
The promise given will be perfect made,
And the immortal soul of Christian man,
Will be returned all-purified from sin,
And vice, and shame, and evil, nor, till then,
Can be restored to the great source of being,
The eternal cause of causes, which is God.

Where are the chains, with which you would enthral
Body and soul, an humble man like me;
Are they invisible? You soon may learn
That all your cunning lures are cast in vain:
Of their own weakness they will soon relax,
Or from my strength each link may separate,
Perchance, to bind some silly wretch again.
Ah! I begin to feel like Samson, when,
Unshorn of hair by Dalilah, his bride,
Surrounded by the Philistines of old:
No Dalilah shall lie upon my couch
To fascinate me with her basilisk eyes,
And twine her ever-longing arms around me,
Woo me to joys that take away my strength.
I have within my inmost heart a hope;
I have within my inmost soul a spirit;
I have in every finger of my hand,
A nerve to grasp the most insidious foe,
That posts his lurking sentinels around,
Or hangs his rod of terror o'er my house,
To wound my peace; and rob me of my rest:
O let me live, live but to be the foe
Of tyranny and falsehood, and that power,
Sordid and grovelling, yet proud to hold
The poorest wretch in all the world in chains.
My loving faith will save me at the last,
And for thine envious malice thou art damned.

(*Turns from Mephistopheles, and discovers a painting of the Saviour.**)

Ah! this is he of super-human knowledge,

* Supposed to be an "Ecce Homo," by Carlo Dolci.

And super-human virtue, sought of old:
For him the philosophic Plato sighed,
And pictured in his academic bower,
With living colours of imagination,
Proclaiming worship for the *man divine:*
The heathen mind, in all its deep researches,
Felt this dear, human want, and Plato's dream
Is now a blessing, both in word and deed.
How richly limn'd: lov'd work of Carlo Dolci!
Behold those eyes of mercy and of light!
Those tears of agony for fallen man!
See love and mercy on his brow enthron'd,
Link'd in one everlasting, fond embrace,
One blessed kiss of never-ending love.

(Mephistopheles gradually becomes invisible.)

Behold that most ineffable of smiles,
Beaming through tears at thy dread master's work:
Now, before him all Hell's foundations tremble,
And devils vanish like a guilty dream.

(Looks at the place which the disappearance of Mephistopheles has left vacant.)

What, gone? O! this is too severe a test:
A second time to be tormented thus,
And caught within the subtle, dangerous toils
Of evil-minded counsellors! Alas!
Was I not born to suffer and contend?
O, for one hour's repose to rest my head;
And this too wearied and excited brain.

(Sits down awhile, then rises, and calmly addresses a portrait of the Saviour.)

O! Jesus Christ, whom man hath crucified!
O! come to me, or may I come to thee,
Creeping on bended knee, or upward rising,
An undulating worm, or soaring seraph,
On the wings of light; yet, give me strength, awhile,
To live for thy truth's sake, nor prostrate fall
Before an altar too profane for thee.
O! Jesus Christ! thou of the cruel cross
And thorn-crown, holy God of Bethlehem!
Before thine image now erect I stand,
Yet not in pride, nor scorn, but human love
Of thee, and that immortal principle
Of light and truth, which thou, sojourning here,
Didst represent; thou wast the child of truth,
And therefore was it written that the divine
And holy dove o'ershadow'd thy pure mother,
Thy human mother, yes, thy virgin mother,
All indicating with strong eloquence,
That thou wast the bright principle of truth
Personified in an incarnate form,
And an immortal mind, the Saviour of men.

The blood upon thy brow, the crown of thorns,
Piercing thy temples, the wound the soldier gave,
Which the poor sceptic, Didymus, would not
Believe till he had thrust his fingers there,—
All are so many tokens unto me,
That savage martyrdom is the sole guerdon
Of faithful, holy love, in this dark world

Of tyrants, and of callous-hearted slaves.
I can believe that thou wast crucified,
For even now the truth is suffering from
The demon-power that nailed thee to a cross.
Are there not those, revelling in high estate,
Among the proud and mighty of this world,
Who would crown Truth with thorns, and nail her
to a cross?
Ah! see the strings of my old lyre are breaking,
And even the muse in ectasy is dying;
My happy spirit the vain world forsaking,
As from me all the ills of life are flying:
Rest! rest! and let the peaceful mind
Feel itself happy in a life resign'd.

———o———

THE FEAST.

Come, come! Who comes
Unto this hall, with a hundred rooms?
Ah! the hall is empty yet;
Let us goodly places get;
The tables groan, and the waiters stand,
Ready to help, with a willing hand:
Now each invited guest,
Is sure to do his best
At the viands, and the blood-red wine,
And some will gorge, like greedy swine.

Thus I sing in many a borough,
Where what's done, is done quite thorough;
Now I sing in this great town,
Where what's done, is oft done brown.

Crowd, crowd! What crowd?
Ah! now I hear the clatter loud:
Tramp, tramp; rattle, rattle!
As if they all were going to battle:
President, Vice, and committee;
Lawyers and clients now agree:
The chair! the chair! the chair!
The richest man shall be there:
Here are the things we dëify:
We are but swine within our sty!
Thus I sing, &c.

Care, care! Who cares?
This is no time for sighing airs:
Here we jest, and here we boast,
With a song, and with a toast:
Give us a roar, and a jolly, good shout,
As if all bedlam had just broken out:
Let the wine pass around,
That our joys may abound,
As thus we form a merry, mad band,
All drunk together in merry England.
Thus I sing, &c.

WOMAN.

A DOMESTIC MELODY: MUSIC BY MR. W. PIGOT.

I've liv'd upon the mountain,
I've dwelt upon the plain;
Beside the gushing fountain,
Upon the briny main;
In halls and castles on the land,
In ships upon the sea;
But on the sea, or on the strand,
Still woman clung to me.

For forty years and over,
Together we have been;
And not a youthful lover
Was ever fonder seen,
Than I am to my gentle dame,
As thro' life's vale we rove;
The ills of life depress the same,
But cannot quench my love.

Adown the vale of life I wend,
My drooping head is grey;
One constant woman is my friend,
Companion of my way;
And when life's cares are over,
One favour let me crave,
That we may sleep together,
In the dreamless, silent grave.

THIRTY-FIFTH CHAPTER OF JEREMIAH VERSIFIED.

Sacred strains breathed from the prophet,
In the days of Israel's king,*
Princely son of king Josiah,
And instructive words did bring:

"Go unto the house of Rechab,
Bring before the Lord divine,
All the brethren in the chamber;
And for drink give them the wine.

Bring them near the princely chambers,
Place before them wine in store;
O'er the chambers of Maaseiah,
Shallum's son, who guards the door."

Came the Rechabitish Brethren,
Sons and daughters, children, wives,
Kith and kin, in goodly order,
Who were leading sober lives.

Jeremiah, the great prophet,
Wine-cups placed upon the board;
But the brethren were commanded;
Jonadab had given the word:

* In the days of Jehoiakim. This version of the thirty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah was recited at a Rechabite Demonstration, at Stretford, on the 12th of February, 1850.

"If ye would live well together,
Thro' each scene of coming time,
Ye must all abstain for ever,
And be free from war and crime.

Neither may ye plant the vineyard;
All your days ye keep your tent;
Never join the brutal armies,
Nor in wretchedness lament."

Now, for many happy years,
They have dwelt in tents the while,
Free from all forboding fears,
While around their children smile.

Once more breathes the inspiration;
"Boundless joys on Rechab shine:
Brethren! keep your manly station;
Listen to the word divine:

Go, and tell the men of Judah,
Tell it unto one and all,
That the sons of faithful Rechab,
Answer'd truly wisdom's call.

Jonadab's commandment followed;
Never tasting of the wine—
Men of Judah and Jerusalem,
Ye will not attend to mine:

I have sent to ye my servants—
I have bade the prophets old,

Rising early, to give counsel,
Dearer, purer far than gold:

All the Rechabites attended,
Unto counsel wise and true;
But my people have not hearken'd—
Have not done what they should do."

Therefore evils seiz'd the nation,—
As pronounc'd by holy word,
In the sacred proclamation—
Crimes and slaughters of the sword.

Spoke again the holy prophet,
"Sons of Rechab! kind and true;
Ye have kept your father's precepts,
Therefore Heaven protecteth you.

While the course of time is bending
Unto the receding past,
Heavenly mercies are descending,
And will crown the good at last.

Listen to the wholesome lesson,
Given by divine command,
That ye fix your tents and homesteads,
In your peaceful, native land:

Cultivate the ground in safety,
Where no warring hordes may roam;
And for all this wise obedience,
Comfort shall surround your home.

As you kept your father's counsel,
Gave obedience to his laws,
Ye shall never want a man
To stand before me in your cause.

Friends in need, are friends indeed;
Ye shall find a friend in me;
Endless blessings are decreed,
Through time, unto eternity."

———o———

THE WISH.

Cast no reserve, friends of my youth,
Nor look with cold distrust on me;
For I am still the friend of truth,
And ever-glorious liberty.
I wish that all the human kind
Were free from slavery's galling chain;
And native rights were free as wind,
Or water of the boundless main.

I wish that crowns, from tyrants torn,
Transformed to bread, must feed the poor,
And guns and pikes were blades of corn,
No cursed bread-tax to endure;
I covet neither wealth nor fame,
I crave not any luxury;
For grandeur is an empty name:
Give me the sweets of liberty.

The chartists would subvert the state,
And tories would insult the Queen;
But I the gradual change must wait,
Which in the future I have seen:
O! yet shall my dear native land
The happy isle of freedom be;
And ne'er a selfish corn-law band
Shall wrest from us our liberty.

Cast no reserve, friends of my youth,
Nor look with cold distrust on me;
For I am still the friend of truth,
And ever-glorious liberty.
I wish that all the human kind
Were free from slavery's galling chain;
And native rights were free as wind,
Or water of the boundless main.

———o———

ODE TO PYRRHA.

Suggested by Milton's translation of the "Ad Pyrrham" of Horace.

A tender youth, warm with delightful love,
Woos thee on violets in this woodland scene,
Pyrrha, while thou dost bind
In wreaths thy auburn hair
In beautiful simplicity. Alas!
I drank the poison of the world's foul chalice,
When love's pellucid fountain
Was inexhaustible;

But may I not my Pyrrha now enjoy,
Constant and faithful as thou art to me,
Thine own love-god for this life,
Who gratefully accepts
Love's sacred incense that doth burn in thee?
Our hearts together cling—our souls commingle;
And from the fragrant morn
Unto the dewy eve,
And from the dewy eve unto the fragrant morn,
When night enwraps us in her ebon shroud,
We have one changeless soul
In a divided body.*

———o———

EPITAPH

ON THE LATE MR. ALEXANDER WILSON,

OF LONG MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

Principal author of "The Songs of the Wilsons," who died January 6, 1846, aged 43 years, as inscribed on his gravestone, near the ash tree, in Cheetham-hill Cemetery.

Thy strains have charm'd the evening hours,
With inoffensive glee;
And they who know thy varied powers,
May well remember thee:
While wit and humour are admir'd,
Thy quaint and cheerful rhymes,
By truest genius inspir'd,
Will brighten future times.

* Vide Leigh Hunt's "Florentine Lovers," in the "Liberal."

AN EPITHALAMIUM;

OR A NUPTIAL HYMN.

THE MUSIC BY MR. W. C. RIDINGS.

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
—SHAKSPEARE.

We will not profane
Such a gentle hour,
Nor our favourite bower,
With a thought that tastes of pain.
—BARRY CORNWALL.

Young Love your gentle hearts had twin'd
For many years together,
And now your hearts and hands are join'd
For ever and for ever;
The joyful Hymen sends a boon—
The sweetest—richest honeymoon.

The blushing rose of youth appears
Upon thy cheeks, sweet bride,
Wet with thy parents' mingled tears
Of love, and joy, and pride:
Pure as the silver light of day,
Sincerest love illumes thy way.

Away! ye cares of life, away,
Blest bridegroom ne'er repine;
Love, with his pinions ever gay,
Gives thee a bride divine:
The fairy-gifts of earth and sea,
Are sacred, Love, when touch'd by thee.

Twenty-one summer suns have shone,
Upon the gentle bride;
And now her maiden-task is done,
So take her to thy side:
Now, you are bound in holy ties,
Link'd in eternal sympathies.

When the brief human life is pass'd,
And earth shall fade from mortal eyes,
In sweet companionship at last,
True lovers reach their native skies;
Crown'd with a rich, unfading boon—
Love's waneless, blesséd honeymoon.

———o—o———

VERSES

RECITED AT THE LANCASHIRE POETS' FESTIVAL, 1842.

Since mortal life to me was given,
Forty long years have roll'd away;
And mercy looking down from henven,
Through gloomy night or glowing day,
Hath been companion of my time,
To manhood's strength from youthful prime.

The errors of my youth have past;
The fairy pleasures of each scene,
Where I, in early life, was cast,
Are vanish'd, like a faded dream;
But visions of my friends still come
To cheer me in my humble home.

Many are mouldering in the grave,
And some athwart the ocean found
That blesséd peace, which freedom gave
To those, who once in chains were bound:
Their native land a home denied,
But one they found o'er the ocean wide.

And I am lingering fondly still,
Bound to my own, my native land;
Striving for good, struggling 'gainst ill,
With manly, energetic hand:
With patient heart, I'd banish care,
And cast my sorrows on the air.

Here are a few the world could never,
For twenty years, from me divide;
The cold and callous strive to sever,
But we together shall abide;
Poetic friendship is ever green
And constant, still, in every scene.

Our bookish lore, our genial rhymes,
In pleasing lessons taught me this:
To love my country in all times,
And cherish dear domestic bliss:
To love my wife and children, three,
And independent liberty.

Give me the cup, that oft allures,
One ruby glass of generous wine,
To drink a health to you and yours,
And then to drink a health to mine;
Here, while in sunny circle shine
Lancastria's votaries of the Nine,
In their symposium divine.

———o———

THE PROMISED LAND.

TO A FRIEND.

When friendly promises to thee are made,
To help thy struggle up the hill of life;
And thou depend'st on hope deferr'd, delay'd,
The world with thee in painful, anxious strife;
Retire, retire unto thyself awhile,
And, calmly wooing fickle fortune's smile,
Exert thy spirit, all thy cares beguile.

The promise ever kept unto the ear,
But ever broken to the heart's fond hope,
Despise, nor seek such fragile things to cheer
Thee from the dreary gloom of misanthrope:
Bear up, bear up, upon thine own staff lean,
Toil onward, onward, through life's busy scene,
Fortune may smile at last on thee, I ween:

But, shouldst thou never reach the promis'd land,
That friendship's glowing moments show'd to thee,
True to thyself, thyself at thy command,
A conquest make, defying poverty;
And when thine irksome, worldly task is done,
And life retires with its receding sun,
A brighter promis'd land may gloriously be won.

Ah! then, the wealth of worlds will be but dross;
And gold, man's earthly god, appear but dust
And ashes; luxuries, sensual and gross,
Untasted by the upright and the just,
May be neglected; spirit purified,
Humility doth take the place of Pride,
And Pride falls down, and fain her face would hide.

Then comes the triumph of the virtuous poor;
The miser, stript of all his wealth by death,
Must envy e'en the beggar at his door,
Praying for bread, and panting for his breath:
E'en human power, denuded of its bright
Insignia, fades before that holy light,
Which leaves the selfish world in its eternal night.

"Come," saith the Spirit, "to the promis'd land;
"Come to a kingdom where the Father reigns;
"Ye, who obey'd, be glad; who had command,
"Tremble; for now your subjects break their chains.
"Sue ye for mercy? Mercy, then, I shower
"On those, who pray'd in vain to human power,
"And bore the scourge of Pride in her triumphant hour.

"Come, slighted Worth, come, humble Poverty,
"Come, all ye martyrs to my holy cause;
"Come, from the lost oppressor unto me;
"Suffer no more from cruel human laws:
"My promise is fulfill'd—my law shall stand;
"And as I sit secure on God's right hand,
"I keep the word of truth:—*this is the promis'd land.*"

———o—o———

AN EPISTLE TO EDWIN WAUGH.

> Cold are the Sabine hills! hives not for me
> Its hoarded nectar, the Calabrian bee:
> Here no rich vines their amber clusters rain,
> Not mine the fleece that decks Gallicia's plain;
> Yet WANT, for once, avoids a poet's door;
> Content, and grateful, can I ask for more.
>
> —HORACE.

I had a brother Edwin, once,
Who promis'd fair to be no dunce;
And often found him many a book;
He, for awhile, with brighten'd look,
Would cultivate his natural mind;
But soon threw books unto the wind.
Superior to all poets' ills,
He lives beyond the Yorkshire hills;
I do not know exactly where,
Nor is it worth my while to care;
And whether he is dead, or living,
Loving, or hating, unforgiving,

Is more than I can justly tell,
Yet, I should recollect him well;
But, for the present, 't would beseem
The dim remembrance of a dream.

Perhaps, you might supply his place,
And come to me at any pace,
To pass a few, choice, leisure hours,
Among the fields, and mounds, and bowers;
Past Kersal Moor the journey tends,
Unto a place call'd Four-Lane-Ends:
You smile at the old Saxon name,
As yet, unknown to you, or fame;
But I embalm it in my line,
In Roman characters to shine,
With the dear, smiling muses nine.
I could prepare a simple feast;
And find a few good books, at least;
And what was short, adopted brother,
In one thing, make up with another:
Perhaps,—but, yet; I doubt it much,
Although you need no helping crutch,—
You may walk over the *five miles*,
While the bright sun between us smiles;
Where mansions, gardens, trees, abound,
And ne'er a field without a mound,
With fresh, green herbage richly crown'd.
Perchance, the mansions, gardens, trees,
In sweet variety might please;
Certes, amid these rural bowers,
You might enjoy your love of flowers.

A bishop, too, lives near the road;
A bishop of the modern mode;
A bishop of the modern times;
A bishop to adorn my rhymes;
Enlightened, eloquent, sedate,
To serve the policy of state.
I wish him well, with all my heart,
The while he takes the better part,
Eschews pluralities, (and such
Like *sins*, of which I hear too much,
For every body has their *say*,)
And keeps the wise, old, middle way.
Pray, pass his palace without pride,
Or scorn, or envy; nor deride
The whole *bench* for one's single sin,
Though *Exeter* may frown, or grin;
Though *Exeter* may rage and swell,
And make his silly rhetoric smell
Of brimstone, and of nether hell,
The state supplies a sovereign balm,
Well pleas'd that *Manchester* is calm.
And, now, I must speak "plain and *flat*:"
Drive from the church each greedy *rat*,
Send them, ay, send them, any where,
And cleanse the very cushion there,
Befoul'd, e'en in the house of prayer.

Upon the left you may perceive,
And need not merely believe,
A dozen mansions in a grove,
As if each inmate were in love:

In love I mean with solitude,
Hating all towns, and traffic rude.
Retired there, at Clifton View,
Resideth one of a choice few,
Whom fate, or providence, design'd
To picture well the human mind,
In numbers polish'd and refin'd.
These new, fine names I do not know:
So many, too, all in a row.
Why, where the deuce is *Clifton View?*
And where—ah! where is *Prestwich Yew*,
Or, rather, where are *Prestwich Yews?*
O, answer the beseeching muse,
That I can tell a valued friend,
If he should visit Four-Lane-End.
There, that's a name! Tim Bobbin said,
That names were written to be read,
And made on purpose, he hath shown,
That individuals might be known;
But here are names of every hue,
On stones, or trees, oak, beech, or yew,
All shining to obscure the view:
And which the school-boy proudly spells,
That's "got above two syllables."
Ah! when a lad, wild, hale, and rough,
I crack'd the nuts in Prestwich Clough,
And need not crack old Priscian's pate,
In scribbling at a careless rate;
Nor need I take my rhymes to *Swain*,
Because it would be very plain,
That I, in an improper mood,
Had carried timber to a wood.

Come, leave *Mancunium*, styled a city,
Where men are dull, and women pretty;
Yes, *dull*, yet active after *cash*,
And *trade*, and *betting;* spare the lash.
Known by old names, Smith, Thompson, Brown,
Why really, 'tis but still a town!
Where are the gates? where are the walls?
These queries every numskull bawls.
What puzzles me amid such strife?
Why, where the manners and the life,
And that urbane, old, courteous air,
Which makes a city look so fair,
And worthy of enlighten'd days?
Alas! all lost in sordid ways.
"Well, well; come, stay; polish thy rhymes,
And let us hope for chaster times."
Ah! well: what, are you really come?
O, welcome to my quiet home!
Now, if you will with me enjoy
A book, that 's worth your time's employ,
Take Valpy's Horace in your hand,
Which both of us may understand,
Printed in eighteen-thirty-one,
Within the city of London:
Imprinted, too, mark, by the way,
By A. J. Valpy, an M. A.
Excuse reversing accents, *Waugh*,
The poet's license is his law:
So, what's *trochaic* in true line,
I turn *iambic* to end mine.
"A fig for Horace! let him rust,
Upon the shelf, among the dust."

Come, shut up all *your* books of prose:
Ay, leave, awhile, even Keates, and those,
Whose fancy oft too richly glows;
Who, sailing in mellifluous sea,
Are sure to drown the Hybla bee.
We have our own Augustan age;
And Doctor Francis, learned, wise,
(With eighty scholars more) supplies
Horatian varieties.
A day devoted to the feast,
May serve you for twelve months, at least.
"Nay, nay; I will procure, devour,
The book, both volumes, in an hour;
Brush up the Latin once I read,
And go unto the fountain-head."
But, not to trespass on your nature,
Hear me repeat the seventh satire:*
In English, mind: "Of course, I know;
Come to the *stone*, or I the *dart* will throw."
Old Tim was learned, you confess;
Corrected Terence. "Nay, the *press*,
Which teems with errors, every day:
He was a scholar in his way."
Then, then, I mutter the slave's curses:
"Alas! he's mad, or making verses."
Amus'd, now with a dim illusion,
Or rather waken'd with intrusion,
A dullard comes, as learn'd as Pulci,
And thus disturbs my *Domum dulce:*

* Seventh Satire of the Second Book.

"*Arma Virumque*—leave these *themes;*
To you they are the vainest dreams;
Mere English scholars, not so fast;
Sutor, or cobbler, mind thy last."
"Oxonian, silence! thou dost tire:
Come, speak in *gradely* Lancashire."

Forty-eight miles included Rome,
Three million souls found there a home;
With sculptur'd beauties streets were grac'd,
And near a thousand baths were plac'd,
To brace and strengthen youth and age,
Described in Basil Kennett's page:
Forty-nine Cæsars of the line,
From Julius to Constantine,
Were with imperial honours crown'd,
And govern'd all the world around.
Horace excels all ancient wit,
Whom, to enjoy you may think fit,
When proper time and season come,
To visit my secluded home,
And praise Augustus for old Rome.

Old names I love, and older rhymes,
And the delights of olden times:
Old etymologists agree,
That Smith means *smooth;* Thompson and Brown
Are plain to every dunce in town.
Yet *Smith*, black, white,—flow on my song,—
Is ever either smooth, or strong,
Or the *material* he is *welding*,
Shoe-ing, or sharpening, horse, mare, gelding.

Smooth rough mankind: sharpen the dull:
Whose heads are empty, fill them full
Of common sense;—but here I stop,
As I behold the blacksmith's shop:
In music, as the rhymer sings,
His hammer on the anvil rings,
Hinting to me to take my time,
Nor be too rapid in my rhyme.
Four fine grey horses wait on him,
All well attir'd, in goodly trim;
In limb, wind, muscle, strong, and sound,
Worth, I am sure, two-hundred-pound;
Now, *cheerily*, I see the name,
Which higher pens have link'd to fame:
And now a village-bard doth sing,
As they attend the village-king,*
Before his court, near my abode,
The four fine horses of the road.
As to your name and mine, I trow,
I have no meaning for them, now,
Except mine springs from love of riding,
Not fond of limping, staggering, sliding;
But sticking fast to horse, man, woman,
On queen's highway, or on a common;
But, whether your's means *waves* or *woes*,
I cannot find in verse, or prose:
"Ask some dull blockhead if he knows."
The poet speaks of *polish'd mobs*,
And great folks' very dirty jobs;

* The village blacksmith, always an interesting subject to the observant mind.

And many a rogue and many a fool,
I found within a vulgar school:
I therefore wish you out of town,
Bidding adieu to Smith and Brown:
Converse with me, or country gobbin,
And we will find our own *Rough Robin.*

Rogues and impostors may abound;
In every circle some are found:
An independent man would try,
With careful art to keep his eye
Upon the trophies of his fame,
Nor plunder others to his shame.
Ah! I was sick a many days:
To think, that I, in fifty ways,
Should be deceived by *men* and *things*,
And scoundrels who would fain be kings;
And at the age of fifty-two,
The more to me, the less to you,
My stomach loath'd its food—and then—
And then—I rallied once again.

Now, I can clearly see you here,
With your pale face, unused to fear,
Nor frowning at the muse severe;
Pale, possibly, with city air,
Or, else, with sleepless nights of care,
Or, too much reading, writing, thinking,
And, shall I say, a little drinking?
For, too much wine, or too much ale,
Like too much study, makes me pale.

Ne'er mind: it is the student's hue,
The lady's pride, the lily's, too.
I often think it is a pity,
Either in suburb, or in city,
That men can't all enjoy their glasses,
More like to gentlemen than asses.
This makes *Teetotal* smile, or grin,
Who thinks it really a sin,
That man should e'er his reason drown,
Either in country, or in town:
But, he, as yet, hath not fill'd up
His own small, narrow, sober cup,
Nor half the human circle squar'd,
With his ascetic tailor's yard:
And yet, if I'd a dinner here,
Of viands, condiments, to cheer
His old Diogenesian soul,
He should be welcome to the whole;
And if to cure him of his pains,
I brought a *head*, well sauc'd with *brains*,
He'd turn up both of his old eyes,
And sit down with a mild surprise.

Now, to conclude: conclude we must,—
Both you and I, perhaps, in dust;
Perhaps, not e'en a stone to tell,
That, we were once remembered well;
Or, sleep, awhile, 'neath rude *Hic jacet:*
O may no impious hand deface it.
Pursue your own peculiar way;
Illume the darkness of your day;

Come, with bright eye, and searching ken,
And illustrate with graphic pen,
The *life* and *manners*, as they shine,
Within your native *Palatine*;*
Prefer the natural, simple style,
All scintillated with a smile;
A thousand friends wait on you, still;
Proceed, then, with determin'd will;
With genial, sympathetic love:
You need not fear the frown of Jove.
Disturb not me with partial light,
Pour on me the full blazon, bright
With all the hues which genius flings
From tireless and extended wings,
Strong pennons, soaring as she sings,
Like the blithe lark, at Heaven's bright gate,
In mockery of vulgar state,
In mockery of human tears,
In mockery of silly fears,
Teaching to all the lesson bright,
That God made earth for man's delight.

EPIGRAM.

The kiss I stole, a wound hath left,
Which ever must remain
Unheal'd, till you forgive the theft,
And take the kiss again.

* Sic pro Palatinate.

THE PRISONER'S DREAM.

My prison door was open wide,
Six moons had roll'd away,
From August to the month of March,
Each weary night and day.

I hasten'd to my native home,
So quick, I seem'd to fly;
"Ah! love, ah! father, are you come?"
My wife and children cry.

My wife fell sobbing on my breast,
With tears of joy and love,
Imploring blessings on my head,
From GOD in heaven above.

I kiss'd my wife and children's cheeks,
Their tender hearts did pant;
I've done so often in my dreams,
In the Castle of the Gaunt.

My little William look'd as mild
And gentle as a lamb;
He is my pretty first-born child—
How fond of him I am.

Poor little Alfred look'd quite sly,
And whisper'd to his mother,
Peep'd from the corner of his eye,
At sister and at brother.

My little Esther's lips I kiss'd,
My April-rose, I ween;
I kiss'd them over, one and all,
It was a loving scene.

My infant Biron at the breast,
I gave a father's kiss;
He gave me in his "lulling nest,"
A secret happiness.

My buried children for awhile
To me were only given;
I saw them with the angels smile
Among the blest in Heaven.

My wife shed tears, my children cried,
Their tender hearts did pant;
Then I awoke from my sweet dream,
In the Castle of the Gaunt.

———o———

SONG OF THE CITIZEN.

He who subdues his wild desires—
He who doth chasten passion's fires,
Conquers himself, the battle's won,
In bloodless glory, bright as the sun;
He keepeth his kingdom ever at peace,
His subjects are clothed with a golden fleece.
This is the man, his country to save,
This is the man above lord and slave:
Whoever may rise, whoever may fall,
This is the warrior greatest of all.

Lord of himself, no title he needs,
King of a land, where no subject bleeds,
Judge of a court, where law must be,
Bas'd on unerring equity;
Priest of a church for love, not pelf,—
True to his neighbour, true to himself;
His altar, his own sweet home of rest,
His creed engraved within his breast,
And human kind of each degree,
May live with him in charity.
This is the man, his country to save,
This is the man above lord and slave;
Whoever may rise, whoever may fall,
This is the warrior greatest of all.

———o———

THE FORTY-FIRST PSALM VERSIFIED.

Blessed is he that helps the poor,
The Lord of Hosts shall him befriend;
When troubles shall approach his door,
Upon the Lord he may depend:
O Lord! preserve, keep him alive—
May he upon Thy bounty thrive.

The Lord shall comfort him, when he
Lies sick upon his bed of straw;
And watch him in his misery,
If he revere His holy law;
Nor e'er deliver him to the will
Of those who seek to do him ill.

I said: "O Lord! be unto me
All-merciful, and heal my soul,
For I have sinnèd against Thee:
And while Thy bounteous seasons roll,
Let Thy great mercy ever flow
Unto all sinners here below.

Angry and evil words are spoken
By cruel enemies, of me:
When shall they cease—their power be broken—
Their names for ever perish'd be?
O let them be unknown to fame,
Who spread their slanders on my name.

And if they come, they vainly speak,
And falsehood in their hearts conceive;
On my poor head they vengeance wreak,
Together whispering to deceive;
These evils they imagine, all
Conspiring to promote my fall.

Let sentence of their guilt go forth;
Their wicked snares I shall deplore;
But now they lie upon the earth,
Let them, O God! rise up no more:
O let them fall, as falls the tree,
Who plunge me into misery.

Yea, even him I had befriended,
Whom I had trusted every day,—
He ate my bread, and then descended
To lie awaiting to betray:
But, be Thou merciful to me—
I shall reward their misery.

O, grant to me Thy bounteous grace,
Be unto me Thy mercy given;
Place me before Thy sacred face,
Find me, at last, a place in heaven;
Blest be the God of Israel's name—
World withot end—ever the same."

PHILOSOPHIC STANZAS.

I sate upon a moss-grown mound, within
A lonely dell, beneath an ancient oak,
Whose pendant boughs hung o'er me, and no din,
Save a pure streamlet's rippling music, broke
Upon mine ear, when suddenly a stroke,
A flash, abrupt as the fierce lightning's gleam,
Stunn'd my whole being; 'twas then I awoke
From error's trance, from error's joyless dream,
'Twas then I first beheld pure Truth's eternal beam.

My being chang'd; each timid nerve did thrive
In strength, as holy light serene did glow,
Unmanacling my mind from error's gyve,
Which fetters millions in a slavish woe;
I was transform'd into a bitter foe
Of the world's vain idols, that have now too long
Subdued the human race unto a low,
And mindless degradation, and vile wrong:—
I smile that I am free—I triumph in my song.

And this was ere my nesh and budding youth
"Attain'd a beard;" the sweet and spotless page
Of mild philosophy and moral truth
Was early spread before me, to engage
My youth's affections: and should hoary age
E'er fall upon me, it will still delight
My mind and heart, and all their ills assuage:
Enchanting volumes—gorgeous worlds of light,
Dispersing the thick gloom of man's Cimmerian night.

O, lovely nature! lovely mother, hail!
A child from thine innumerable throng
Of wretched children, pours to thee his tale,
And dedicates to thee his humble song;
From thy pure works, men, prone to vice and wrong,
Turn their cold hearts away; and often deign
To spread a base iniquity among
Thy children; and in league combin'd, would fain
Destroy the matchless laws of Truth's eternal reign.

But, although million enemies arise,
They fall at last in the absorbing womb
Of blank destruction: may we not despise
Old error's worshippers, when the dull tomb
Contains their mouldering ashes—when the doom
Of their remembrance is transfix'd in shame?
Yet thou, O Truth! O, thou, with thy vast loom,
Wilt still weave on, thine endless web the same,
For ever to be wrought in thy perpetual frame.

O, Nature! thou art ever full of love,
Sweet as Philomel's song, or eve-bell's chime,
Or lover's tale in moon-lit oaken grove,
Or thy sweet face, pale moon, in thy full prime:
Sweet as brilliant stars in wintry time,
When the vaulted sky looks gloriously bright,
And Cynthia reigns o'er all in this calm clime,
And smiles on me, and charms me with her light,
And rivets my fond eyes to the sweet sky of night.

Time is thy lover, Nature! thy rude boy,
Oblivion, aids thy lover's hand to grasp
The weird falsehoods; 'tis your wild employ
To strangle them to death—they writhe, they gasp,
They die: stung by Time's all-venomous wasp,
Men, beasts, and birds, the insects, trees, and flowers,
Lie with'ring on the ground; his strong clasp
Binds them down with more than magic powers:
Earth's children die, and turn to dust in their own bowers.

Their frail identities for aye are gone;—
Man's living heart will soon be chang'd to dust—
That glowing heart grow cold as coldest stone,
With winter's ice around it;—woman must,
With all her beauty, perish: 'tis thy just
Decree, O, Nature! reigning over all;
Proud man, with all his iron nerves, at last shall rust:
Although his final aspiration call
For life;—what earthly power can e'er arrest his fall?

All things must perish save the immortal mind;
It is entail'd thro' periods of time
Innumerable, and the rarest kind
And mode of honour in each wide-spread clime,
Is paid to its eternal name;—the rhyme
All beautiful of bards, the sculptor's stone,
The painter's canvas, each and all sublime,
Are crown'd with honours—tho' they're dead and gone,
Their power existeth still, man worships round their throne.

O, lovely Nature! thine eternal breast
Shall be my pillow when this life is o'er;
There I shall sink in everlasting rest,
Nor pain, nor pleasure can approach me more:
The clash of elements, fierce war's wild roar,
The thunder's voice loud swelling o'er my grave,
Shall be but night's dread silence; pray, deplore
Me not, sweet friends, each dewy tear-drop save,—
Rejoice that e'en in death I scorn'd to be a slave.

———o———

HAYMAKERS VISITED.

(RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISS ELIZA COOK.)

A brief time ago, I was heart-sick and dreary,
For "the world," now and then, makes the best of us weary;
My spirit was drooping, yet restive and wild,
And my heart turn'd away from the mirth of my child.

I closéd my book, and I threw down my pen,
And forsook for awhile the vain circles of men;
I sought for relief at the dear village-green,
Where the old, swarthy mowers' bright scythes shed their sheen.

The merry haymakers were not far away;
They were tossing abroad the sweet swathes of the hay;
While the hot streams of light that came down from the sun,
Ting'd faintly the green blade with pale, grey, and dun.

From the hay, and the grass, a rich fragrance there flows,
And the haymakers blithe breath'd the perfume that rose;
No scent of the toilet of lady, or peer,
Ever rivall'd the beauty—the sweet fragrance there.

The haymakers' "*baggins*" were brought to the field;—
'Tis fitting such labour good viands should yield;—
And a two-gallon bottle of wholesome brown ale,
Was broach'd with a joke, and a song, and a tale.

A strain caught mine ear; fam'd Eliza, 'twas thine!*
It was sung in the green field, mid cheerful sun-shine;
And in evening's pale light they adjourn'd from the bowers,
To an old country-inn, and sat singing for hours.

* The Song of the Haymakers, by Eliza Cook.

They carol'd away, and they now and then quaff'd
Of the wholesome brown beer, the true Englishman's
draught;
Good fellowship warmeth with rapture divine,
O'er a rich pastoral song, dear Eliza, like thine!

I spoke to the peasants, and said I would tell
The good lady, who penn'd it, the song was sung well,
By a Lancashire lad, in Lancastria's bowers,
Where sweet words and music were wedded for hours.

Were wedded for hours! ay, were link'd for all time!
While the green grass shall grow, and the evening
bells chime;
While bold English hearts shall love Truth, and hate
Wrong,
In each honest breast shall be cherish'd thy song.

They gave me a horn of their mellow, brown ale,
And beseech'd me to drink, as I look'd wan and
pale:
So we drank to the health of the poet that day,
Whose muse ever echoes humanity's lay:

The songstress that cheereth the hearts of the old,
And gladdens the poor, and the timid, and bold;
Whose heart of love linketh the humble and vain,
In one common bond free from pride and disdain.

Then, every man pray'd from the heart's inmost core,
That sorrow and pain might afflict her no more;
And twenty true Englishmen, proud of her name,
Pronounc'd it that day with the breath of true Fame!

THE RECLAMATION.

Bards have breath'd their songs and strains,
Over wine, and over war;
Amid pleasures, amid pains,
And 'mid battle's scath and scar;
Song hath blazon'd heroes fam'd,
On the land, and on the sea;
I may sing of One reclaim'd
From the drinker's misery.

The warm sun was shining bright,
Thro' his chamber-window-pane,
With a sweet and holy light,
Yet, it shone for him in vain;
For his days had evil been,
So, to darkness he inclin'd;
And he could not view the scene,
Without agony of mind.

He was wasting quick away—
He was sinking very fast—
And without one hopeful ray,
When a spirit came at last;
Brightly smil'd at his bed-side,
A serene and loving smile;
And ask'd how he did betide,
In this world of gloom and guile.

Then, he sigh'd, bereav'd of hope,
Or for this, or other world;
Like a down-right misanthrope,
Into utter darkness hurl'd.

(He speaks.)

Alas! what would I not give
For my peace of mind again;
A true, temp'rate life to live,
And to wash away this stain:

This foul stain on me and mine—
This deep sin-spot on my name?
I have broken laws divine—
And have revell'd in my shame:
Oft amid the reeking breath
Of the tavern, and the inn,
In mad mockery of death,
I have triumph'd in my sin.

Not e'en Roscius, on the stage,
In the famous poet's line,
Could be louder in his rage,
That I often was in mine:
Mouths would gape, and eyes would stare,
As my words burst loud and fast;
But, the baleful *drink* was there,
And it conquer'd me, at last.

Came to pass my days of sorrow,
And my nights of sleepless pain;
And I trembled for the morrow,
When I stagger'd forth again:—
Worse, and worse—here, I am lying—
Prostrate in this cheerless room—
Save me, Visitant! from dying,
And, the worse than death to come.

Angel-visitant! O, say,
Where—where is it Peace doth dwell?
Every mortal, led astray,
Finds too soon his breast a hell:
Thou art come for *good*, not *evil;*
Admonition I may bear;
Eyes of light beseem not devil—
Mercy beams for ever there.

Alas! why had I a birth?
Should an *incubus* pursue—
Press me down to mother-earth,
And my very soul subdue?—
Then, he sank upon his pillow,
While respiring thick and fast;
And, like any drooping willow,
Shrinking from the bitter blast.

But a cheering cordial given
To the wretched, sinking One,—
Whose sad mind was torn and riven,
And whose spirit nearly gone,—

Soon reviv'd the hope of life,
And he sat up in his bed;
And he look'd upon his wife,
And then hung his weary head.

In deep sorrow for his errors,
His bewilder'd eyes shed tears,
Amid dark, thick-coming terrors,
Amid mortal frailty's fears:
Those hot tears were smil'd away
By that true and constant One,
Who had watch'd him, night and day,
Nor had left him once alone.

Yet, deep grief had blanch'd her face,
And dark wreaths of sorrow were
Close-mingled with the grace
Of pure love and beauty there.—
Thus, the radiant Spirit, now,
Breath'd a whisper in his ear:

(The Spirit speaks.)

Wandering feet have sought the slough
Of despondency and fear.

O, blame not, rash mortal, aught,
For this darkness of thy soul,
Save the illusions thou hast sought
In the worship of the bowl:
Wast not thou the reckless cause—
The unhappy cause of all?
Rebel 'gainst Heaven's changeless laws,
And await a final fall.

Mortal! now, with evils cross'd,
Come, arouse thyself once more—
What thy maddest folly lost,
Let sweet Temperance restore:
O! irresolute mortal! strive
To brace up life's feeble cords—
Thy sad spirit may revive—
But, mark well my warning words.

Do not cast thy sins on others—
Well thou knowest what is right—
Come, and join our Band of Brothers—
Come, and fight with them the fight,
In their warfare with this ill,—
Of such men as thou the shame,—
That may native genius kill,
And disgrace a noble name.

Not the alcoholic fire
Needest thou within thy frame,
To relight poetic fire,
To relume the muse's flame:
The Creator's bounteous hand
Thy superior gifts hath will'd;
And his love and light demand,
That thy mission be fulfill'd.

Then, the Spirit look'd more bright—
Shone with a seraphic glow—
And surrounded him with light,
And upheld him in his woe:

With the tranquilising song
Of sweet temperance and peace,
His frail life it may prolong,
As it bade his sorrows cease.

Then, he bless'd that spirit mild,
As it cheer'd him in his room,
When his mind was wandering wild,
In his agony and gloom:
And he shed, before high Heaven,
Showers of penitential tears,
In the hope to be forgiven
For his many sinful years.

Soon a covenant was fram'd—
And a sacred scroll unfurl'd,
As he long'd to be reclaim'd
From the darkness of the world:
On that scroll he made his sign—
On that scroll the deed was done—
And the Spirit of light divine
Shone far brighter than the sun.

Many ling'ring days o'er him
Pass'd in moments slowly by;
And his eyes, which then were dim,
Strengthen'd, brighten'd gradually:
His thin, trembling hands wax'd firm,
And he soon resum'd his pen,
For 'mid danger's tide and term,
He had serv'd his fellow-men.

He arose from couch of pain,
On an early, cheerful day;
And he rallied once again,
And pursued the better way;
And e'er since that vision'd trance,
Underneath the blesséd sun,
In the cause of Temperance,
The pure Spirit's will was done.

THE BAND OF BROTHERS.

The ancient Greeks, o'er blood-red wine,
Oft sang Anacreon's songs divine;
And many noble Romans bold
Threw pearls into their cups of gold:
But we the blood-red wine cast hence,
And prize the pearls of Temperance:

And when they were at peace or war,
They would drink down the evening star;*
And all the hours of gloomy night
Carouse until the morning-light:
But, let us rest the darken'd hours,
In sleep restore weak nature's powers.

* Sir Thomas Pope Blount, in one of his very interesting essays, states, that it was a practice among the ancient Romans to DRINK DOWN THE EVENING STAR,—that is, they commenced drinking at the setting, and did not depart until the rising of the morning star. The lines of Burns have been considered poetical,—

"It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait awee."

The Saxons, o'er the wassail-bowl,
Let savage mirth reign o'er the soul;
And oftentimes the fatal sword
Would stain with blood the festive board:
But, we the wassail-bowl depise,
The fatal sword neglected lies.

Then chief 'gainst chief, to arms would spring,
Amid the maddest wassailing;
In darkness cast; with passions wild;
Their own life's blood, the bowl defil'd:
But, we can feast in love and peace,
And pray that wars may ever cease.

Let us adopt a wiser plan,
To elevate the soul of man,
To cherish love within his heart,
And act a manlier, nobler part;
With a determin'd will resign
The fickle joys inspir'd by wine.

Then, free from strife's inglorious scar,
Rise sober with the morning star,
Pursue the labours of the day,
In health and peace drive care away:
Sobriety and labour sweet
Bring health and peace of mind complete.

Come, sober, generous, loving friends,
The sun of Temperance ascends;
With blessed beams for all mankind,
For home and happiness design'd:

Come all unhappy wand'rers, come;
Seek comfort in a quiet home.

Come, man and woman, all our race,
Whate'er the clime, the hue, the place;
Or rich, or poor, or homeless, come;
And join our cause: come home: come home:
We welcome all, with open hand,
To join the glorious Temperance band.

The Band of Brothers, o'er the world,
For whom joy's flag is now unfurl'd;
The tyrant shall descend *his* throne,
The franchis'd slave enjoy his own:
We welcome all with manly hand,
To join the glorious Temperance Band:

To walk his native soil as free
As breath of Heaven, or wave of sea;
Link'd in this universal plan,
Man will deserve the name of MAN:
Then, welcome all, with heart and hand,
To join the glorious Temperance Band.

———o———

STANZAS TO A CHILD.

Thou'rt ever deck'd in smiles, sweet child,
As bright as morning's sky;
And as thou onward roam'st life's wild,
O! may'st thou never sigh:
Sweet silver-drops thy mouth distils,
Like water-drops from limpid rills,
That winter's frost defy:

Thou smil'st in beauty undefil'd,
A careless, uncomplaining child.

These words from me, in love to thee,
Perchance, may meet thine eye;
A true memorial may they be,
When years have passèd by,
Of thine own childhood's happy years,
When thy blue eyes had shed no tears,
When thy heart heav'd no sigh:
Perchance, this page also may be
A record of my love to thee.

I've seen the snowdrop in the spring,
Ere winter's snow was gone,
A fair, a pure, a spotless thing,
Bright as the sun that shone
Upon its beauty; and I thought
It was a type that nature wrought
For me to look upon,
Of thine own purity and brightness,
And of thy young heart's happy lightness.

Thou art an emblem and a sign
Of beauty, and of pleasure,
A rare device of love divine,
Without a bourne or measure:
Smile on, sweet child, in peerless beauty,
Live on, sweet child, in filial duty,
Thy mother's richest treasure:
Her heart is yearning for thee, child,
Young wanderer on life's bleak wild.

If prayers and orisons avail
Aught with the power that sways
Life's destinies, thou wilt not fail
To pass thro' this world's maze,
Pure as the snowdrop of the spring,
That lives and dies a spotless thing,
And passes its brief days
In stainless glory, and when faded,
Seems a dead vestal undegraded.

O! when thy days of infancy
And womanhood for aye
Are vanish'd, and death visits thee,
In overwhelming sway,
Transforming life to ashes, let
Thy virtue's sun be still un-set,
Bright as meridian day;
And then wilt thou, while mourners weep,
In glory sleep death's dreamless sleep.

———o———

ODE:

TO THE DESTROYER OF LORD BYRON'S MEMOIRS.

O, wither'd be thy coward-hand,
That could destroy, with fiery brand,
Such treasures of the mind;
O, damnèd is thy wretched name,
And ever-blotted is thy fame,
And doom'd to everlasting shame,
Abhor'd of human kind.

Alas! that such a golden boon
Should be destroy'd by thee so soon:
  Thy noble friend betray'd
By *thee*, who had so often sung
Of friendship's sweets, with tuneful tongue;
And now base treachery's dart is flung
  By *thee*, at his pale shade.

He gave to thee, before he died,
In good and charitable pride,
  His sacred auto-leaves,
To shield thee from bleak want and woe,
That back to England thou might'st go,
And, now, thou art his direst foe!
  His curse thou, then, receives.

O, why didst thou thy friend betray?
O, what can thy vile tongue now say,
  To ease thy guilty soul?
Thy hand inflicted million wounds,
When it received the paltry *pounds*,
And burnt, for those detested hounds,
  His life-defending scroll.

He's dead! thou will elude his grasp,
Or he would make thee groan and gasp,
  Thy breast would be a hell!
At his bold frown thy soul would quake,
Thy limbs with frantic fear would shake,
He'd drown thee in oblivion's lake,
  Or scorn's embitter'd well.

JUNE 1, 1824.

STANZAS TO E—— S——, of F——, N——.

A wandering stranger strikes the lyre,
O! listen to his lay;
It tells the love thou dost inspire,
That charms him on his way:
He with a feeling, glowing heart,
Beholds thee, and can not depart.

Pardon the kiss so rudely given;
It was my heart that strove
With feelings pure as the light of heaven,
An emblem of my love:
Ah! gentle maid! can you behold
My glowing heart, with yours all cold?

Hope, with her buoyant eagle-wings,
Hovers around me now;
I strike elate the gentle strings,
Love's fire begins to glow:
Ah! nought but death can ever tame
My heart's impassion'd, burning flame.

The wandering stranger hopes to find
At last a resting-place,
With you, companion of his mind
And heart, he yearns to end life's race:
Ah! until death may our love burn,
And may our ashes centre in one urn.

1830.

LINES

Written in a copy of "Pictures of Life," presented to the "Stretford Temperance Hall Library."

When late I visited your humble village,
And saw your cottage-homes with plenty teem;
Your fields and gardens, rich with fruitful tillage,
And your own Hall to Temperance dedicated,
I was o'erjoy'd, ay, happily elated,
And felt that life was more than many deem,
In their philosophy, a painful birth,
A merry wedding, and a gloomy death,
With a sad struggle for the parting breath:
Here may be found true cheerfulness and mirth,
And the soul-stirring harmony of sound,
Sweet music breathes from many instruments,
Rousing to inspiration all around,
As once were called all Israel to their tents:
Here, still, the old and simple manners reign,
That poets sing of the good, olden time;
Here are the gentle shepherds of the plain,
With country swains and maidens, in their prime,
And happy parents, thus to grace my rhyme:
Have ye not prov'd the truth, the truth divine,
That Rechab's blessings may be yours and mine?

—o—

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER THOMAS.

Come mournful muse, and with thee bring
Thy sable cloak, and darkest weeds;
Enwrap the bard, who now would sing
A dirge o'er him, for whom he bleeds.

He bleeds in deepest heartfelt grief,
His tears bedew a brother's clay;
Whose span of life was sad and brief,
And now is wither'd all away.

The violet rears its modest head
Thro' gentle summer's sunny time;
Bleak winter comes in gloomy dread,
And rudely blasts it in its prime.

The happiest life is nothing more,
Awhile it shineth here below:
Then perisheth—then friends deplore,
And wrap themselves in weeds of woe.

The deepest grief I feel for one,
Who felt for all while he had life;
His mortal being now is gone,
For ever left this stage of strife.

His death-moan broke upon my ear
Like sighing air in winding cave;
I fix'd mine eyes on his in fear—
They clos'd—he pass'd into the grave.

O brother! if thy classic mind
Had been imprinted on the page;
Thou wouldst have shone in light refin'd,
Among the mind-stars of thy age.

But preying Thought with rankling fangs,
Too keenly seiz'd thy tender frame;
And rack'd thee with a thousand pangs,
Too strong—too quick—too keen to name.

In thy cold hands sweet flowers were laid,
And scatter'd o'er thy snow-white shroud:—
The fun'ral throng—the fun'ral p'rade,
Are vanish'd like a summer cloud:

But soft affection's tender tear
Will long bedew thy mem'ry's shrine;
And keep thy memory ever dear,
Enduring thro' my life's decline.

The epicedium of the bard
May bear thy name down time's broad stream:
Posthumous honour thy reward,
Now life is vanish'd like a dream.

The poorest, meanest child of fate,
The actor in the mimic scene;
The king, enthron'd in high estate,
Must turn to dust—for dust they've been.

Death never strikes a partial blow,
To his decree we all must yield;
The forest-oak by Time 's laid low—
Soon fades the wild flower of the field.

The gentle maid, with ruddy cheek—
The beauteous boy with white locks curl'd—
The happy couple, young and meek,
Grim death will drag from this low world.

Death is the universal doom,
The last short step of life's quick race:
The dark grave is our peaceful home,
Our everlasting resting-place.

THE FIRE-LOOM.*

The fire-loom, weaving sheets of lightning,
Alarms not, as the night is brightning;
But, when in forkèd shafts it speds,
And thunder rolls above our heads,
The cowards tremble, sinners moan,
And all the guilty creatures groan:
Even the brave, good man prepares,
And whispers fear in heartfelt prayers.

The fire-loom glows, the fire-loom burns,
The web and woof it quickly turns
To sheet, or shaft, or bolt of fire,
And seems to work in wrathful ire:
O, awful power! within thy loom,
Now blazoning bright, now deepening gloom;
Thy brilliant sheets, like flames of light,
Thy forkéd bolts can wing their flight
In one quick moment: breath of man,
Who liveth for a little span,
Is instantaneously gone,
Gone, far away, unto the world unknown.

———o———

LIBERTY AND HUMANITY.

A CORN-LAW ELEGY.

Are you of anarchy afraid,
  Because the people madly groan?—
Let mental light dispel the shade
  That's cast around Victoria's throne.

* The FYRE-LOOM is the THUNDER and LIGHTNING of the Anglo-Saxons.

To despotism would ye cling?
On *th' ancient ways*, come, take your stand:
When bread-tax'd millions' voices ring,
Freedom alone can save the land.

I'd not for wealth without a bound,
Oppress the toiling, suffering poor,
Nor pace life's brilliant circles round,
While one man did for me endure
The pangs of unrequited toil,
Producing wealth which others hoard,
And corn-law tyrants take as spoil,
While hunger rages round his board.

I disregard the blood-stain'd sword
Ancestral honour calls its own;
Give me the truth, give me the Word,
Which in the balance weigheth down:
I crave not the patrician's hall,
Though wretched hovels me surround;
I know that *pride shall have a fall*—
I keep my independent ground.

The flowers may bloom, the grass may grow,
The corn-field's providential store
May shed its gifts on all below:
Accurs'd are they who rob the poor.
No star my bosom should adorn,
No ribbon bind my stubborn knee,
While others were through me forlorn,
And hunger'd by my tyranny.

The court, the camp, the ball, the play,
Life's brightest, but not purest scene;
The glorious pageant of the day
In honour of our youthful Queen:
The pomp of art, the pride of state,
Monarchs and nobles—what are they?
Soon, like th' ephemeral insect's fate,
They sink into eternity:

But a brave people struggling on,
Against the galling chains that bind,
(Eternal as the living sun,
Resistless as the viewless wind,)
Surviveth ever, though the earth
One awful scene of discord be;
And phœnix-like, their second birth
Is crown'd with deathless liberty.

———o———

ON THE DEATH OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

AIR, "GENERAL WOLFE."

Sir Robert Peel died July 2nd, 1850.

Come, let us breathe a song of praise
O'er one, the glory of our days;
An ancient, true Corinthian,
A noble English gentleman:
Mourn, muses, mourn; mourn and deplore:
A light hath faded from our shore.

When millions of another creed,
Were struggling to be free, indeed;
His generous heart and manly mind,
Burst forth in love for all mankind:
Mourn, muses, mourn; mourn and deplore:
A beacon-light hath left our shore.

The crimson tablets of our code
Were stain'd with erring human blood;
His was the hand, in open day,
To wipe the foul reproach away:
Mourn, England, mourn; mourn and deplore:
Mild mercy weeps for evermore.

When British banners were display'd,
Demanding an unshakl'd trade
With nations far beyond the main,
He did proclaim sweet freedom's reign:
Mourn, muses, mourn; mourn and deplore:
A guardian light hath left our shore.

Within thy native shire, great Peel,
A million mourners strongly feel;
Innumerable eyes shed tears,—
Our hopes are drown'd in painful fears:
Mourn, England, mourn; weep and deplore:
The world's great friend hath left our shore.

The toiling millions o'er their board,
By his firm hand with plenty stor'd,
Mingle their tears, his loss deplore;
Fond hearts are bleeding to the core:
Mourn, England, mourn; weep and deplore:
The world's great friend hath left our shore.

The thrones of emperors and kings,
And all such vain and pompous things,
Were nought to him, who was designed
To rule the empire of the mind:
Mourn, England, mourn; weep and deplore:
A British chief hath left our shore.

Yet he is gone to deathless realms,
Where neither cloud nor storm o'erwhelms,
To take his everlasting rest,
Among the British heroes, blest:
Mourn, England, mourn; weep and deplore:
He now hath found a happier shore.

———o———

FRATERNITY: AN EPISTLE TO———

Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd.
—SHAKSPEARE.
——Do but say to me what I should do,
That, in your wisdom, may by me be done.
—IDEM.

Should I obtain a literary name,
You may be doom'd to everlasting fame:
Was I not *down*, ay, 'mongst the prostrate laid,
And paler than the shadow of a shade;
Mine eyes revolving quickly 'gainst my will,
My fingers trembling with beseeching quill?

Around, around, mine anxious wishes fly,
Now fix'd on earth, now rising to the sky;

Awhile to ruminate 'mid gloom and care,
And gleams of hope, that border on despair:
Ah! then, my kindred heart, mine inmost soul,
Turn true to you, like needle to the pole.

In vain, in vain, I trace a line to you,
But not in mean humility to sue,
Though I had wife, and children numbering ten,*
And nought to aid them but a feeble pen,
Offering choice *tomes*, too dearly priz'd by me,
To rouse, once more, the human love in thee:

When you, with feet on Turkish carpet plac'd,
Beneath mahogany, or rosewood, grac'd
With *secretaire*, in vernal baize enshrin'd,
With crimson silk, but more with gold well lin'd;
In a good house, with wife, and children, *none*,
Most rudely answer'd, *Beggar-man*, *begone*.

Did not you tell me that a dirty shovel,
Was not too mean for me to use, and grovel,
Or delve, or scrape, or gather, any where,
The neccessary meal; that, on the air,
Cameleon-like, I need not hope to feed?
Such sauce is sour, and vinegar, indeed.

Why should you, thus, the man of books degrade?
Why should the fragile scion of mere trade,
In silk, or cotton, hectoring, awhile,
O'er his brown paper, fairer page defile?
But, yet, I spare, nor dip in gall my pen,
Regard myself, and seek for peace again.

* This number is to be understood in the poetical and fine sense of the little girl in Wordsworth's 'WE ARE SEVEN.'

What had I done? Now, seriously, I say,
I had but ask'd you *gold for gold* to pay;
The liberal, letter'd, and expanded gold,
Enlighten'd minds grow generous to behold;
The solemn Gibbon, and the patient Hume,
Those brilliant gems, which two vast worlds illume.*

Yes, gems, in serial volumes were display'd,
Then hoarded, cherish'd, as a sacred shade,—
As some old Roman priz'd ancestral urn,
Amongst my household gods, to glow, or burn,—
Till I, with a triumphant hand might bear,
Some future day, to you, and cry out, *there.*

Ah! what a pleasure I had often found
In Gibbon's words of academic sound;
Ah! what a treasure did before me smile,
In Hume's clear, quiet, easy, English style:
Plac'd on your shelves, e'en on my simple plan,
You might, at least, have seem'd a gentleman.

What a delightful feeling doth pervade
Ingenious minds, free from the strife of trade,
Enjoying intellectual repose,
Strangers to worldly cares, domestic woes,
While feasting on the rich historic scroll,
Unfolded, as the various ages roll.

The miser greedily doth clutch his pelf,
Blinded to all but miserable self,

* I. E. The ancient and the modern world, alluding to their respective Historical works.

Although his brother be ill-clad in rags,
He gloats for ever on his money-bags ;
But, the true brother, when his brother pines,
Opens his heart, warm as the sun that shines :

Warm as the glowing and bestowing sun,
Deeming it little, much as he hath done :
From love and charity's exhaustless store,
The more there 's given, there remains the more,
Good following good, still brighter and more bright,
Like rays proceeding from the source of light :

Until in universal love, he smile,
And hail his brother, man, in every isle ;
His heart expands beyond the kinsman's line,
Though branch succeed to branch, and intertwine
In glowing circles, 'neath the smile of Jove,
He finds his heaven in one embrace of love.

I write no figments, nor imprint my dreams,
And ope the Book* where sacred treasure beams,
Where the bright page with sacred love inclines,
And with more light than Heathen learning shines :
I say not *Raca*, councils to alarm,
Nor cry, *thou fool*, lest fiendish malice harm.

If not to thee, regardless of mere wealth,
I reconcile myself unto myself :
No penal chains around my soul be flung,
Nor penal torments seize the erring tongue,
That fiends may smile, and angels may deplore,
And hell's dread fires receive one sinner more.

* The New Testament, at the "Sermon on the Mount." Vide St. Matthew's Gospel,—Chapters 5, 6, and 7.

For sacred altars little gifts I spare,
Because, I know they 'll be accepted there;
For sacred altars little gifts I prize,
That true religion's love may inward rise,
And, mounting heavenward, to the Spirit's throne,
Find true repose in that dear love alone.

Alas! for that true altar what have I?
Something, I hope, if but a sinner's sigh:
I need not count my sorrows, nor my tears,
Nor tell my beads with superstitious fears;
But, there I lay the inward hope and faith,
That, with a true forgiveness, smiles in death.

Adieu! retired within a rural scene,
Where Yorkshire hills rise high, and far between,
Where Providence forsakes not me, nor mine,
And grudges not their pleasures to the swine,
My mind to soothe, the fitful muse may stay
In woodland bowers, and crown me with her bay.

As my weak eyes are fading very fast,
Like Milton, I may be stone-blind at last;
One is already dark, the other, still,
Remains to guide the trembling of my quill,
As I now trace these auto-graphic rhymes,
Devote to truth, despite of *trimming* times.

Wounds have been oft insidiously given,
That every fibre of the frame have riven;
Nor wise, nor learn'd physician yet hath found
A sure medic'nal ointment for each wound;
But, love undying, the true bard imbues,
Who needeth no physician but the muse.

Inglorious obscurity were mine,
And unrecorded, e'en in one dull line,
Should be my name, if my strong heart, grown cold,
Were vilely tainted with the love of gold;
But, with these versicles, thy name may stand,
Fix'd firmly, now, and by a brother's hand,
As thus I finish this, my buildéd rhyme,
Embalm'd with mine, through all succeeding time.*

———o———

SONG.

Farewell ye Bacchanalian bowers,
Where many waste their treasures,
In wretched moments, gloomy hours,
In ever-worthless pleasures;
In labours lost, in perils found,
With Peace and Hope departed,
Forsaking them in witchery bound,
And almost broken-hearted.

O give to us untainted streams,
True pilgrims ever cherish;
And let us bask in brighter beams,
Nor in the darkness perish:
Let purer pleasures circle all
The noble sons of reason;
Life's sacred treasures we may call
Around us in due season.

* The reader will excuse an occasional ostentatious line, or too, in this Epistle, as they were inserted merely for a poetical and licensed flourish.

Our tables spread with cheerful bowls,
Not to intoxicate us;
We wish all reasonable souls
To love, and not to hate us:
No evil passions here have sway,
The best of friends to sever;
The gloomy night is bright as day,
While we are here together.

No festival, in ancient time,
Of nobleman and squire,
Was merrier, with songs and rhyme,
To each true heart's desire:
Old Bacchus' royal brutes may roar,
Silenus' ass join chorus;*
They may have trod the Grecian shore,
But never shall reign o'er us.

See what the old world did for man,
With drinking and with fighting;
Let us pursue a wiser plan,
Improving and delighting:
Leave guns and pikes to mould'ring rust,
Let evil bowls be broken;
And every man be kind and just,
As the great Law hath spoken.

* Bacchus is represented in the ANTIQUES, returning from India, drawn by a lion and a tiger. This is surely admissible in a song. I need not remind the reader that there are more senses than one of the word TIGER; and that Silenus is said to have accompanied Bacchus in his conquest of India, mounted on an ass, and in a state of intoxication. They marched at the head of an army composed of men, as well as of women, all armed with musical instruments. The modern idea of Bacchus is taken from the most flagrant of the festivals instituted to his honour, or rather to his disgrace, the ORGIA.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION.

Ah! this vast earth
Contains for me no pleasure;
I hate all mirth,
And this world's worthless pride, and boasted treasure;
The live-long day I pine, grieving without measure.

Ah! I was born
In poverty and sadness;
I'm still forlorn;
Twenty long years have brought to me no gladness:
And this vile world is goading me to madness.

Life is my bane:
Oh! that I could but borrow,
To end this pain,
An antidote from death to-day, to-morrow
I should camly sleep, for ever freed from sorrow.

But have I not
A hope for Liberty?
Is all forgot
In melancholy's Lethe?—Can it be,
That this great Spirit hath no charms for me?

No! by the God
Of Truth, I'd give my breath,
That the strong rod
Of tyranny might break, and freedom's wreath
Adorn my brow in liberty or death.

THE MARRIAGE FESTIVAL:

ON THE NUPTIALS OF THE

LADY ELIZABETH, THE EARL OF WILTON'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.

At Prestwich Church, October 12, 1853.

Come, peal the silver-sounding bells,
  Come, sound a merry morning chime,
And waken echo in the dells,
  To celebrate this happy time:
A noble youth, a noble maid,
Are in their nuptial robes array'd.

White-vestur'd virgins, scattering flowers,
  And laurel leaves, their path along,
The lingering sweets of autumn's bowers;
  "Sweets to the sweet,"—embalm my song:
They seem attendant angels bright,
Or beaming stars, with eyes of light.

Behold the rural arches crown'd
  With fadeless wreaths, that glow, still, green;
While autumn's yellow leaf is found
  A-trembling down, or withering seen:
Yet floral circlets bind each brow:
White-vestur'd maids! behold them now.

From Heaton's Oak to Prestwich Yew,
  The crowd appears a human wave,
A hundred thousand eyes now view
  The ladies bright, and nobles brave:
The carriage left—wild waves are strong—
See count and countess borne along.

Each human face divine appears,
When Truth and Goodness lead the way;
Each feature beams a smile that cheers
With light that never leads astray:
One common link, one sacred tie,
Binds every soul in amity.

Hail, happy pair! a cheerful strain,
In rural scenes, each heart inspires;
O'er hill and dale, o'er mound and plain,
Sacred to all the chaste desires:
Eternal love now crowns the scene
With endless wreaths, for ever green.

Within a venerable fane,—*
Before the sacred altar there—
Without vain pride, or cold disdain,
A noble circle joins in prayer:
Where myriad human feet have trod,
All equal in the sight of God.

Ah! there is she, the mother† mild,
Who, with the father,‡ fondly crave,
As she is shedding for her child
The precious tears—that love may save
From this world's snares, the noble pair,
Who kneel before God's altar there.

* The Parish Church of Prestwich, Lancashire.
† The Countess of Wilton. ‡ The Earl of Wilton.

Now, they are join'd in Hymen's band,
Twin'd in enduring, sweet embrace,
Link'd heart in heart, and hand in hand,
And eye to eye, and face to face:
O! take the bride of high degree,
Ten thousand hands now give to thee.

Prepare the dance, begin the song,
And may each village round the hall,
The joyous nuptial hymn prolong,
While night may let her mantle fall,
And shroud the pair from human eye,
And leave them to their extacy.

Peal, Prestwich bells, your silver sound,
To cheer all hearts in Heaton Hall,
While those around, on village ground,
Respond in music to the call:
Ten thousand voices sound acclaim
To this bright pair of noble name.

THE FELON'S SONG.

At last they've gotten hold of me, and bound me in a chain,
And I must go to New South Wales, beyond the distant main:
I broke the laws of God and man, and plung'd deep into guilt,
And many mansions I have robb'd, tho' blood I never spilt.

Adieu, companions of my youth! adieu, the village-green!
The bull-bait and the cock-fight, and the cruel-sports I've seen:
I now begin to think such sports (altho' it is too late)
Have brought me here, in shame and woe, to bear a felon's fate.

Perhaps, had I attended to my native village-school,
And there have studied lessons that are both a guide and rule,
The bull-bait and the cock-fight, they had never led me wrong,
To bear a felon's infamy, and sing a felon's song.

The felon's fate for fourteen years I am condemned to bear,
In infamy and slavery, and horrible despair:
O may the convict-ship quick bound to the middle of the sea,
And then sink down for ever with my misery and me.

O give me for my winding-sheet, the cold and dreadful wave,
And may the storms of ocean dig for me a gloomy grave:
Perhaps, the spirit of mercy may (my felon soul forgiven—
Repentant of my evil deeds) find me a place in Heaven.

March, 1835.

A MORNING WALK IN MANCHESTER.

I took a pleasant morning walk,
A steady, quiet ramble:
But not to tavern, nor to mart,
Nor yet to butcher's shamble:
I did not walk in dingy street,
Nor in a pent-up court,
Nor yet into a *cul de sac*,
For children to make sport,
If I, perchance, mistook my way,
For them a little fun,
In coming out the self-same road,
Like shot out of a gun.

In wide, improv'd, improving streets,
I took my perigrination;
In open squares, 'mid splendid marts,
I took my recreation:
The fetid air of narrow streets,
The stench from single houses,
I left to beggars and their brats,
And all the scolding spouses:
Far from damp cellars underground,
Where human life is pining,
Ne'er to behold the orb of day,
Its rising or declining.

Proud Luxury, leave thy cushion'd chair,
Old Avarice, leave thy treasure,
Or sit in mean enjoyment there,
And take your sordid pleasure;

Or in Cimmerian abodes,
Where Vice and Ignorance dwell,
Along with beetles, bats, and toads,
There find your native hell.

Returning home through Withy Grove,
Amid the noise of waggons,
Jamm'd fast, midst large and little carts,
The drivers, fierce as dragons,
Belabour'd whips about the sides
Of the poor, jaded animals,
As cruel as an Indian horde,
In savage land of Cannibals.

At length, unravell'd, they moved on,
And every thing was righted;
And I resum'd my morning walk,
And soon became delighted
With a line of market-stalls array'd,
Where choicest things abound;
And book-stands, here and there display'd,
In this *Grove of Withs* I found.

While looking at some ancient tomes
Of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin,
A little English maiden came
Bedeck'd in shining satin:
She ask'd the bookman for a song—
'Twas "Love among the Roses,"—
And then a pretty Jewess came
For the "Old Five Books of Moses."

The bookman found the English song,
Also the Hebrew Pentateuch ;
The former gave he to the maid,
The Jewess got the latter book ;
He smil'd upon the pretty fair—
'Twas really quite bewildering—
With such an interesting air,
As if they were his children.

The books were speedily dispos'd,
And the book-stall became throng,
About the Jewess and her book,
And the English maiden's song ;
When the old bookman 'gan to chat
To all about his stand,
And gravely ask'd—"What were the Five,
The five books of this land?"

"The Five Books of Old England ;
Come, come, what do you think?"
One thought the question rather shrewd,
And should not meet a blink.
"I think," the man of books replied,
With emphasis most striking,
"The five choice books of old John Bull,
And the most unto his liking,
Are, the old Sacred Volume, *one*,
Immortal Shakspeare, *two*, know,
Old Bunyan's *Pilgrim* maketh *three*,
And *four*, old Robinson Crusoe ;

The next, and last, is *five;*" he paused—
His artful mode of speaking;—
"Come, come, I give ye all a chance,
About your brains be seeking:
I have it in my memory lock'd,
And at my will the key turns;
The fifth—the fifth—*must* be, and *shall*,
And now *is* given to thee, Burns."

Then there was many a genial smile,
Each bosom felt a pleasure,
Proud of old England's glorious works,
Old England's richest treasure;
And the little maiden went away,
With "Love among the Roses;"
The pretty Jewess followed her,
With the "Old Five Books of Moses."

AN EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ELLESMERE.

Go, humble muse, and go with speed,
And think thy pilgrimage, indeed,
A worthy, duteous journey made,
In love to many a sacred shade.
Go, for his sake, who taught thy youth
To see the sacred light of truth,
Beam o'er the gloom of Faustus' soul,
Bewitch'd by poison, sad and foul;

And hear, mid crime and vice deprav'd,
The words of mercy, "She is sav'd!"*

Deem not the humble muse too vain,
If she proceed in simple strain,
To place around a ducal brow,
A leaf from rural shade below,
Mid leaves of bay, already seen,
With Shakspeare's,—Milton's,—evergreen,
And Göethe's aye-enduring fame,
An humble meed to ELLESMERE's name.
Fail not, my muse, to reach his ear,—
In modest numbers whisper there,—
Now honour'd by our LADY QUEEN,
And "lesser lights," that glow between,
That Sovereign power may bless our isle,
And make the humble cottage smile.

SIMPLE MINSTRELSY.

A simple song, perchance, may tell
A simple, humble truth;
To break the foul inebriate's spell,
The spell of age and youth:
For, in this mis-directed sphere,
Amid the dull and cold,
The cup of Circe is placed near
The lips of young and old.

* An allusion to Margaret, in the drama of "Faust," and who had been seduced.

I may not tell of war's dread field,
Nor dreams of old romance ;
But I may yet good counsel yield,
And virtue's cause advance :
Thousands, ay, millions, seek the goal,
Of misery and care ;
And from the foul inebriate's bowl
Quaff waters of despair.

Attend, each youth ; attend, each sire,
To counsel wise and pure ;
Touch not the alcoholic fire,
Make 'surance doubly sure :
With all your fervent heart abhor,
And loathe with all your mind,
The witch-drink, made for strife, or war,
And ne'er for peace design'd.

Surely, the evil spirit found
This fatal drink for man,
Dispers'd it to accurse the ground,
And thwart vast nature's plan :
Deceiving men with wierd drink,
That charms the sense away ;
In poverty and woe they sink,
And shame the light of day.

Not Athens, in her heathen pride,
Was half so mad as we ;
Though Bacchus there was deified :
All ancient books agree,

That Apaturian Feasts were given*
To Bacchus, god divine;
And warning voices breath'd from Heaven,
To man, deceived by wine.

The Theban king a law proclaim'd
Against this furious strife—
A wholesome edict, wisely fram'd,
Cost him his mortal life;
The madmen dragg'd him from his throne;
With human blood imbrued
Their cruel hands, that fiends would own,
In their demoniac mood.

The Roman Coliseum's name,
Embalm'd in history's page,
Denoteth, now, a place of shame,
Disgraceful to the age;
Ye, magistrates, and men of might!
Ye, merchants of renown!
Why slumbers the true legal right,
To promptly put it down?

* APATURIA were feasts celebrated in honour of Bacchus, setting forth how greatly men are deceived by wine. These festivals were principally observed at Athens. There were festivals of various kinds. The Bacchanalia, or Dionysia, or Orgia, were the feasts of Bacchus among the Romans, which at first were solemnized in February, at mid-day, by women only; but afterwards they were performed by men and women together, till the Senate, by an edict, abrogated this festival, as Dragondus did at Thebes. Pentheus, king of Thebes, attempted the same thing, but the Bacchæ barbarously killed him, whence came the story that his mother and sisters tore him in pieces, fancying he was a boar. Vide Cooke's Pantheon.

O cast the witch-bane to the deep—
An antidote is found;
Your house and home in order keep,
The goodly twelve months round:
Then, you will find your simple plan,
Ne'er maketh you a slave,
Neglecting the pure rights of man,
To seek a coward's grave.

———o———

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn, till pity's self be dead.
—COLLINS.

Alas! he's gone! the best amongst us all
Hath breath'd his last, and we, his friends, are here,
Mourning around his dark and gloomy pall,
Shedding warm tears o'er his untimely bier;
Each cheek is pale, each brow is gloom'd with woe,
And from each eye the gathering tear-drops flow.

O! for the spirit of that deathless song,*
Which breath'd its music o'er poor Fidele's grave;
O! for that diapason to prolong
One lingering moment, which rose o'er the wave,
When perish'd Milton's amiable friend,
And still upon his page mourns his sad end.†

* Collins' Dirge in Cymbeline. † Milton's Lycidas.

Come, bind my head with melancholy leaves
From the dark yew, the cypress, and the willow;
Gather me saddest flowers; my lone heart grieves
The live-long day and night: sleep flies my pillow,
I wander lonely, like a pilgrim grey,
With faltering step, life's dark and weary way.

Yet, let me hope, 'tis madness to despair:
Life surely ne'er was given to be pin'd
Away, in unavailing gloom and care:
O! when the light expires of some pure mind,
Let us but catch a portion of its fire
To cheer life's path till we ourselves expire.

Ah! when thy last sigh came, thy friends around
Thy corse were stricken with sore grief and pain;
And thou seem'd as a child whom sleep hath bound
In his resistless, but thrice-welcome chain:
Many there came to gaze upon thy clay,
Who gave a look—a sigh—then sunk away.

Death's reckless hand ne'er grasp'd a human heart
With finer, better, manlier feelings fraught;
Nor found a victim act a nobler part,
Nor quench'd a kindlier spirit into nought:
And ne'er a purer memory remain'd
Than thine, dear friend: 'tis blotless and unstain'd.

Peace to thine ashes! sacred be thy name,
And honour'd be thy memory! lo, I bring
My tribute to thy worth; let no one blame
The genial feelings that must ever spring
From gratitude and friendship, social love
And peace, eternal as the heavens above.

PRESTWICH BELLS.

In times of old our fathers heard
The music of old Prestwich bells:
The music sweet as holy word,
On which the heart in fondness dwells:
The soothing sounds of their sweet chimes
Awake my heart to other times.

Ah! venerable, holy church,
Let no rude, impious hand deface,
Within thy walls, without thy porch,
One letter of religion's grace:
May no wild waves thine altars mar,
In faction's strife, or civil war.

While cattle breed, mid mountain air,
While ocean's wave doth lash our strand,
While winds from any quarter bear,
Let Britain's church my child command:
While Queen and people, all, as one,
Pour forth one prayer: "Thy will be done."

My mother, and my father, too,
Once stood a bride, and bridegroom there;
And her I love, with feeling true,
I wedded in this house of prayer:
While wending through the lonely dells,
We then first heard the distant bells.

Can I forget the witching scene,
When Love was young, and Hope was bright?
This world appear'd one blest serene,
Illumin'd by life's morning-light:
Can I forget that happy tide,
When Heaven vouchsaf'd me my sweet bride?

O! no! while this strong heart of mine,
In warm pulsations, sends its tide
Throughout my being, I am thine,
As when thou wast my blooming bride:
Thy silver voice in song oft dwells
Upon mine ear, like Prestwich bells.

What, though old Time has thinn'd thy hair,
And lilies shine, where roses bloom'd,
Love triumphs over dark despair,
And may not, cannot be consum'd:
Join hands—join hearts—my gloom dispels—
I hear once more sweet Prestwich bells.

And when it please the power above,
To take us from life's toilsome sphere,
Let passion's sea subside in love,
And Hope subdue our every fear:
Of better worlds the spirit tells:
Adieu! adieu! old Prestwich bells.

VERSES

INSCRIBED TO LEIGH HUNT, Esq., JANUARY 5, 1851,

ON THE REVIVAL OF HIS JOURNAL.

Again I hear thy numbers,
That sweetly flow to me;
They wake me from my slumbers,
To cheering pöesy;
They rouse me from my sadness,
And too much thoughtful care;
And cure me of the madness,
And coldness, of despair.

'Tis thirty years, and longer,
Since first I breath'd thy rhymes;
Though older, I am stronger,
And these are happier times:
I'd many friends in prison,
And thou wert one of those:
A blessed light hath risen,
And stream'd upon our foes.

The milk of human kindness,
The love of gentle hearts,
Heals many of their blindness:
Thus, heavenly truth imparts
The wisdom and the glory,
Good fruit from righteous seed:
Let man regard the story,
And link the rule and deed.

Give me no mere believing,
No hypocritic tears,
Nor any vain deceiving,
Exciting silly fears:
Such work is scarcely human:
The spirit of man divine,
The loving, and the true man,
Kneels not at such a shrine.

They scorn'd me, when I prais'd thee,
In their mistaken zeal:
Thy constant truth hath rais'd thee:
Thus time turns fortune's wheel.
Oh! is not our warm, loving,
Our true, confiding faith?
Our *doing* is the *proving*,
That goodness conquers death.

Time kills, all moulds material;
Identities and forms;
The Spirit of Truth etherial
Preserves, amid the storms
Of natural strife and civil,
The constant and the best;
And shields the good from evil,
Within her native breast.*

* Leigh Hunt, Esq., expressed himself honoured with these verses. Vide his "London Journal."

STANZAS.

(WRITTEN IN DESPONDENCY.)

How leafless is my life! my strength
Seems melted—my breast vacant—and in my brain
I hear the sound of a retiring sea.
—HORNE'S DEATH OF MARLOWE.

Under the living sun,
The god of love and light,
Immeasurably bright,
I bear my being on,
Without my will; and sorrow,
Keen mental pain, from eve till morrow,
And thence the live-long day,
Preys on my vital blood, through all my veins away.

Have I deserved the fate
Of Sisyphus—to roll,
In never-ending dole,
The stone? Alas! I hate
The toil, and get along
Through the world's vile throng,
I cannot; and my shatter'd frame
Must sink beneath the task: alas! I'm still the same.

Call me not laggard: I
Have tried, and fail'd to win,
Amid the world's vile din,
Both peace and liberty.
Alas! Ixion, thine
Is the fate of me and mine:
But the rude thongs that bind
My goaded soul shall break, and its own freedom find.

Within my breast now burns
My throbbing heart: I sink:
My life—my being's on the brink
Of death, and fondly turns
To Him as to a friend,
Who can all sorrow end:
The spirit of death is free,
And gives the human soul a boundless liberty.

Ah! do I wake from sleep?
I thought to sleep no more.
Upon the gloomy shore
Of life's dark sea I weep
In thankfulness, that I,
Like the tyrant that did die
Despairing, ne'er with guilt
Have murdered sleep, and human life's-blood spilt.

Come, let me calm my mind,
And pray to nature's God,
That his subduing rod
May make my heart resign'd,
And lull me to repose;
And mercy grant my foes,
And on my friends bestow
The gifts of health and peace, in this dull world below.

ALE VERSUS PHYSIC.

Aw'r gooin by a docthur's shop,
  Ut top o' Newton Yeth ;
Un theer aw gan a sudden stop,
  Un begun t' be feort o' deoth.

My honds shak'd loike an aspen leof,
  Aw dithert i' my shoon ;
It seemt as dark as twelve at neet,
  Though it wur boh twelve at noon.

Aw thowt aw seed the gallows-tree,
  Wheer th' yorn-croft thief wur swung ;
Un ut owd Nick wur takkin' me,
  Un theer he'd ha' me hung.

Aw grop'd my way to th' docthur's heawse,
  Un then aw tumblet deawn ;
The floor it gan me sich a seawse,
  Aw welly breek my creawn.

Neaw, what wur docthur thinkin on,
  For t' bring me to mysel,
Un save a sick and deein mon,
  So feort o' deoth an' hell?

He used no lance—he used no drug,
  Ut strengthens, or ut soothes ;
Boh he browt some strung ale in a jug,
  Ut had come fro' Willey Booth's.

He put it in my wackerin hont,
Ut wur so pale and thin;
A swoipt it o' off at a woint,
Un aw never ailt nowt sin.

———o———

HOPPER HOP'T EAWT, AND LIMPER LIMP'T IN.

Last Monday a-mornin' aw'r gooin to th' teawn,
To bear whoam meh wark at od just gett'n deawn;
When aw geet to th' New Cross aw pick't op a chum,
An' whoa shud it be, boh 'Torney Chew's bum.

When they'd takken meh wark, an' gan meh meh brass,
Au thowt aw'd goo somwheer, just for a glass;
An' wheer shud it be, boh to th' Robin Hood Inn,
Wheer Hopper hop't eawt, an' Limper limp't in.

Thur wur gentlemen theer, ut ar' fond o' bettin',
An' makkin lads run wi' diotin' an' sweatin';
Yo're sure to spend, or loase yur tin,
Wheer Hopper hop't eawt, and Limper limp't in.

Thur wur putters-eawt, an' mony a weyver,
An' Bill o' th' Heyes, an' Ashun Leyver;
An' o' th' dog-trainers, wi' little Tom Quin,
Wheer Hopper hop't eawt, an' Limper limp't in.

Then, aw went to th' Peel's Arms for't taste o' thur ale,
They drinken it so fast, ut, it never goas stale;
An' when aw'd seet deawn, an' getten a gill,
Whoa shud kom in, boh Fidlur Bill.

He rambles abeawt, thro' borrows an' teawns,
A sellin' folk op, ut boh hown a loyt peawns:
Then he gooas to th' bell-mon fort borrow his bell,
To mak other folks pay, an' pay now't his-sel'.

With an Ex. in his pocket, fro' 'Torney C—w,
He blatthers an' slavvers, an' maks folk t'spew;
He's Sheriff for Cheshire an' Lancashire, too,
Boh mony a one thinks he's moor rogue nor foo.

And then coom in lung T——y C—w,
By hook or by crook, he'll poo yo thro';
At fourteen, Swan Street, yo may koe,
He'll help yo for't build a Wappintak ho.

Thur wur little John Mills, the Auctioneer,
As smart a felly uz aw seed theer;
He sports his wit, an' he soaks his clay,
Then he gooas to th' chappel an' woipes it away.

Thur wur Schofilt, oz wonce sowd ale an' rum,
Boh neaw he's turnt a regglar bum;
He drinks his ale, an' he graysus his throat
Wi' good fat bacon fro' Jackson's Boat.

Thur wur little Jack Boyd, fro' Oxford City,
He's often drunk, the moor's the pity;
For Jack's a good hond ut mony a job,—
His Nell wur legg'd for robbin' a fob.

Some brokers wurn theer; if it wur no' fur hum,
Thur'd naw be a livin' for lawyur nur bum;
They buoyn what they con, ut every sale,
What they conna buoy they're shure fort stale.

Thur wur Captin M'——h, an' W—y, and C—g,
Of every goose they want every leg;
If thurs owt t'ate or drink, they'n ha' moor nur thur share,
Not a devil amung hum'll ever toe fair.

If the devil were gooin to found a College,
An' wanted a good professor o' knowledge;
He coould no' stick a betthur chap in,
For Common Law, than BEN HOROBIN.

He's a desunt chap, he'll stick to his text,
Boh loike the devil, he's nowt when he's vext;
He's a match fur oather lawyurs or bums,
If they prick his fingers, he'll bite thur thumbs.

An' theer thur wur him as us't to ring th' bell,
Boh he's gett'n too idle fort ring it his-sel;
So he hires it eawt for a shillin' a day,
He draws his brass, an' he drinks it away.

Lady Hoare, in the County of Kent,
Gan him a notice to pay her some rent;
Five peawnd a quarter for ringin' a bell,—
He sent hur word hoo met ring it her-sel.

Thur wur o' maks o' folk, fro' country an' teawn,
Drinkin' NED ASHWORTH's ale so breawn;
Thur wur Jim B——w, an' Peter R——r,
Owd Pee Reet, an' Pratty Strider.

Thur wur George an' owd Sam, fro' Harpurhey,
Sportin' an' bettin' every day;
They'rn great big fellies, roof, blunt, an' witty,
They'd tak hum fur giants i' Lunnun City,

Thur wur graysy tykes o' Sir Oswald's breed,
They kill'n as good beef as ever wur fleed;
Some wurn rich, an' poor wur some,
An' had bin i' th' castle for sellin' o'whoam.

Sir Oswald, thy market 's a sportin' lot,
It looks as feaw as an empty pot,
Not a sheep fur to bleat, nur a bull fur to roar,
Sir Oswald, thy market is fairly done o'er.

Aw stopt until my brass wur o' done,
An' then aw staggurt op Newton Lone;
An' heaw a geet whoam, the mon i' th' moon,
Aw'm shure he con tell yo just as soon.

So neaw to conclude, an' finish meh sung,
An' dunna be vext, fur aw meeon no wrung:
Aw sung it hum wonst ut th' Robin Hood Inn,
Wheer Hopper hop't eawt, and Limper limp't in.

———o———

TIM BOBBIN GRAVE.

I stood beside Tim Bobbin grave,
At looks o'er Ratchdaw teawn;
An' th' owd lad woke within his yearth,
And sed, "Wheer art ta beawn?"

"Awm gooin into th' Packer-street,
"As far as th' Gowden Bell,
"To taste o' Daniel Kesmus ale."
Tim.—"I cud like o' saup mysel."

"An' by this hont o' my reet arm,
"If fro that hole theaw'lt reawk,
"Theawst have a saup oth' best breawn ale,
"At ever lips did seawk."

The greawnd it stirr'd beneath my feet,
And then I yerd a groan;
He shook the dust fro' off his skull,
An' rowlt away the stoan.

I brought him op a deep breawn jug,
At a gallon did contain;
An' he took it at one blessed draught,
An' laid him deawn again.* S. B.

SEQUEL TO TIM BOBBIN GRAVE.

Good lordgus days! whot hav' eh sin,
An' yet be here to tell?
To owd Tim's grave this neet aw bin,
An' yerd him in't mysel.

Some folk un sed, Tim wur noan deod,
'Twur uncoth news to me;
So chuck it coom into my yeod,
Od goo to th' pleck an' see.

---

* Transcribed from "Poems by Samuel Bamford, author of Passages in the Life of a Radical." 1843.

Afore aw geet to th' gowden bo,
Aw welly lost my woint:
Aw thowt aw meet as weel just ko
At Dan's, an' get a poynt.

Op steps aw went, boh aw'r ill flay'd,
An' gloort booath fur and nar;
An' every foot o'th' gate aw stray'd,
Aw wakert wur an' wur.

Aw ned no' sper, boh grop'd my way,
Till aw fun th' very pleck,
An' theer th' stoan lay, Tim'd rowlt away,
Boh had no' rowlt it back.

Aw stood stock still;—then coom a nudge,
An' then aw yerd a din,
Ut coom fro under th' very spot,
Wheer th' owd grave-stoan had bin.

My kneoves wurn gript, my yure stood still,
Aw durst na' hardly look;
Owd Tim koad heawt, and deawn aw dropt,
An' cruttled ov a rook.

He said, "Neaw, Sam, lad, is tat tee?
Theawrt com ith' nick o' toime;
Go fot some punch, or else moor ale,
For th' last theaw browt wur proime."

Aw never spoke, boh wur just beawn,
When aw yeard owd Molly say—
"Neaw, Joan, if theaw hast ale or punch,
Oddsflesh aw'll ha' my tay."

Then they fell eawt; hoo coed him sot;
An' Joan coed her wur still;
Aw just thrutch'd grave-stoan i'th owd spot,
An' geet mysel a gill. H. O. S.

———o———

TH' BALLIES:

A TRUE LANCASHIRE STORY.

(Vide Rogerson's Poems.)

Aw'r stondin' by Dick Bumpkin's heawse,—
Th' owd "Fleece," i' Withy Grove;
His woife an' him wur fowin eawt,
So in aw thowt aw'd shove:

An' theer, on th' sonded kitchen floor,
Aw seed Dick, glooarin stond,
Wi' face as red as th' kitchen foyer,
An' th' poker i' his hond.

Aw fix'd on Dick my awfu' een,
Aw ne'er had known to fail;
Aw said. "Neaw, Dick, lad, come wi' me,
An' have a gill o' ale."

His yed it tumblet on his breast,
An' th' poker tumblet, too;
Aw said, "Come, Dick, and sit thee deawn,
An' dunna be a foo."

"What, tak' a foyer-potthur, mon;
Theaw'lt other kill or lawme:
Aw never seed sich gooins on,—
Is n't it a brunnin shawme?

Theaw meet uz weel b'yet th' cherry-trees,
Or th' gable eend o' th' heawse;
Or jow thi yed gen' th' chimney-piece,
Or fotch thysel' a seawse."

"Well, then," said Dick, "aw'll sit meh deawn,
An' have a gill o' ale
Wi thee, 'fore onny mon i'th' teawn;
Theaw'lt noather lie nor stayl."

"Aw've awlos yeard it sed, aw think,
To th' best of o' my thowt,—
"They met b'yet th' devil in um soon,
Boh they conno' b'yet him eawt."

We seet us deawn, an' geet some dhrink;
When in Dick woife hoo sallies,
An' at my yed, wi' o' her meet,
Hoo bang'd a pair o' ballies:

An' th' ballies whistlet i' my ear,
An' smasht on th' ale-house wall;
Or aw should ne'er ha' towd this tale,
Or stoode besoide my stall.

Aw fix'd on th' woife my awfu' een;
But fun' it would no' do;
So aw thowt aw'd tak' mysel' away,
If hoo'd boh lemmy goo.

My yure stood op, my pluck wur deawn,
Aw wakert cowd an' pale ;
Aw thout aw'd grope my way to th' dur,—
Boh fost aw swoipt my ale.

Dick woife hoo glooart, an' aw'r so feort,
Aw could no' tak' my woint ;
At last aw geet i' th' Withy Grove,
An' never look't behoint.

So neaw aw'm safe—tak' my advoice,
An' keep fro' Dicks an' Mallies ;
For, if yo goo 'tween mon an' woife,
Hoo'll split yur yed wi' th' Ballies.

FINIS.

Thomas Stubbs, Printer, Stanley Street, Macclesfield.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON THE FIRST EDITION.

"Mr. Ridings is one of a little band, usually known as the Lancashire Poets. We have scarcely left ourselves space for a brief extract from his principal poem in this volume, 'The Village Festival.' A number of minor poems make up this small and unpretending volume, and the reader may turn at will

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"Among the votaries of the muse, who have gained a permanent place in the History of Manchester Literature, Mr. Elijah Ridings may be fairly classed. Although circumstances have prevented his giving a wide publicity to his effusions, they are well known and read in his native town and neighbourhood, and appreciated by men of acknowleaged genius and taste. Mr. Ridings' lot, like that of many of his brother bards, has been none of the smoothest, yet, spite of things that tend to embitter a man's spirit, and distort his views, Mr. Ridings has been the preacher of peace, hope, and truth. An advocate for plain speaking, he never degenerates into abuse; an ardent worshipper of freedom, he offers no violent opinions at her shrine. He is book-learned without being pedantic, and homely without being coarse. Space forbids us entering more fully into the merits of his poems, some of them being perfect in their way."—*Quarterly Magazine.*

"We had lately occasion to notice casually the name of Elijah Ridings, in connection with the 'band of brothers,' who have made for themselves a wide celebrity as self-educated poets in this town and neighbourhood, and now he presents us with a small volume, including a sketch of his life, and a collection of his poems. One feature is always prominent in the effusions of these 'weavers of song,' the love of liberty, and the independence which alone makes us deserving of it. Ridings has been always true to the rational political opinions with which he early commenced his career; he has been bewildered by no theoretical fancies, blinded by no utopian schemes, led into no seditious traps, though always a sterling out-speaking denouncer of the false systems and glittering pomps and vanities, that, in their extravagance and folly, have been undermining the hopes and energies of his fellow-workmen. You may have seen him sitting patiently by his little stall of books in Withy Grove, with his pale intelligent face, crowned by grey hairs, though little beyond the midway of life, a quiet and amiable expression, with just such a ray of humour playing about his lips, as you would anticipate after reading what he has written, waiting patiently the fortunes of the day, and thankful, by honest industry, to make all things meet. The same spirit is found throughout his writings, a spirit of contentment and confidence, warmth of feeling, hopeful, but not boisterous, and a bubbling over of humour, which he feels no disposition to suppress."—*Manchester Literary Times.*

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